

THE
LILY AND THE BEE

AN APOLOGUE OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE OF 1851

A NEW EDITION, CAREFULLY REVISED, WITH NOTES, AND

PRELIMINARY EXPOSITION

BY

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HUNG CIRCUM INNUMERAE GENSIS POPULIQUE VOLARANT.
AC VNUUTI IN PRATIA, UNI APRIS SVTATE SERPNA
" VBI Q' INSIDUNT VARIIS, ET CANIDA CIRCUM
IA PUNDUNTUR; STREPIT OMNIS MURMUR CAMPUS."
—*Æneid.* vi. 706-710.

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TO
RICHARD OWEN,
D.C.L. F.R.S. ETC.

A MAN OF TRUE PHILOSOPHIC SPIRIT,
WHOSE UNWEARIED AND PROFOUND RESEARCHES REFLECT
LUSTRE ON THE SCIENCE OF HIS COUNTRY,

THIS WORK IS INSCRIBED
BY THE AUTHOR,
AS A MEMORIAL OF CORDIAL FRIENDSHIP.

INNER TEMPLE,
July 1854.

THE
EXPOSITION
OF
THE LILY AND THE BEE.

When Spenser first published his immortal *Faery Queen*, he felt it necessary to prefix to it a clue to 'the continued allegory, or dark conceits' of which it consisted, in the form of a Letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, which he said 'expounded his general intention and meaning; as well for avoiding of jealous opinions and misconstructions, as for Sir Walter's 'better light in reading thereof' from which he might gather the whole intention of the conceits; and, as in a handful, gripe all the discourse, which otherwise might seem tedious and confused.' He owned that 'the beginning of the whole work seemed abrupt;' but asserted his right, as a Poet, 'to thrust into the midst, even where it most concerned him: and there recouring to the things forepast, and divining of things to come, make a pleasing analysis of all.'¹

Walking in the light of this precedent, though at an immeasurable distance from the illustrious One that set it, the author of *The Lily and the Bee* here offers some account of a performance more deeply considered than it has been given credit for, by some who have written and spoken about it with confident contempt.

Though the main object of the Book is by no means to be sought in a commemoration of the Crystal Palace of 1851, its pages seek to reflect, however faintly, some of the splendours of that magnificent and majestic spectacle which will ever remain peerless, and alone, in its moral glory, however great may be the merits and attractiveness of its successors, here or elsewhere. That is, however, altogether a subordinate purpose of the author; who sought to seize an occasion for setting forth great Truths affecting the eternal welfare of mankind: for he thought that those Truths, of a high and holy import, spoke

¹ The letter is dated the 23d January 1589, and is prefixed to the first edition, that of 1590.

loudly and gloriously in the ear of a devout, humble, and watchful beholder and listener.

Concerning the Structure, and Title, of the work, the author, before proceeding to the SUBJECT of it, would premise,—

First, that *The Lily and the Bee* is, in the nature of a Lyrical Soliloquy, supposed to be the meditative utterance of a devout Poet-Philosopher, rising under the guidance of an attendant Spirit, first by day, and then by night, in the Crystal Palace of 1851. Poetry depends essentially upon Thought, which should be trusted for the selection of such forms of expression as it may deem suitable, in order to reach an attuned imagination. Even Pindar's contemporaries deemed his style and manner frequently harsh, abrupt and obscure; a penalty which must needs be incurred by any one, who ventures to depart from the common standards of his time. *The Lily and the Bee* is written chiefly in rhythmical prose (of which it is by no means the only specimen in our literature),¹ and which the author is certain fitted itself, spontaneously, to the tone of his thoughts and imaginings. The Poem draws largely on the reader's fancy; and seeks, instead of bewildering him in multitudinousness of detail, to open, in all directions, vistas of reflection, to a well-stored mind, by sudden and faint suggestions and associations, every one derived from some object in the Crystal Palace. Apparent orderliness of method was designedly discarded. Guided by the impression which so stupendous a spectacle was calculated to produce on a susceptible imagination, the author sought to excite in that of the reader, a sense of lustrous confusion, slowly subsiding into distinctness, and then developing grand proportion, harmony, and system. This result, however, as in the physical prototype, is intended to be gained, not all at once, but after yielding for awhile to a thrilling, sense of bewilderment; and only after some effort to discover and adjust relations, at first lost in a dim vastness, between the myriad Parts, and the mighty Whole.

Secondly, concerning the Title. It was deemed that a LILY, and a BEE, were fitting exponents of thoughts and feelings called forth by a deep contemplation of the moral aspects and bearings of the Crystal Palace: that the Lily had her grand and tender lesson, the Bee his hum of mystery and wonder, far beyond the contrast suggested between Animal and Human Industry, between Art and Nature. Both Flower and Insect may point to profound relations between Man, and his new and gorgeous spectacle.

There were Bees in the Crystal Palace, as all may have seen; and there was also a Lily, observed by but one or two; but of its presence there, the author was unaware, till after the publication of the Poem. He was then, for the first time, informed that a common field Lily had been one day noticed by a lady, struggling modestly into existence, between the small stones forming the embankment round some of its brilliant and favoured sisterhood, the exotics in the Transept. The Bee was a wonderful exhibitor, though he never had a medal awarded him, of skilled industry: a perfect Geometer, Architect, and Manufacturer; and, moreover, a citizen of a well-compacted State; his springs of action hidden in dense mystery; baffling the most piercing scrutiny of the human intellect, but disclosing sufficient to startle and humble the presumption and pride of MAN.

The idea of the Lily, with her rich train of heavenly associations, fell into

¹ Witness the magnificent choruses in the *Samson Agonistes*.

the author's mind, while indulging in a reverie in the Crystal Palace, concerning the Bee: and these divine words sounded in his ear as if whispered by an Angel,—

*Consider the Lilies of the field, how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?*¹

It may, moreover, be recollected, that in ancient pictures, the Angel of the Annunciation is generally represented as bearing a Lily in his hand, while telling his hallowed tidings to the Virgin.²

Thus, then, it was that the ideas of the Lily and the Bee came together; and their combined influence seemed thenceforth to invest the Crystal Palace, and all it contained, with spiritual significance.

The *Subject* of the Poem, is MAN, in his threefold relations³ to the Earth, to his fellow-man, and to God. It is, however, Man, the Son of Adam—the *Man of the Bible*, with whom the poem deals. The beholder sees in the Palace, the Inspired Volume,⁴ in all the languages of the earth; and from this radiant source derives a clue to the origin and present condition of Man, his Doings, and his Destiny. The eye is first directed to the sculptured figures of Adam, and Eve,⁵ in their hour of grief and shame,⁶ as just driven out of Eden: he gazes, awhile awed into silence, 'a son, come through six thousand years,' to look on his First Parents, presently recounting to them the doings of their descendants, partakers of their fallen nature. He murmurs the inquiry, whether they feel the full significance of the scene, on which their own deeds have had so portentous an influence! The next objects their blood-stained first-horn, CHAIN, 'the crimson first-fruits⁶ of their Fall, blooming ever deadly since,' in hate, violence, outrage, war, massacre, and murder. The reluctant eyes of Adam and Eve are pointed to the gleaming array of weapons of destruction, tempered exquisitely, polished, and gemmed as though objects of pride and satisfaction! They are told of dungeons, chains, and racks⁷ of the gallows and the guillotine which his children dare not exhibit:—that there are arrayed around, evidences of the idolatry of their descendants; that they display, as objects of admiration and pride, their gorgeous apparel! *Forgetful of its original*: that their offspring, brothers and sisters! buy, sell, and torture one another!

That they are still toiling, and spinning, and tilling the earth, eating their bread in the sweat of their brow: waiting the fearful and sudden End of all things.

They are asked if they have seen the sick, the maimed, the hale, the blind, the broken-hearted, of their Sons and Daughters who have wandered *lost* them; and whether they perceived, through the disguises with which they concealed it from one another, their corrupt condition,—their lust, ambition, malice, pride, selfishness, covetousness, falsehood, and hypocrisy! They are told that their descendants now spend their days like a tale that is told; that they are but as grass of the field, flourishing in the morning, and withering in the evening; returning unto the dust, cursed for their first parents' sake! That they are still tempted by the Tompter of Evil.⁷ They are asked what, but for their

¹ Matt., vi. 28-30. ² Post. p. 52. ³ P. 2. ⁴ P. 48. ⁵ Pp. 43, 44. ⁶ P. 45 ⁷ Pp. 45, 46.

disobedience, would have been the condition of their progeny? Whether, they communicated to their Sons and Daughters the dread mystery done in Eden? But at this depth of sorrow and humiliation into which the beholder sinks, on seeing the first Adam, hope springs up: the heavy shadow on his brow is seen to move,¹ and his sorrow-laden eye suddenly beams with light, telling of a *Second Adam*.²

'Adam and Eve have thus become twin founts of woe and joy, of despair and hope, of death and life, through Him who overcame death, and brought Life and Immortality to light: and in this solemn spirit is addressed the Sovereign³ who has gazed on these images of her first parents; partaking, equally with those over whom she rules, their fallen nature, their death, and resurrection, and with whom she must stand before the judgment-seat, in the Last Day.

Contemplated from this point of view, it is MAN, as infinitely beyond, yet seen through, His WORKS, whom the Crystal Palace is said to have really exhibited. This was the Lesson written all around⁴ it, in letters shining into the awakened Soul; the lesson of True Wisdom,⁵ to be learnt from the sight of his own multifarious handiwork. By this inner-light, the devout observer beholds MAN as he was, as he is, and as he shall be, after all the chances and changes of this mortal life; induced with awful powers and responsibilities, strictly proportioned and adjusted to his means and opportunities. It is thus that he finds his true position, in the creation and economy of God: his relation to his Maker, and his fellow-creatures: and subsidiarily, to the ordained scene of their action and probation⁶ with its checkered, its myriad incidents

Those threefold relations are all pervaded by the idea of a UNITY: on which the eye settles most steadily, at the moment when otherwise it would be wandering, dazzled and bewildered by the endlessly varying splendours attracting it: and as soon as the beholder has caught a glimpse of this Unity, and not till then, he sees the true and deep significance of the spectacle, speaking to the mind of Statesman, Philosopher, and Divine, in sublime accents, and he exclaims, 'O! rare unity in multiplicity! uniformity in endless variety.'⁷ His own personal relations to the scene are suddenly changed, he feels one—but one, still one, of that mighty and mysterious Unity, *Man*: and then sixty centuries⁸ are suddenly felt swooping past him: the air is instinct with LIFE, the life of Man, his hopes, fears, agonies, delights, woes, and cares, over since his first parent was placed on the earth: *MAN* is felt all around diffused *MAN* rises up, everywhere *Man*! in his manifestations and fortunes, multi-form;⁹ mysterious in his doings, and his destiny.

The very Key-stone of the arch of this Unity, is REVELATION; a truth peremptorily insisted on throughout: its reception constituting Light, and its rejection, Darkness, as to the origin and destiny of man, and the objects and conditions of his existence: without which all the Nations into which he is multiplied, may be regarded as but so many patches of poor Insects, crawling over a globe swarming with other Insects.

This Unity exists in respect of RELIGION, there being but one true religion, of which all others are corruptions; even as there is but one God and Father of us all: towards whom, if it can be distinctly conceived, and may be reverently expressed, *Man* stands in the relation of one Unity, towards that

¹ P. 46.
P. 27.

² P. 46.
³ P. 5.

⁴ P. 46.

⁵ P. 47.
⁶ P. 4.

⁷ P. 47.
⁸ P. 4.

other ineffable Unity; all that ever descended from Adam, being but as one Man, before one God.¹

A Unity as regards MANKIND: in respect of origin, character, doings, and destiny.² For we are all the result of the one Almighty Fiat, recorded in Scripture, by which Adam was created and became³ a living soul, his blood running in every human being that is now, or has ever since been, on the earth.⁴ There is a plain unity of our essential physical, intellectual, and moral nature: a unity of Language, through all its variations since the day on which the one language, then spoken over the whole earth, was confounded at Shinar.⁵ A unity of Mental Action as evidenced by the objects⁶ to which the mind of man has addressed itself always, everywhere, and the manner of its doing so, however modified by circumstances: a unity of moral nature; of wants, wishes, hopes, fears, aversions, and the objects exciting them: a loudly-spoken unity and universality of Disease in our moral nature; and as loudly-spoken a unity and universality of Remedy—the Fall and Redemption of Man, as revealed by God in the One Inspired Volume. A unity in respect of Destiny: a life hereafter, the condition of which is dependent upon conduct here: and which will be righteously determined by the Judge of all the Earth, in that one Great Day in which the Doom of every descendant of Adam, will be pronounced irrevocably.

Thus a mournful splendour is thrown over the suddenly unrolled scroll of the doings of Man during his pilgrimage on the planet assigned to him for his temporary abode: Unity being a tie binding together into an organised Whole, both spectacle and spectators; linking into one, each imaging the other, Man's Past, Present, and Future.⁷ This may be regarded as constituting the *Esoteric* teaching of the Great Spectacle: the *Exoteric* being those more obvious ones which regard its material aspects, forms, and characteristics: the latter being the mere vehicle of the former.⁸ And in this spirit we approach the spectacle as 'a Mystic Mirror, brightly reflecting the past, darkly the future.'⁹

The first reflection from this Mirror, is of the Past—revealing two ancient Gatherings of the human family, recorded in Holy Writ, one of these the first since the Flood; both pregnant with warning and consolation, suggesting also resemblance, and contrast: The former of these Gatherings is that on the plain of Shinar, with which the Poem opens, when the impious audacity of Man was punished by that confusion of tongues which has ever since prevailed, and which was perceived in full action¹⁰ incessantly, in the Crystal Palace; the spectators of which came from every quarter of the Globe, to contribute their own handiwork, to scan and admire that of others. Then are indicated several points of the Unity which has been spoken of. The latter of

¹ P. 47.

² P. 4.

³ 'He did not merely possess it,—he became it, (Gen. i. 26). It was his proper being: his trust self; the Man in The Man.' COLERIDGE.

⁴ P. 1. 'The bricks at Susa are stamped with inscriptions in the primitive Babylonish character. It is found on those which compose the foundations of the primeval cities of Shinar: and if the *Birs Nimrod* be admitted to represent the tower of Babel—an identification supported not merely by the character of the monument, but the universal belief of the early Semudists,—it must, in the substructure of that edifice, embody the vernacular dialect of Shinar, at the period when the earth was of one language and of one speech.'—COL. RAWLINSON, *Jour. of Royal Asiatic Society*, vol. x. Part I., Prel. Rem., p. 20, —cited in FORSTER'S *One Primeval Language*, vol. iii. p. 3.

⁵ P. 26.

⁶ P. 3.

⁷ P. 3.

⁸ P. 3.

⁹ P. 4.

the two Gatherings is that on the plain of Dura : which has also its contrasts and resemblances. It was a Royal Spectacle ; an assembly of all the greatness of many peoples, nations, and languages : but for the purpose of deliberately defying and dishonouring the Deity, by a public act of Idolatry. The third Gathering is that commemorated by the Poem : infinitely surpassing the other two, in every incident of grandeur ; and sublimely contrasting, in occasion and object :¹ kindling the affection of Man for his fellows ; developing reverence and love for their Almighty Father ; and exhibiting the diversified and resplendent results of sixty centuries of industry and thought. But the spectacle has a deep moral significance, in connection with its ancient predecessors : the Tower of Babel, and the Golden Image of Nebuchadnezzar, are not the only modes of dishonouring and disobeying the Deity, and committing the sins of presumption, vain-glory, and idolatry. 'This Mirror also darkly reflects the Futuro—the Final Gathering of Man :² which may well overshadow the beholder's mind with awe, and lend a fearful and sublime significance to the scene before him, its recollections and associations.

There are two Books of *The Lily and the Bee* : the first representing a DAY, and the second a NIGHT, and EARLY MORN, passed in the Crystal Palace.

THE FIRST BOOK.

I. DAY in the Crystal Palace, deals directly with the Present, its people and actions ; but as they appear with light reflected from the Past, after six thousand years' toil and experience. The dispersed condition of our species, and the present forms of their national existence, with their origin as recorded in Scripture, are represented by the figure of the Queen passing amidst them all : it being designed, at the same time, to indicate the position of England, and her glorious mission³ among her sister nations, civilised and savage. It is then sought to afford a few dazzling⁴ glimpses of the scene within the Palace,—as we'll the endless variety of objects, as of the spectators gazing at them ; suggesting a community of object and attention to every different section of mankind, at different times, under infinitely varied circumstances—awakening similar tastes, eliciting the action of similar energies ; and so indicating a unity or identity of nature. The spectators themselves are grouped⁵ into great classes, and the spectacle regarded as a touchstone of their respective characters, capacities, and knowledge. Whilst the imagination is revealing among the varied scenes so calculated to excite and charm its faculties, scenes which the great poets of ancient and modern times are invoked to celebrate and eternalise ; philosophers are seen contemplating the combined results of profound and patient experiment and observation : noting the progress of Science,—as well where she stumbled, as in her rapid and sure onward career, till she has achieved those transcendent results collected before the admiring and awe-stricken beholder : its microscope and telescope revealing two infinitudes :⁶—mechanics, chemistry, optics, steam, magnetism, electricity, all combining on the mind a conviction, that Man⁷ of the present age, with relation to his powers over the natural world, stands towards his ancient predecessors, as Light to Darkness.

¹ P. 2.

² Pp. 41, 42.

³ P. 11.

⁴ Pp. 3, 13, 14, 26.

⁵ Pp. 12-14.

⁶ P. 16.

A Picture is suddenly exhibited of Man standing amid the dazzling results¹ which his skill has effected, in dealing aliko with the animate and inanimate creation,—with the subtlest, most secret and potent elements and powers of nature. Relying on the conscious strength of his faculties, he ascends higher and higher in thought and speculation, till he passes the bounds of material things, and dares to enter those rarefied regions, which seem to call forth powers hitherto latent within him: he rises, as it were attracted by a hidden affinity of his nature, till he approaches the idea of Deity, the Author of Nature, in His awful attributes and perfections:² he is then overwhelmed by realising a personal relation between the creature and the Creator: who vouchsafes to reveal Himself in the language of Inspiration, as having made Man in His own image, now darkened by disobedience; but still regarding His fallen creature with compassion, and dictating reasonable terms of restoration to His favour: on which Man is represented as sinking into an abyss of reverence, love, and fear, worshipping, falling down, and kneeling before the Lord His Maker.³ who is the Lord His God, and Man the people of His pasture, and the sheep of His hand.

Beauty is seen thronging those regions of the Palaco where Silks are glistening, in every hue, and of which the ingenuity and cruelty of Man has for ages rifled a poor worm!⁴ mercilessly destroying it, in doing so. Certain questions are suggested, to which no answer can be given: and the ill-fated worm is regarded as affording, in its own mysterious nature, an emblem and type of CHANGE and IMMORTALITY.⁵

The great Diamond is then addressed as the Queen of Gems, the cynosure of myriad eyes, and supposed to be holding a Levee of her admirers. It is hinted that questions are proposed freely as to her real nature and pretensions, which courtly lips do not utter too loudly: she is also reminded that she has a black sister,⁶ and asked if she is disposed to disown and despise her? and is finally told that some gazing on her possess infinitely more precious gems than she—Genius, Charity, Resignation, Faith. She is also asked, if she has noted the thoughts and feelings which the sight of herself has excited in many of them before her? Vanity, Rapacity, Covetousness.⁷

On the outskirts of the crowd of worshippers is seen a philosopher, smiling

¹ Pp. 18, 19. A distinguished scholar, since *The Lily and the Bee* was published, has pointed out to the author a remarkable resemblance between the passage in the text above referred to, and the following, in a Chorus of the *Antigone* of Sophocles, which was certainly not present to the author's mind at the time. It is a grand one; and exhibiting the great Grecian Poet musing on the marvels of his race, by the limited light of their achievements twenty-two centuries ago. It may be thus presented to the English reader.

"Many things are wondrous: but naught is so wondrous as man! He fearlessly travels the foaming ocean, borne on the stormy blast, over the billows roaring around him!

"He subdues and tills the wide earth.

"He makes the race of light-hearted birds, the fierce beasts of the forest, and the finny tenants of the deep, his prey.

"Truly Man is subtle and skilful!

"He tames the wild horse, and the mountain bull.

"He has learnt articulate speech; Design, that is swift as the winds; and the economy of social intercourse.

"He fences himself from the darts of the frost, and the rain.

"Ever forlorn of expedients, he goes on his way prepared against each emergency of the future

"Death alone, is beyond his power to battle: at its approach he stands helpless!"

—*Antigone*, 332-3.—See also Job, xxviii. 1-11.

² P. 18.

³ P. 19.

⁴ P. 25.

⁵ P. 26, Note 1.

⁶ P. 20.

at their eager curiosity, ignorant wonder, and vain longings; and he betakes himself to a distant spot where lies a shapeless slab of stone, inscribed with faint and mystical characters, which his science interprets as indicative of countless ages in the history of the earth—disclosing successive stages of existence, and mysterious tenants of the earth, in every past condition. Then are brought to light the astonishing revelations of Geology in these our latter times. Of these a succession of sombre and strange, but truthful pictures is presented: exhibiting extinct, varied, uncouth, tremendous forms of the animal creation; but no trace of Man, or his doings: while the shining traces of ONE God are seen everywhere: whereupon the Philosopher breaks forth into a Hymn¹ to the Deity: for he saith, *I will praise thee, O Lord, among the people: I will sing unto thee among the nations.*²

Again the beholder finds himself catering along a glowing tide of wonder and suggestiveness: awakening profound feelings in the Poet, the Historian, the Naturalist, the Philosopher, the Divine, as they ponder the multifarious constituents of the spectacle which is speaking myriad-tongued to the attuned ear.³—Anon he finds himself wandering among the living statuary, imaging the greatest characters that have appeared among men, in all nations, and in all times; and those incidents and fables which have most prominently arrested the attention, and challenged the admiration, of our species, in sacred and profane, in ancient and modern history, in truth and fable.⁴

At length a group is seen of the great poets,—Homer, Æschylus, Dante, Tasso, Milton, Shakespeare,—their lyres stilled while gazing at an object which has arrested the attention of them all. Æschylus is especially invoked, as author of the mystic and sublime fiction of the Chained Prometheus, who impiously stole the fire of Heaven to communicate it to mankind, contrary to the will of the Gods. The Poets are called to forget their own heroes and fables, to gaze on the transcendent object before them,—NEWTON, in the act of receiving, with majestic reverence and sublime humility, as a gracious gift from the hand of Omnipotence, the Key of the material universe—the sublime discovery of the law of gravitation. The bards remain silent with awe: and the lyre of Æschylus falls from his hand.

The Intellect of Man is here represented as being placed on the highest pinnacle of elevation: and the beholder sinks dazzled and exhausted by the contemplation. While inclined to indulge in onthusiastic pride and exultation at the vast intellectual powers with which Man is endowed, the current of his thoughts is wholly and suddenly changed: for he is drawn, by his unseen Mentor, to a distant spot in the Palace, where an insect—a BEE⁵—is beheld repairing one of his cells, with unerring skill, and according to those perfect geometrical principles, which it required the profoundest exercise of Man's faculties for ages, to comprehend and appreciate! This tiny twin-brother of Sir Isaac Newton, is at work repairing Architecture which he and his mystic race constructed—a little hive, within that vast one which human Engineers and Architects are so flushed with triumph in having devised and completed. His work is perfected: dare they pronounce theirs so?—At what is the beholder looking? At a small contemporary and co-tenant of the globe with man, —at an insect: whose heaven implanted science led it at once to frame its hive of harmonious hexagons among the trees and flowers of Eden. The first of their

¹ P. 28.² Psalm cviii. 3.³ P. 18.⁴ Pp. 4. 26.⁵ P. 28.

little race winged its way from flower to flower, in the presence of Adam and Eve, before their fall, and shared the fortune of their descendants in the ark and in all subsequent time; being still with us, after six thousand years of toil and slaughter by man!¹ But while the Bees are thus induced with matchless science, and exercising their physical functions by means which we have striven in vain, from the days of Aristotle till now, to unravel, they exhibit yet more marvellous and inexplicable phenomena: for they are a completely organised State! with due gradations of rank, and a social economy carried on by agencies in confounding analogy to those of Man! Performing public and private acts, as man does, and apparently with similar ends in view: they have a Queen, and royal family, vigilantly guarded and affectionately tended: living in a Royal Palace: they have sentinels, and elaborate fortifications against invaders: they have idlers, working classes, thieves, police: colonies and marauding expeditions: sieges, battles: civil wars: massacres!²

Profoundly meditating on all these, the beholder asks questions which no mortal has been yet able, and may be never able to answer, concerning the economy of the Bee, and the objects of its existence. Becoming more and more perplexed, he is disposed to dogmatise, and impatiently pronounce the Bee only an organised *compages* of atoms: a more mimic of reason and intelligence,³ having no moral capacity, no Past, no Future:—and the observer is beginning to assert the existence of a vast distinction between the Bee and himself, that between Instinct and Reason, when the suggestion suddenly occurs to him, that he himself may be, at that moment, the subject of similar speculation to some Superhuman Intelligence in the Heavens, regarding mankind as a curious race of insects, doing everything by an irresistible and unaccountable agency, and apparently attaching immense importance to our doings! He sees, with amused curiosity, our magnificent fleets, armies, and fights by Sea and Land, our soldiers and sailors being to his eye merely red and blue insects: and finds at length that we *record* our actions and discoveries: and imagine that we have a knowledge of the Heavenly bodies, and their motions! He, in his turn, regards us as mere machines finely organised, only mimicking intelligence: destitute of intellectual and moral capacity, and shut out from all knowledge of God: considering that we have built the crystal hive in which he sees us, without knowing why, and can derive no lesson from it! The beholder feels that he is contemplating, in the Bee, a mystery exceedingly awful: why we can see no more into it than we do, and yet have been allowed to see so far, our common Maker has not thought fit to tell us: but He has vouchsafed us so much light as enables us to know Him, and serve Him, according to the conditions of a reasonable service: He has given us, as rational and moral creatures, a mission; as also an appropriate one to His other creature, the Bee: and the beholder, humbled amidst the concentrated splendour of human intellect on which he had been inclined to be vain-glorious, prays that though the mission of the Bee may be hidden from him, though restless inquisitive man may be perplexed by the only partially-disclosed energies and actions of other Existences, yet may he reverently discover his own duties, and so fulfil the high mission assigned him. That mission is then conveyed in the sublime language of Inspiration.—(Jer. ix. 23-24.)⁴

¹ P. 29.² P. 30.³ P. 31.⁴ P. 33.

Thus the beholder, in his own splendid Palace, is unexpectedly introduced to the domains of an insect; to a veritable microcosm: whose tiny denizens have social and political institutions, like ourselves, and exhibit in action a science which taxes our own highest energies to become imperfectly acquainted with. Having gradually risen from one stage of intellectual splendour to another, the beholder has reached the most dazzling altitude ever attained by man, in the person of the devout Christian philosopher, Newton; from whom he is led to make an instantaneous descent to a Bee, the unconscious exponent of mystery and wonder, fraught with profound instruction, and incentives to faith, and humility. Such is the Lesson taught by the mystic insect, to its mighty fellow-creature.

THE SECOND BOOK.

II. Midnight in the Crystal Palace!¹ The glare of day has disappeared, and the myriad visitors have departed: Man that is, has made way for Man that was: as though the tidings of this great Gathering of the extant members of the family, and the wondrous array of their doings, had reached the invisible world: whose denizens, as themselves concerned in the display of that to which their own acts, in past time, had contributed, and who have been allowed a moment back in time,² now gaze noiselessly, and awfully. They are indued with the power of discovering inanimate objects, but are not aware of the presence of the Poet; who stands, a Man in time, surrounded by Man from eternity.³ They wander amazedly about this Epitome of the world, its inhabitants and their doings, and its present condition!

Foremost among the spectral throng are seen those most likely to be affected by the assemblage of the Nations,—Kings, Conquerors, Legislators. Conspicuous among them are Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, Alfred, and Napoleon, thinking of their fortunes on earth, and the motives and objects which then influenced them. The first sighs as he gazes on the Sulej,⁴ recently the scene of such great events, but to him the hated and humiliating limit of his Eastern progress. These great personages become gradually aware of the changes which have occurred since their respective days of authority and triumph: observing Power occupying new seats; novel modes of warfare; changed Dynasties. Alfred is beheld lost in pious astonishment at the extent of empire now ruled by one of his descendants. But there is a great crowd of Kings and Conquerors also present, mortified at finding no trace of either their names or actions, existing upon earth; not having been rescued from oblivion, by the pen of genius!

A mightier cohort is presently seen approaching,—the Monarchs of Mind—Philosophers. Alexander, great as he was, the pupil of Aristotle, is represented as melting away before that sublime presence: who gazes around him as though he were still sitting on the throne of philosophy, after the lapse of two thousand years: but his dominion is sternly challenged by Roger Bacon;⁵ a third presently approaching, Lord Bacon, who subverted the throne of Aristotle; and, seizing his sceptre, transmitted it to his own successors for all time. This great philosopher's genius is represented as throned in the Palace

seeming with the trophies of the Experimental Philosophy—trophies which he is seen exhibiting to Aristotle and Roger Bacon, who greet each other nobly.¹ All three become aware of the vast progress made, since their time, in philosophy. The successors of Lord Bacon are then imagined passing in review before him, owning allegiance, by prosecuting science on his principles, by a rigorous adherence to experiment and observation, and they tell him of his realms extending ceaselessly everywhere: especially apprising him, and his ghostly supporters, of the wonders of geological science—pointing to a new Past, and shadowing a wondrous future.² The thoughts of Aristotle are imagined shaping themselves into the mighty wish, *O! had this day been mine! Elsewhere* is seen Archimedes, profoundly intent upon the machinery in noiseless motion before him—a motionless shadow, gazing at shadows moving: and tracing the operation of principles which he himself had developed, two thousand years before.

Collected round an Orrery in motion, before which, during the day, had been seen a group of children familiar with its teaching, and telling it trippingly to one another, are seen ancient Astronomers, Chaldean, Egyptian, and Grecian, perceiving their respective systems subverted by that which the motion of the Orrery is illustrating: and among them Aristotle, who, with Thales, Pythagoras, Anaxagoras, and many others, stands lost in mournful wonder, at the revolution in Astronomical Science which they witness: But the observer owns the intellectual greatness of these ancient sages, wise according to the light they had, and gazes on them reverentially.

The rapid progress of Astronomical Science is then traced down to the day of Galileo, whose wretched Apostacy from Heaven-taught truth, through the fear of man, is denounced sorrowfully and indignantly: and the ancient Astronomers are represented as confounded by the revelations of Galileo's telescope. Their great successors are then introduced: Newton being seen towering above them all, and sublimely indicating the recently-discovered truths, which he had been instrumental in discovering. As he proceeds, his countenance is overshadowed with gloom: for he sees approaching the spirit of his Godless successor and commentator, La Place; who is now, however, confuted by the revelations of Eternity, and stands meekly and repentant behind his mighty master; who leads the great ones around him higher and higher into the heavens, pointing out system circling system after system, till all are beheld circling the central glory, the seat of Deity:³ where sits One who stooped to the earth to redeem mankind, and will hereafter return to be their judge. Thus in these shadow-peopled realms, the mind is fixed on Man, his Doings, and Destiny, his relations to man, and to his Maker, his past and future: and the present is overshadowed with the final Gathering.

Newton is presently seen approaching Socrates and Plato; who are conversing with Butler, the great Christian Divine and Philosopher of modern days: all three of whom had dedicated their lives to the love and search after truth. The subjects of their converse are—Truth, Mind, Immortality, and Deity: and the two Pagan Philosophers are listening to the Christian's exposition of revealed truth, with brightening countenance.⁴ Butler exclaims of each, 'Thou wast not far away.'⁵ Here it is designed to indicate the dim glimmer-

¹ P. 37.² P. 38.³ P. 41.⁴ P. 41.⁵ P. 42.

ing of revealed truth, through the mists of tradition, exhibited by the teaching of Socrates and Plato: and the passage is written chiefly for those familiar with the tender and sublime account given by Plato of the death of Socrates, and his last discourse on the Immortality of the Soul.¹ Only faint echoes of this converse are heard; being heavenly melodies, fit for immortality and eternity only:² but an awful question is asked, to indicate the nature of it.³

This vision disappears, and the beholder enters the misty regions of Mythology: in the midst of which is seen Æschylus standing, in forlorn grandeur, before the image of his own Chained Prometheus. The mighty Poet's lyre is lying with broken strings at his feet; but suddenly there comes a glitter in his eye, showing a half-awakened consciousness that he has been dealing with the fragments of primeval truths, the ancient but obscured knowledge of the wrath of God with Man, for Sin, and of the destined sufferings of the Divine Mediator, by which alone that wrath could be appeased.⁴ This passage is addressed to those who have read and thought of the Prometheus Bound, as a Grecian myth of the Fall of Man. This is conceived to be the middle point between Truth and Fable; or rather Truth refracted through the accumulating indistinctness and error of Tradition: and the beholder is represented as suddenly guided through past time, towards the source of primeval Truth, which becomes more and more vividly distinct, as he passes on his awful flight towards the revealed origin of man, and of all things. The 'clouds disperse, the shadows fly,' while events, scenes, and persons are successively appearing, as recorded in the Volume of Inspiration. At length is reached the primeval fratricide, Cain: the man first born of woman, upon the Earth, and who stained that Earth with the blood of the second. Cain, the Prince of his bloody race, appears standing tortured, amid a hazy crimsoned with his crime, surrounded by a hideous throng of his blood-stained descendants.⁵

Passing beyond this scene of horror, the bewildered traveller through past suddenly stands, dissolved in tenderness and awe, before Adam and Eve, just driven guilty and terror-stricken out of Eden.⁶

Having thus seen the Past, the Present, and the Future of Man, indissolubly linked together, and respectively reflecting each other, the beholder is suddenly recalled to the earthly scene of his vision, and the objects which had occasioned it, under the guidance of his unseen guardian. The splendours which dazzled those thronging it by day, have no attraction for the eyes seeing through a spiritual medium: but the former are apostrophised, and asked whether their eyes had been satiated with the material splendours which had presented themselves: Had they seen nothing but gems, gold, and jewels? Had they not perceived the spectacle fraught with a Divine lesson, speaking through the eyes, to the awakened soul? Then a GEM infinitely transcending all, had lain unseen?—WISDOM, *the wisdom which cometh from above*: for it is not Wisdom, merely to collect the bright but perishing things of time and sense, to gaze at them wistfully, with curiosity, exultation, and pride. A sublime voice is heard, both asking and answering the question, WHERE SHALL WISDOM BE FOUND?—A voice⁷ reverently recognised by the assembled spirits—

¹ P. Phædo. ² P. 42. ³ P. 42. P. 42. ⁴ P. 43. ⁵ Pp. 43, 44. ⁶ P. 47.

And unto Man, Ho said,
 Tho' fear of the Lord, that is Wisdom,
 And to depart from evil, is understanding.

This language of Inspiration attracts the beholder to the spot where lies the Holy Volume¹ enshrining it, represented as radiating light. While standing before it, a great moral problem² is suggested to his mind. Dark and deadly doubts and misgivings at length begin to crowd upon him; and apparently deserted by his guardian angel, he gradually sinks deeper and deeper into a black abyss of scepticism, and despair: but his heavenly attendant reappears: and by an illuminating act of Faith, he rises to a sense of Scriptural light, and peace. He then humbly asks whether the impious Scoffer has, from time to time, stood before the Holy Volume, despising it as a collection of fables alike derogatory to the dignity of human intellect, and inconsistent with the goodness, wisdom, and justice of God: and utters a prayer that the eyes of any such may be opened, to see Truth in Hallowed Mystery; and becoming a *child of light*, walk thenceforth in The Light.

The vision is at length drawing to a close:³ the spiritual crowd is dissolving away—vanishing shadows, within a shadow vanishing—as though obedient to a mysterious summons, unheard by the mortal beholder.⁴ There is a noiseless confusion: forms are intermingling, but in dread silence: and then the solitary earthly tenant of the Palace is once more ALONE, with the chill of Eternity on his soul.

It is now EARLY MORN. The rosy rays of the splendid SUN, approaching, are faintly beaming on the Crystal Solitude, and melting away the shades of night: gradually revealing the myriad splendours visible during the day, but making the beholder's solitary condition⁵ only the more oppressive. Yielding to the impulse of his social nature, he yearns for intercourse with his fellow-tenants of the Earth; and has a mournful sense of his own fleeting precarious tenure of life; passing away like a shadow, as had done those whose mysterious presence he has just lost. A sense of the vastness and awfulness of the visible and invisible economy of God, has overwhelmed him: he feels deserted in the stupendous creation; as though he himself were neglected, and unworthy of Almighty notice or protection; desolate, and unable to realise any personal relations with his Maker. At the moment when he feels perishing from a sense of insignificance, he hears the chirping of a sparrow, itself the most insignificant tenant of the air—not a farthing's worth:⁶ but he remembers with reverence, that God himself declared that *not one of even them was forgotten before Him*, and vouchsafed to say to Man, *even the very hairs of your head are numbered*. *Fear not, therefore! ye are of more value than many sparrows!* Even that poor tenant of the air is now invested with interest, as his fellow-creature, and cared for by their common Creator: with whom, however, the beholder dreads to feel himself alone—with THE PURE, Impurity! His spirit droops with a sense of unworthiness of the favour of God: he relapses into despondency and gloom; knowing that he is but as *a flower of the field*: which disappears, even with the wind going over it.

It is at this moment that the attendant Spirit benignantly performs her

¹ Pp. 47, 48.

² P. 48.

³ P. 50.

⁴ P. 50.

⁵ Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings?—Matt. xii. 9.

final office of love. Recalling him from his wanderings over the Universe of God's creation, she directs his eye to a solitary object,—a Lily. He sees in it, at first, a more neglected field-flower; a stray intruder upon the splendid province of her delicately tended sisterhood: ¹ but, influenced by his departing attendant, he suddenly detects in it an awakening and sublime significance. He first sees in the Lily, as his thoughts expand, the representative of NATURE, appearing in simple majesty, in the very Palace of ART: God's handiwork, amongst the handiwork of man; eclipsing all the varied richness and magnificence surrounding it. Here, both Man, and his greatest doings, are reduced to instant nothingness, before his Almighty Maker!

The pride of intellect has thus been gently rebuked and humbled, alike by an Insect, and a Flower: and as the approaching sun is rapidly restoring visible splendour to the accumulated trophies of Man's power, he himself bows down amidst them, with adoration, at the footstool of OMNIPOTENCE. He remembers that the incarnate God himself expressly declared, that the highest triumphs of ART, typified by the glory of Solomon, were as nothing, in comparison with this Lily! His humbled faculties rise now to the contemplation of Almighty power: if the mere Flower of the Field be really so glorious, what must be the glory of Creation, as Man may, hereafter, be permitted to see it?

But beyond all this, the divinely-selected Flower is fraught with still profounder interest. By it, *One dead yet speaketh*, tenderly, to the distrustful and troubled hearts of his creatures: assuring them that their wants, their sufferings, their sorrows, are all known to Him, and that He will provide for them: and finally, commanding them, *Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness: and all these things shall be added unto you.*²

Then the Lily is taken with reverence into the hand of him whom it has taught so sublime a lesson from on high; and the Poem ends with the spectacle of a Son, gazing, in the Lily, on a blooming emblem of the Power and Love of an Almighty FATHER.

LET THE WORDS OF MY MOUTH, AND THE MEDITATION OF MY HEART, BE ALWAYS
ACCEPTABLE IN THY SIGHT, O LORD, MY STRENGTH, AND MY REDEEMER.³

¹ P. 52.

Matt. vi. 33.

³ Psalm xix. 14, 15.

PREFACE TO THE ORIGINAL EDITION.

In the South Transept of the Crystal Palace, already vanishing from before our eyes, may be seen, for a little while longer, twin figures of the youthful Alfred the Great, and his Mother; who is giving him the Book of Saxon poetry, which she had promised to him, among her sons, who should soonest learn to read it. Historians record, that Alfred was passionately fond of the Saxon poems, listening to them eagerly by day, and by night; and that as he listened, the first aspirings of a soaring mind seem to have arisen within him. He treasured the poems in his memory; and, during the whole of his life, poetry continued to be his solace and amusement, in trouble and care.

In this Volume will be found a precious relic, which, it is thought, few persons will contemplate unmoved, of the illustrious Monarch's genius; and some of what follows, it has been attempted to fashion on that exquisite model. It seemed to a loyal Englishman, that in this there was a certain appropriateness. The name of Alfred is very dear to us;¹ and it is equally affecting and suggestive to imagine, doubtless consistently with the fact, the Royal Mother and Son of 1851, gazing at the sculptured images of the Royal Mother and Son of a thousand years ago: with the royal Father standing by, to whom the world stands largely indebted, for the transcendent and profoundly instructive spectacle which they have assembled to witness.

In offering to the public this record of impressions which can never be effaced from the mind and heart of its Author, that instructed Public is approached with deep solicitude; but he ventures to indulge the hope, that by one who may think proper to peruse this Volume deliberately, suspending his judgment till the completion of the perusal, both the LILY, and the BEE may be then found speaking with some significance.

INNER TEMPLE, September 1851.

¹ He was called, in the old time, 'Shepherd of his People,' the 'Darling of the English.'—It was his own mother, Osburga, and not, as some historians assert, his French step-mother, who showed to him and his brothers the volume of Anglo-Saxon poetry, saying, 'He who first can read the book shall have it.'—See SIR FRANCIS PALGRAVE'S *History of England, Anglo-Saxon Period*, p. 161.

PREFACE TO THE PRESENT EDITION.

THE *Lily and the Bee* is an attempt, in a humble and reverent spirit, to interpret that which its Author conceived to be the true spiritual significance, the hidden teaching, of the Temple of Wonder and Worship, of 1851. With the motives and objects by which he was influenced, it is impossible for him to feel anything like resentment, on account of certain fierce criticisms which this little book has been fated to encounter, and may yet encounter. Few works, indeed, of modern days, have occasioned such a contrariety of critical judgment, as *The Lily and the Bee*: for while it has been characterised, by persons of undoubted competency, as totally unworthy of the occasion, or even the Author, it is certain that a widely different estimate has been formed of it by many, some of whom stand foremost in the ranks of criticism, scholarship, and philosophy; while it has also had a very large sale in this country, been reprinted in America and on the Continent, and translated into German and Italian, if not also other languages. The singular conflict of opinion respecting it, cannot be better illustrated, than by the circumstance, that while one of the Reviews stated that the Author 'had earned a title to be regarded as the Milton of the Exhibition,' another pronounced *The Lily and the Bee* to be 'the raving of a madman in the Crystal Palace.' This marvellous diversity of opinion in England, is thus noticed by the Italian translator, in his expository Preface. '*The Lily and the Bee* is a work which, on account of its originality, has been exposed to the extremes of criticism, by the eminent men of a great nation. By some it has been extolled to the skies, by others utterly condemned. Such a work vindicates its claim to be judged of by nations at large: to whom it belongs to award to it those sublime attributes which triumph over time, or consign it to oblivion, as the extravagant creation of a distempered brain.'¹

¹ Un' opera infine, che per la sua originalità destò così varie e contraddittorie opinioni fra i sommi di una nazione, che è grande; da quale esaltata con frenesia di ammirazione ai cieli, da quale sprofondata negli abissi. Un' opera tale deve essere arditamente giudicata dalle nazioni; e che le nazioni le mediano il pregio di sublimità che trionfa dei secoli, o del tempo, o la dannano all' oblio, come una stravaganza e delirio. — Il Giglio e l'Ape, Prefazione, x.

A work thus spoken of by an accomplished foreigner, who has deemed it worthy of being exquisitely rendered into the lovely language of his country, the Author hopes he may venture to regard as not entirely beneath the notice of his own countrymen. While grateful for the reception with which it has been already favoured, he sincerely defers to any adverse judgment pronounced by candid and competent critics. *Quod homines, tot sententiæ.*

Whatever its merits or demerits, and whatever may be the cause, this work remains the only record, of its kind, of the Crystal Palace of 1851, and the wonderful assemblage of mankind which it attracted from all parts of the earth.

The present edition, which has been carefully revised, is intended for a far larger class of readers than was contemplated on the original publication of the work, and is accompanied by numerous Notes; and the ensuing Exposition contains all that the Author wishes to say on the subject. It is, moreover, so full, that it may be regarded almost as a prose version of the Poem itself.

INNER TEMPLE, LONDON, July 1854.

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THE

LILY AND THE BEE.

BOOK THE FIRST.

FOUR thousand years ago, said THE VOICE,¹ the whole Family of man was gathered together on the plain of SHINAR.

They spoke often, in one language,² of the awful Deluge which had happened but a century before; and pointed out, one to another, the traces of it, still everywhere visible.

Those who had been in the Ark, would start from their sleep! as in dreams they heard the roar of the Waters, and again beheld their desolate expanse.

Yet was the dread lesson lost upon the ungrateful and presumptuous hearts of those who had not beenwhelmed beneath the waters.

Minded to dishonour Him who had spared them, while destroying their fellows, and to frustrate His all-wise purposes, they would build a City, and a Tower whose top might reach unto

¹ This is supposed to be the Voice of an Attendant Spirit.

² "The higher we ascend in history," says that accomplished antiquarian, Sir Francis Palgrave, "the more apparent are the traces of that unity which subsisted, when we were all of one language and of one speech (Gen. xiv. 1.) in the plain of Shinar."—*History of the Anglo-Saxons*, Book I. c. 1.

Heaven, and prevent their being scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth.³

Then was precipitated upon them the event, which they had sought to avert.

Their labours were interrupted from on high; their language was suddenly confounded;

And they were scattered abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth, bearing about with them, even until now, the badge of their punishment and humiliation.

Sixteen hundred years afterwards, near the scene of that impiety and folly, occurred a great gathering of the self-same Family, in the plain of DURA, in the province of Babylon, at the bidding of a mighty monarch.

There he had gathered together the princes, the governors, and the captains, the judges, the treasurers, and the counsellors, the sheriffs, and all the rulers of the provinces, and all the People, Nations, and Languages.

³ This Babylonish Tower, says the philosophic Schlegel, has been, in every age, a figure of the Heaven-aspiring edifice of lordly Arrogance; which is sooner or later, sure to be struck down, and scattered afar, by the arm of the divine Nemesis.

In the midst of them glittered a golden image, which Nebuchadnezzar the king had set up, and had come forth to dedicate.

And a herald cried aloud, commanding all people, nations, and languages, that at what time they heard the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music, they should, on pain of death, fall down and worship that golden image.

The impious despot was obeyed: the People, the Nations, and the Languages, bowed, in base idolatry, before the golden image that Nebuchadnezzar the King had set up;

All but three noble youths,¹ worshippers of the God whom their Monarch was dishonouring, and who, in his rage and fury, cast them forthwith, but vainly, into a burning fiery furnace, saying, Who is that God that shall deliver you out of my hands?

Two thousand four hundred years have since rolled on; and behold!

In this present year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and fifty-one, indicating the lustrous epoch from which Christian people now reverently reckon time,

In this little western Isle, unknown to the haughty Babylonian, whose place² has been swept with the besom of destruction, occurs another gathering of that self-same family: of all people, and nations, and languages, on a royal invitation, and for a royal Dedication.

A Christian Queen, on whose Empire setteth not the sun; who had read in holy writ of the plains of Shinar, and of Dura, went forth with her Consort and her Offspring, attended by her princes, her nobles, her statesmen, her warriors, her judges, her philosophers, amidst a highly multitude:

¹ See Note, No. I.—‘Why Daniel was not cast into the Fiery Furnace.’

² I will rise up against them, saith the Lord of Hosts—and cut off from Babylon the name.

I will also make it a possession for the bittern, and pools of water, and I will sweep it with the besom of destruction.

This is the rejoicing city, that dwelt carelessly; that said in her heart, I am, and there is none besides me: now is she become a desolation!—Isaiah xlv. 22, 23; Zeph. ii. 15.

Not impiously to dishonour the Deity, and attempt to thwart his purposes; not to inaugurate an idol, and to Dedicate an Image, impiously commanding it to be worshipped; but, in the hallowing presence of His ministers whom Nebuchadnezzar had dishonoured, to bow before HIM, THE LORD OF HEAVEN AND EARTH,

Who, from the place of His habitation, looketh down upon all the inhabitants of the earth, and understandeth all their works;

To offer humble adoration and thanksgiving for His mercies, marvellous and numberless, vouchsafed to herself, and to His people committed to her charge;

In Whom she over hath affianced, seeking His honour and glory!

To cement, as far as in her lay, a universal brotherhood, and promote among all nations, unity, peace, and concord;

To recall great nations from the devastations of war, to the delights of peace;

To exhibit a mighty spectacle, equalled but by its spectators:

Humbling, elevating, expanding, solemnising the soul of every beholder capable of thought, purified with but even the faintest tincture of devoutness;

Speaking to great minds, to statesman, philosopher, divine, in accents sublime:

Telling of MAN, in his relations to the earth;

MAN, in his relations to men;

MAN, in his relations to God.

Yes, to a Palace, risen like an exhalation,³ goes the Queen, mindless of predicted peril—standing within it, the dazzling centre of a nation's love and anxiety;

With stately serenity, beside her illustrious and philosophic Spouse, and illustrious offspring;

Her eyes reverently downcast, while one voice only sounds, humbly uttering prayer and praise⁴—Not unto us,

³ Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Book I.

⁴ Now therefore, O God, we thank Thee; we praise Thee; and entreat Thee so to overrule this assembly of many nations, that it

not unto us, but unto thy name be all the glory!—

Amidst all that is lovely, great, and pious, from all lands; whose eyes are moistened, whose hearts are swelling: Anon peals forth, in solemn harmony, Hallelujah!

There stand members of the scattered family of Man:

Come from East, come from West; come from North, come from South; from the Old World, from the New;

And, glittering all around, are trophies of industry and peace from every land, wafted over vast oceans:

Results of Toil grown skilful, after six thousand years.

—Then hie thee to that Palace, said The Voice:

Mingle among thy fellows, unheeded by the gay and great.

Be thou but reverently humble, and I will be with thee, One Unseen, yet seeing all: what I will show, the self-sufficient spirit shall never see;

Being with quickest sensuous eye, quite blind; yet, all the while, before a mystic mirror, brightly reflecting the Past, darkly the Future.

But thou, unnoticed one! perchance despised—behold! ponder!

Hio thee! haste! it vanisheth.

It vanisheth! and melts into the Past.

There was standing without the Crystal Palace, in a panper dress, a grey-haired harmless idiot, gazing at the vast structure, vacantly. Gently arresting me as I passed, he pointed with eager, gleeful mystery, uttering incoherent sounds, to the door which he was not permitted to enter.¹

Poor soul! said The Voice, mournfully, this banquet is not spread for thee!

I left him without, gibbering to a man tend to the advancement of Thy glory, to the diffusion of Thy holy Word, and to the increase of general prosperity, by producing peace and goodwill among the different races of mankind.—From the *Prayer of the Archbishop of Canterbury*, in the Crystal Palace, which opened on the 1st May 1851, and closed on the 11th October 1851.

¹ The oppressive incident above related actually occurred to the author; producing an impression never to be effaced.

pitiful sentinel, and entered with a spirit saddened, but thankful.

—DAY, IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE!

Musio echoing through the transparent fabric!

Fragrant flowers and graceful shrubs blooming, and exhaling sweet odours!

Fountains flashing and sparkling in the subdued sunlight!

In living sculpture, behold the Grand, the Grotesque, the Terrible, the Beautiful!

Every form and colour imaginable, far as the eye can reach, dazzlingly intermingled!

And lo! seventy thousand sons and daughters of Adam, passing and repassing, ceaselessly:

Bewildered, charmingly!

Gliding amidst harnessed Nations—through country after country, renowned in ancient name, and great in modern: civilised and savage.

From the far East, and West, misty in distance, faintly echo martial strains, and the solemn anthem!—

The Soul, approached through its highest senses, is flooded with excitement; all its faculties appealed to at once, it sinks, for a while, exhausted, overwhelmed.

Who can describe this astounding spectacle?

Lost in a sense of what it is, who can think what it is like?

Philosophers and poets are alike agitated, and silent!

Gaze whithersoever they may, all is marvellous and affecting:

Stirring now thoughts and emotions, and awakening oldest memories and associations—

Past, Present, Future, linked together mystically, each imaging the other, kindling faint suggestion, with sudden startle!—

And where stand they?

Scarce nine times had the moon

Performed her silent journey round the earth,

Since grass grew, refreshed with dew and zephyr, upon the spot on which is now glistening a crystal palace, then not even imaged in the mind of its architect,—

Now teeming with things rich and rare, from well-nigh every spot of earth on the terraqueous globe,

Telling, oh! grand and overwhelming thought! of the uttermost industry and intellect of MAN, in every clime, of every hue, of every speech, since his Almighty Maker placed him upon the earth!

MAN, made in His own image, after His likeness, a little lower than the angels, and crowned with glory and honour;

Given dominion over all the earth and sea, and all that are in them, and in the air,—that move, and are:

Telling of MAN, ever since the holy calm and rest of the first Sabbath: since the dark hour in which he was driven, disobedient and woe-stricken, out of Eden,

Doomed, in the sweat of his face to eat bread, in sorrow, all the days of his life, till he returned into the ground, cursed for his sake:

The dread sentence echoing in his ears, Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return!

O spirit, convey me, awhile, from this scene of mystery,

This so restless sea of my fellow-beings!

Let me alone, apart, meditate humbly, reverently!

Sixty centuries are sweeping past me!

Their sound is in my ear, their dread is on my soul!

The air! the dust! is instinct with life, the life of man!

Speaking to the soul, of all the hopes, and fears, the agonies, delights,

The woes, and cares, that have agitated the countless millions, my fellows, descended from our fallen Father, the First Adam, and like him returned to the dust:

Whither I, and all his sons, my brethren, strangers! and sojourners! as all our fathers were! are journeying fast.

O, spare me a little, before I go hence, and be no more seen!

—I faintly breathe an air, spiritual and rare;

Mind all around diffused!

MAN rises before me, everywhere, man!

In his manifestation and misfortune, multiform; mysterious in his doings and his destiny!

And, I, poor Being! trembling and amazed, am also man;

Part of that mighty unity;

One, but one! still one! of that vast family to whom belongs the earth;¹ still holding, albeit unworthily, our charter of lordship.

Tremble, child of the dust! remembering from Whom came that charter, well-nigh forfeited. Tremble! stand in awe!

Yet hope; for He knoweth thy frame; He remembereth that thou art but dust; and, like as a father pitieth his own children, even so is merciful unto them that fear Him!

Return, with lightened heart, with cheerful look, said The Voice, benignantly,

And read a scroll, suddenly unrolled, of the doings of thy wondrous, wayward race, upon the earth!

Again within the Nave — all bright! all beautiful! —

Hail! Welcome! BRETHREN, SISTERS all!

Come hither trustfully, from every land and clime!

All hail! ye loveliest! bravest! wisest! best!

Of every degree! complexion! speech!

One and the self-same blood in all our veins!² Our hearts, fashioned alike!

Alike feeling, loving, admiring: with the same senses and faculties perceiving and judging what the same energies have produced!

Stay! Has my ear, suddenly quickened, penetrated to the primeval language, through all its variations, since the scattering and confusion of Shinar!

¹ All the whole heavens, are the Lord's: the earth hath He given to the children of men.—Psalm cxv. 16.

² God, that made the world, and all things therein, hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the bounds of their habitation, and is not far from every one of us.—Acts, xvii. 24-27.

O rare unity in multiplicity, unifor-
mity in endless variety!

Yonder comes THE QUEEN!

Nor bideous eho't, nor shell, tears
open a criméon path,

But one is melting before her, —
melting with love and loyalty.

ARK, unguarded!

No hodding plume, nor sabre gleam-
ing, to startle or appal: she movee
midst myriads—silent myriads:

Unheard by her their voice, hut
not unfelt their thoughts,

Fondly flowing while she passes
hy:

—O, all from foreign lands! un-
covered be awhile!

Behold a solemn eight:

A nation's heart in prayer!

And hear their prayer,

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

And God save thee, too, wise and
pious Prince, Her Spouse!

Woll may thine eye look round
well pleased,

And with a modest dignity,

Upon a eceno designed hy theo:

Sprung into being under thy prince-
ly fostering;

An enterpriso right royal! nohler
far than ever Prince before accom-
plished:

All bloody feats of war eclipsed,
hy this of Peace, all-potent peace.

O glorious war to wage: Science
and Truth, with Error, Ignorance, and
Prejudice—lying all prostrate here:
vanquished: O would it were, to rise
no more!

And thou here, too, young PRINCE,
their first-born son: thon hope of
England: future King!

God bless thee, Prince: God grant
thee many many years, wherein to
learn, hy bright example, how to
wear a crown, and sway a sceptre.

Look well around thee: think of
Her whose hand is holding thine!

•Mark thou ite marvels,—Read ite
LESSON, well!

Illustrations Three, our hearts yearn,
seeing you etand before the image of
your ancestor, oh Queen! Alfred: the
Great: the Good: the Wise.

What thoughts are yours, while

gazing at the glorious pair, Mother
and Son?

Young Prince! look well on that
young Prince: remember: resemble!
In your veins runs his rich blood!

Methinks I see the Queen look
grave,

•While passing slowly down the
wondrous nave.

Flag after flag hangs over her,
Emblems of Nations, great and glo-
rious some, all friendly!

All here, receiving Queenly, Princely
welcome: therein, the Nation's.

The very Genius of each State is
here!

Beauteons, but timid—trembling,
as though affrighted with recent
sonnds and sights of blood and tum-
ult: even here, scarce reassured!

But, gentle ones! breathe freely

As ye have left behiud your vesture
darkened, it may be, and crimson-
spotted, and donned attire so gay and
graceful, so vanish fear from your
lovely countenancee!

In your own Sister's Palace, away
with terror and distrust!

Start not, as though your ears yet
caught faintful sounds of crie'e and
mnsketry! of ehot, and ehell! See
here, all peace and love!

Britannia passes hy: she greets
you fondly; embracing with a sister's
tendernees.

Where is The Queen? In SPAIN!
and yet, within her own dominions!

She is standing on the dizzy height
of Gibraltar, impregnable, tremend-
ous;

And tranquilly surveying the king-
doms of two sister Queens, in East
and West: herself on British ground,
won by British valour, and so retained,
and guarded.

Then does she muse of Tuhul's pro-
geny?¹ Of dynasties long passed
away—Phoenician, Carthagénian, Ro-
man sway: of Vandal, Goth, and
Saracen: Crescent and Cross.

See she the passee where glittered
the standards of Charlemagne, and

¹ The original settlers in Spain are sup-
posed to have been the progeny of Tuhul,
the fifth son of Japheth.

echo in her ears the bugles of Roncesvalles?

Thinks she of mighty ones gone by
—all, all, but one: of Hannibal: of
Scipio: Pompey: Cæsar: Napoleon
her own Wellington!

And sadly looks on hill, and vale,
and stream,

Crimsoned with Spanish, French,
and British blood:

Sees she myriad bayonets, bristling
everywhere, and flashing sabres;

And hears the deadly volley rolling,
and thunder of artillery—

Vimeira!

Torres Vedras!

Corunna!

Talavera!

Salamanca!

Vittoria!

Trafalgar!

—FRANCE! noble, sensitive!

Our ancient rival, now our proudly-
splendid, emulous friend!¹

Our Queen in gallant France! But
with no fear, ye chivalrous!

Behold the royal Lady, who, scarce-
ly seated on her throne,

Quickly responded to you, grand
request,

Giving you back your glorious DEAD,

Then, after life's fitful² fever sleep-
ing well, in her domain, in ocean far
away;

¹ Like their great predecessors in the wars of Rome and Carthage, those two illustrious chiefs rolled their chariot of victory over its surface, and, missing each other, severally conquered every other opponent, till their own renown filled the world, and Europe, in breathless suspense, awaited the issue of their conflict on another shore. — ALISON, vol. viii. p. 397.

² And since become our ally, in the great and just war against Russia, [1854.]

³ *Macbeth*, Act III. scene 2.

⁴ Le gouvernement de sa Majesté espère que l'empressement, qu'il met à répondre à cette demande, sera considéré en France comme une preuve du désir de sa Majesté d'effacer jusqu'à la dernière trace de ces animosités nationales qui, pendant la vie de l'Empereur, avaient poussé les deux nations à la guerre. Le gouvernement de sa Majesté espère que de pareils sentiments, s'ils existent encore, seraient ensevelis à jamais, dans le tombeau destiné à recevoir les restes mortels de Napoléon — *Despatch of LORD PALMERSTON*, 9th May, 1840. These are words, justly remarks the historian, of dig-

And now upon your soil, his own
loved France, sleepeth NAPOLEON!

—His ear heard not the wailing
peal, thrilling through the o'ercharged
hearts of his mourning veterans:

Nor did he hear the mingled thunder-
ings of our artillery, yours, and our
own,

In blended solemn friendliness,⁴

Honouring his mighty memory.

Ye, Frenchmen, saw, and heard,
Weeping nobly 'mid the melting
melody:⁵ and we were looking on,
with throbbing heart.

See then, our Queen! She wears
a crown, and holds a sceptre: em-
blem of majesty, of power, of love,
alone!—

See, see, embodied to your sight!

England's dear Epitome,

And radiant Representative!

All hearts in hers; and hers, in all:
Britain, Britannia: Bright Victoria,
all!—

—A sadness on her brow! thinking.
perchance, of royal exiles,⁶ sheltered
in her realm:

It may be of a captive,⁷ too, in
yours: he no Jugurtha! brave, hon-
ourable: noble: broken-hearted—
oh! French—ye proud and gener-
ous—

Passed into BELGIUM, fair and gay—
Yonder the plain of Waterloo.

nified generosity, worthy of the chivalrous days of a great nation. — ALISON, vol. xiv. p. 198.

⁵ This points to one of the grandest and most affecting incidents in the history of France and England. In the year 1840 the French government requested the English to give the French the remains of their great Emperor: a request which was acceded to with dignified promptness. When the coffin was opened, the countenance of Napoleon was exhibited serene and undecayed, exciting profound emotions in those who beheld it. The British naval and military forces at St. Helena vied with the French in honouring the mighty dead. The remains were reinterred with great solemnity and splendour, on the 15th December 1840, in the Church of the Invalides.

⁶ Louis Philippe and his family, who escaped from Paris on the 24th February 1848. He died here on the 26th August 1850.

⁷ An allusion to Abd-el-Kader; who was shortly afterwards liberated by the present Emperor of the French, in a graceful and noble spirit.

• Her cheek is flushed; anon grows sad.

There approaches a mourner, a royal mourner.¹ His air is serene, but sorrowful: his cheek is wasted; and his eye tells of a sorely smitten heart.

His hand yet feels the pressure of those lilled fingers which clasped it fondly, gently, at last unconsciously: And he sees still those eyes which upon him tenderly, even through the shadows of death!

In busy sea-dyked HOLLAND now:—
Methinks she tells her son of a New Holland—

A fifth continent,² in a distant ocean, fourteen thousand miles away: ruled by her sceptre!

And now, grown grave, she whispers of an era, and a Prince, great, glorious, of immortal memory.³

In HANOVER a while—

Sadly speaking of a royal Cousin, who, were he in the Crystal Palace, could see naught of its splendours; destined yet to rule a kingdom!⁴

Lingering in SAXONY!

Telling of LUTHER to her son:

Methinks she sees the giant spirit, standing defiant, before Imperial Diet: scornfully burning Papal Bull:—

Kindling the flame which man shall never quench!⁵

Protected by a Prince potent and pious,—as Wickliffe, here, by her own Royal progenitor of Lancaster!

And then she points her son, in

¹ The King of the Belgians, who had shortly before lost his queen, a fond and lovely woman.

² New Holland contains an area of 3,360,000 square miles—i. e. more than twenty-right times the area of Great Britain and Ireland!

³ By the sagacity and energy of that great man, William III., was closed the bloody struggle for civil and religious liberty which had so long been convulsing this country, and there were secured to us the inestimable advantages of our constitution, and of our Protestant faith—PRINCE ALBERT, at St Martin's Hall, 17th June 1851.

⁴ The present King of Hanover, who is blind, ascended the throne on the 18th Nov. 1851.

⁵ I know and am certain, said this wonderful man, that Jesus Christ our Lord lives and reigns; and, buoyant in this knowledge and confidence, I will not fear a hundred thousand Popes.

proud silence, to his Father's home, ancient, illustrious, and firm in Faith.—

SWITZERLAND!

Bright, breezy Switzerland!

Land of the beautiful, land of the free!

With mountains majestic!

• Woaring snowy coronets, dazzling, all of rosy blue—

And lovely spreading vales, studded with cottages all blossom-hid—

With deep blue waters, imaging bluer skies.

—Oh, awful in avalanche! on whose dread verge

Bloom roses and myrtles, unchilled,⁶ unscarred.

O foaming flashing cataract, and fearful precipice!

Where glances the gleeful, scarce-seen chamois, safe from fell eye of hunter!

O happy, happy Switzerland!

Where meet the Seasons in concord strange,

And gaily dance, with melting eye yet trepidulous limb,

Mid ice, and, fruits, and snow, and flowers,

While zephyr, scent-baden, plays gaily round!

Our Queen in Switzerland!—forgetting state and splendour awhile,

Softly to sink into enchanting solitude.

O land of the free, the pious, and brave—

Of Tell and Zwingli!

Queen of the free and the fearless breathing your balmy air—

But quick to return to her own sweet sceptred isle.

GREECE—Greece! The Queen in Greece! And thinking of the radiant past!—

Of Marathon and Salamis! of wisdom, eloquence, and song—

All silenced now!—

The Oracles are dumb.

No voice or hideous hum,

Runs through the arched roof, in words deceiving:

Apollo from his shrine

⁶ See the vivid sketch given by Sir A. Alison, in his History of Europe, Chapter 25.

Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of
Delphos leaving.¹

What fates were hers, since Japheth's
son set foot upon her soil—

Javan, to Otho!²—

Marathon, to Navarino!—

And now, amid the isles

Where burning Sappho loved and
sung,³

Gliding o'er Ionian waters,

Mellow sunlight all around,

And gently thinking of the days
gone by—

PROTECTOR —

England in Greece—in Christian
Greece!

Victoria there! But not in war-
like form: only,

Lover of peace, and balanced rule.

In dusky, rainless Egypt now!

Mysterious memories come crowd-
ing round—

From misty Mizraim⁴ to Ibrahim—

Abraham! Joseph! Pharaoh's

Plagues! Shepherd Kings! Sesostris!

Cambyzes! Xerxes! Alexander!

Ptolemies! Antony! Cleopatra!

Cæsar —

Isis! Osiris! Temples! Sphinxes!

Obelisks!

Alexandria!

The Pyramids!

The Nile!

NAPOLEON!⁵ NELSON⁶

—Behold, my son, quoth the Royal

¹ These magnificent and well-known lines in Milton's Hymn on the Nativity, were supposed by one of the accomplished critics of the *Lily and the Bee*, in a Journal which appeared on the 5th November 1851, to be the author's—and were consequently thus spoken of, after being quoted with a contemptuous preface.

² The reader will doubtless perceive a sort of barbarous rhyme here running through the Royal meditations, extremely appropriate to the theme!

³ The first inhabitants of Greece are believed to have been the progeny of Javan, the fourth son of Japheth; that of his sixth son, Melchizedek, formed the aborigines of Italy.

⁴ Lord Byron.

⁵ Alas, how altered now! [1854.]

⁶ Mizraim, the son of Ham, and grandson of Noah, was the first of the Pharaohs.

⁷ See NOTE, No. II.—'Napoleon and Leibnitz on Egypt.'

Mother, this ancient wondrous country—destined scene of mighty doings—perchance of conflict, deadly, tremendous, such as the world has never seen, nor warrior dreamed of.

Even now, the attracting centre of world-wide anxieties.

On this spot see settled the eyes of sleepless Statesmen—

Lo! a British engineer, even while I speak, connects the Red Sea with the Mediterranean: Alexandria and Cairo made as one—

Behold Napoleon, deeply intent on the great project!

See him, while the tide of the Red Sea is out, on the self-same site traversed three thousand years before, by the children of Israel!

He drinks at the Wells of Moses, at the foot of Mount Sinai.

He returns, and so the tide: The shades of night approach: behold the hero, just whelmed beneath the waters—even like the ancient Pharaoh—

Had such event been willed on high!⁷—

In TUNIS! All simple, rough, barbaric! Art thou sole representative of Carthage, and her ancient glory?⁸

And thinks our Queen suddenly of the Tyrian Queen, and her resplendent city,

Rome's rival in the empire of the world—

Carthage and her state, whose policy the Stagyrite approved:

A people wise, grave, powerful;
Sending forth colonies; with distant islands trafficking; even with this isle of ours; with England, and with France!

Musos our sighing Queen, of Rome and Carthage;

Rival Queens; competitors for empire;

Ambitious; of deadly hate;
Of treacheries and perfidies;
Of sieges; battles; seas of blood;
Of noble Hannibal; great Scipio;
fell Cato?

⁷ See NOTE, No. III.—'The Modern Pharaoh in the Red Sea.'

⁸ Tunis is within only a few miles' distance of the site of ancient Carthage.

Tunis! wast thou scared by the
fearful fires consuming Carthage?

Didst thou see the flame and hear
the shrieks?¹

And hear the withering curse,
see Scipio's pitying tears, and listen
to his mournful prophecy,

Of fate reserved for bloody and per-
fidious Rome?

And Rome, triumphant in her joy
and pride,

Exulting over her fallen rival!
crushed! all traces from the earth
razed ruthlessly;

And curse pronounced on all who
should rebuild, or her hated memory
revive—

Where art thou, Rome? Still linger-
ing on the earth? Rome! Carthage!—

Where all your idle strifes, your
guilty jealousies!

Thou, too, old Tunis, hast seen vi-
cissitude!

Solomon the Magnificent! Selim!
The Emperor!

Thou sawest ten thousand² Chris-
tian slaves set glorious free!

Hast thou forgotten Blake³—crum-
bling thy castles with his cannonade?

TURKEY!—

Beautiful Constantinople!

Well may Queenly eye rest upon
thee rapturously.

Enchanting City, hail!

Ever bathed in ocean's breeze!

Thy terraced heights, all emerald-
hued,

Rising successive from the blue
waves to the sky!

Thy glistening domes, mosques,
minarets!

Thy lovely waters, studded by
snowy sails of boat and bark!

Queen of the East, on seven-hilled
throne!

Thou passionately wooed of mon-
archs and conquerors!

• The Macedonian! Napoleon! Mus-
covite! All hail!

A peaceful Queen is looking at thee
now,

¹ See NOTE, No. IV.—'Scipio's Tears.'

² D. 1535—by Charles V.

³ A.D. 1656.

Nor dreams of conquest!⁴

CHINA!⁵—Awoke from centuries'
celestial slumber,

By the thunder of our guns.—

Barbarian Queen! what dost thou
there?

• There, also, waves thy Flag

Proudly o'er thy people, and in thy
territory, too!

To the North—away! away!

DENMARK!

SWEDEN!

NORWAY!

ICELAND!

LAPLAND!

—Stay, illustrious Thra!

Are ye chilled with your northern
fright?

• O Queen, a moment pause in this
thy marvellous pilgrimage!

Thou wilt not despise the doings
of the poor Esquimaux, drearily shiver-
ing under Arctic ice:

Clad in the skins of creatures of the
deep:

And in icy cavern, illumed by
flickering Northern Lights, gorging
on ossal,

Or dreaming of the hunt of bear
and wolf—

O Queen, O Princess! illustrious of
the Earth! behold in this sad soul,

One of the scattered family of Adam!
Our brother! Your brother, great ones!

The brother of all Queens, Princess,
Emperors, and Potentates.

The same blood, trickling through
his chilly veins, through yours bounds
blithely.—

And he hath heard the Sacred Vol-
ume read, and felt: and wept: and
owned its bellowing influence!⁶

PRUSSIA, proud, leavened, thoughtful,
martial!

—Ever like steel-clad, warrior

⁴ Constantinople is at this moment [1854] the centre of world-wide anxieties: the Muscovite's attempt to seize upon it having occasioned the European war, now commencing, in which England and France fight side by side to protect the injured, and repel the invader.

⁵ Fohi, the supposed founder of the Chinese Empire, is considered, by some, to be NOAH.

⁶ See NOTE, No. V.—'The Esquimaux Question.'

gleaming, armed cap-a-pie, ready for fight.¹

Victoria greets The King!

Hail, sponsor of her son, our future King!

Thy face is anxious; and thy troubled eye scans fearfully thy realms.

Settling but now, from shock of revolution.

Near AUSTRIA!

On its confines, standing the grim Radetzky! On his lips are withering words.²

—But from his neck depends the Lamb,³ gently:

All unconscious of its office.

From behind his Queen, modest in greatness,

Gazes upon the Austrian, "WEL-LINGTON.

Behold the white-haired warrior-statesman, eagle-eyed,

Scanning the features of his aged brother⁴ in arms!

He wears not the crimson, vestments of war,

Nor the emblem of command;

Nor by his side,

Glisters the sword which freed the world,

Into its scabbard sternly thrust, at Waterloo.

What whispers the Queen to her Wellington? And he to his puissant Mistress?

—Of a vast Empire, thrilling still with mortal throes;

—Dismembered, but for mighty Miss-covitch,

Summoned to aid by an Imperial brother, in mortal thralldom.

Of strategy profound: 'encircling coils, tremendous, crushing revolt: ⁵

Wasting anxieties, from mortal eye concealed, or sought to be:

All blessedly unknown to Her, now listening to her wise warrior-statesman's words.—

In vast mysterious RUSSIA, see Her now.

She leans upon the arm of friendly Czar.⁶

Madam, quoth he, I obey your gentle summons.

I send to your Palace a sample of my people's skill,—

A many-tongued race, a sixteenth of the family of Man,—and produce of my territories,

Stretching over a seventh of the terrestrial surface of the globe.

Northern Asia is mine:

Half Europe, and a great domain in Northern America.

There my possessions adjoin yours: as yours, those of the Republic which has sprung from you.

Then thought⁷ the silent Queen, Of all that owned her gently-potent sway, the wide world o'er.

Of her own dear sceptred Isle, ENGLAND!

A precious stone, set in the silver sea!

This land of such dear souls! this dear, dear land.⁸

Then, of her dominions in the North, the South, the East, the West.

Old World, and New—

Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australasia—

¹ In setting out for the Prussian campaign, such was Napoleon's estimate of troops trained in the school of Frederick the Great, that he frequently said to his assembled officers at Mayence, 'We shall have earth to move in this war!'

² 'Soldaten! Der Kampf wird kurz sein—Soldiers, the work will be short!' The words are engraved deeply on the base of the pedestal of the cast-iron statue.

³ The Order of the Golden Fleece.

⁴ Field-Marshal Radetzky is eighty-five years of age—having been born in the year 1766; the Duke of Wellington in 1769. The latter died on the 14th September 1862.

⁵ The general plan of the vast military operations of Russia, in Hungary, in the spring of 1849, was—to form a complete circle of the whole territory: that circle rapidly to converge so as to compress the insurrection within a ring of armies. There was a perfect unity of purpose in the execution of this prodigious plan, which extinguished the insurrection; and then the Emperor's troops (150,000 in number) returned to Russia.—See *The Times* of the day.

⁶ She is now [1854] at war with him.

⁷ While the Emperor tells the Queen the extent of his dominions, she only meditates silently, on her own, and on her mission.

⁸ *Richard II.*, Act II. scene 1.

Of Continents:
 Of Islands, girdling the globe:
 A sixth of Adam's family,¹ obedient to her rule—
 Rule of a Christian Queen—
 To civilise!
 To free! protect!
 To illumine!
 To Christianise!²
 Methought she whispered solemnly,
 A mighty mission, Emperor, each!

Anon she points her son to INDIA,
 distant, dazzling, vast—

The coveted of conquering Poton-
 tates, in old and modern time;

But by Heaven assigned, to Eng-
 land—

Of victories, on victories:
 Of valour and sagacity profound:
 Of sullen Moloch: superstition:
 slaughter: and horrible idolatry:

And then she spoke of Canaan, and
 the Israelites,

And reverently echoed Holy Writ—

We have heard with our ears, O
 God, our fathers have told us, how
 thou hast driven out the heathen
 with thy hand, and planted them in:
 how thou hast destroyed the nations,
 and cast them out.

For they got not the land in pos-
 session through their own sword,
 neither was it their own arm that
 helped them;

But Thy right hand, and Thine
 arm, and the light of Thy counte-
 nance, because Thou hadst a favour
 unto them.³

OF AUSTRALASIA—

There, Islands huge, and a great
 Continent,—

Thou proudly flies Her flag,
 In Eastern—and in Southern ocean
 Glistening far, away!

—While saileth thitherward, from
 these loved shores,

•¹ According to the latest and best authori-
 ties, the population of the world is about a
 thousand and seventy-five millions; and the
 British dominions now embrace, since the
 recent acquisitions in India, ONE HUNDRED
 AND SEVENTY MILLION OF SOULS!

•² See NOTE, No. VI.—'Prince Albert on the
 Mission and Destiny of England.'

•³ Psalm xlv. 1-4.

Each barque so richly freighted
 with our loves,
 Bearing fond but firmest hearts,
 And leaving tender ones behind,
 It may be never more to meet on
 earth—

O, God go with you, brethren, sis-
 ters dear!

Bearing the Holy Book! Our Laws,
 Religion, loyalty!

Your Queen, that lovely Majesty,
 is thinking of you all:

Dear to her gentle heart, her
 people far away

No distance knows allegiance, loy-
 alty, and Queenly love, and power.

O'er oceans sweeping breathlessly,
 a dizzy flight

Well-nigh the planet o'er!

Behold in CANADA, the Queen—its
 Queen!

Calmly she views her vast domain,
 A ninth part of earth's surface!⁴

Grand, beautiful, and boundless in
 resource!

Loyal and true her sons!

Reserved for signal destiny!

Ten thousand miles of ocean can-
 not melt

The links of love,

That bind their brave hearts to their
 Queen!

All hail, ye hardy sons of enter-
 prise, and brethren dear!

She gazes proudly, thoughtfully!

Down, down the wondrous Nave!

Through the old kingdoms of the
 East,

Swelling yet with revolution's
 surge—lo! The New World!

How now! Where is She now?

Methought her course was West-
 erly!⁵

The West hath settled in the East!

How passing strange!

Confusion all!—North, South, East,
 West,

New, Old, Past, Present,

Huddled all together!

•⁴ See NOTE, No. VII.—'The New Mediter-
 ranean.'

•⁵ In the Crystal Palace, the Eastern extre-
 mity of the Nave is appropriated to the
 United States of America.

Hers, in the East, She stands: yst
in AMERICA!—

Hail, England's lusty offspring!
All hail! Ye stalworth sons and
daughters fair,

Of Anglo Saxon ancestry!
In your new home magnificent,
Event yet scarce settled!
This Queen of England greets you
well!

And such Her thoughts the while,
As but an English Queen can know!
She stands in contemplation grave.
Skilled though She be, in Queenly
lore,

She cannot read your destiny.
Sees she a cloud, the South o'er-
shadowing?

—Brethren, ye bring a form of
Beauty, and IN CHAINS!

Look ye yourselves, upon Her love-
liness!

Ponder her thrilling tale of grief!—
She is not mute, O, marble eloquent!

She pleads! She pleads!
Gazing on Stars and Strips,

To your own selves she turns,¹
And pleads, in manacles!

Though listens England's Queen,
she listens all in vain!

Sweet slave!
Turn from our Queen beloved, that
agonising look!

No chains, no bonds, Her myriad
subjects bear.

They melt, in contact with the Brit-
ish air:

Her sceptre waves, and fetters dis-
appear!

Turn, turn, then, beauteous slave!
O, make thy mournful suit,

To those deep meaning ones, who
sent thee hither!

Their Saxon brethren here, can only
sign:

—Who stand behind thee, beautiful
one?

Daughter and son of Shem! how
came ye hither?

Wild brother of the woods!
Clad in the spoils of eagle, buffalo,
and bear!

¹The beautiful statue of the Greek Slave
(by Hiram Power, an American sculptor),
placed in the nave, in front of the United
States department. stood on a revolving
pedestal.

Strange son of Adam!
Sharer of his chartered rights!
But why that hideous scalp,
From thy slain Brother torn?
Kinsman of Cain!
And thou! Physician!²
Thou stand'st before a Christian
Queen!
Why wear that emblem of a savages
hate!

—Did ever Queen within such Pal-
ace stand?

Were ever Queen and Prince so
matched before?

A Prince philosopher, and philoso-
phic Prince?

Majesty! Philosophy!
In shining union seen!

Exalted Pair!
A banquet here is spread, right roy-
ally,

For all mankind—
State laid aside, and Majesty, and
Royalty, and Lowliness, partakers all,

All, all alike, nor frowns, nor fears,
Queen, Prince, and People—

—A Queen and Prince are
gone!

A unit unperceived,
Isink into the living stream again!—

Nave, transept, aisles and galleries,
Pacing untired: insatiate!

—Amazing spectacle!
Touchstone of character! capacity!

and knowledge!

Spectacle, now lost in the Specta-
tors: then spectators, in the spectacle!

Rich: poor: gentle: simple: wise:
foolish: young: old: learned: ig-
norant: thoughtful: thoughtless:

haughty: humble: frivolous: pro-
found:

Every grade of intellect: every
shade of character!

²These two interesting figures, modelled
from the life—the man a physician among
the American Iowa Indians, and having his
leggings 'fringed with scalp-locks taken from
his enemies' heads; and the woman, a Ma-
dan Indian, one of the native tribes west of
the Rocky Mountains—were sent to the Cry-
stal Palace by Mr Catlin. Neither of the ori-
ginals, who were lately in England, hap-
pened to be a subject of Her Majesty; but the
her many such.

Here, is a voluble smatterer: suddenly discomfited by the chance question of a curious child: and rather than own ignorance, will tell him falsely!

There, a hustling piece of earth: one of the earth, earthly: testing everything by money value!

Here is a stale hundle of prejudices, hard bound together: to whom everything here is topsy-turvy, and discoloured, seen through jaundiced eyes!

Here comes one, serenely unconscionable that he is a fool!

There is one suddenly startled by a suspicion that he knows scarcely anything!

Here is one listening, with seeming lively interest, and assenting gestures, to a scientific explanation, of which he comprehends nothing; but appearances must he kept up!

There is one falsely thinking himself the observed of observers; trying to look unconscious, and distinguished!

Here is one that will not see a timid poor relation, or an humble friend; as fashionable folk are near!

Yonder is a Statesman: gliding about alone: watchful: thoughtful: cautious: pondering national characters: habits: capabilities: localities: wants: superfluities: rival systems of policy, their fruits and workings: imagining new combinations: speculating on remote consequences.

Yonder walks one who has committed, or is meditating, great crime; and hoping that his heavy eye may here be attracted, and his mind dazzled into a moment's forgetfulness, but it is in vain.

There is a Philosopher, to whose attuned ear the Spectacle speaks myriad-tongued: telling of patient sagacity: long foiled, at length—or suddenly—triumphant: of centuries of mis-directed, abortive toil: of pain, suffering, privation: of one sowing, what another shall reap!

Here is a philanthropist—thinking of blood-stained Slavery:

¹ The Quadrature of the Circle, Perpetual Motion, the Inextinguishable Lamp, and the Philosopher's Stone, have racked the brains of philosophers and mathematicians for ages, in vain, except in respect of discoveries made incidentally.

Of millions, dealt with as though they were the very beasts that perish: bought: sold: scourged: slain: as if their Maker had not seen them, nor heard their groans, nor treasured their tears: nor set them down against the appointed Reckoning!

Here is one, little thinking that he will suddenly fall dead to-morrow: having much on hand, both of business and pleasure!

There is one tottering under the weight of ninety years: to whom the grasshopper is a burden: leaning on the arms of dutiful and lusty youth: gazing with glazed eye: silent with wise wonder!

Here sits a laughing child, upon a gleaming cannon!

Yonder is a blind man, sightless amidst surrounding splendours: but there is one telling him tenderly that he stands beside the statue of Milton!

There, in the glistening centre of the Transept, stands an aged exile: venerable: widowed: once a Queen: looking at the tranquil image of Queen Victoria: meditating, with a sigh, on the happy security of her throne!

Yonder is a musing poet: gazing silently Eastward—Westward—Northward—Southward: above—below:

Everywhere pouring a living tide of wonder—~~not~~ silent—~~not~~ noisy—a strange hum!

A radiant flood of light—many-hued objects, now glittering brightly—then glistening—fainter and fainter, till lost in distance.

Hence come faintly the strains of rich music—intermingling mysteriously with the gentle hum around him—

² Surely Thou hast seen, for Thou beholdest ungodliness and wrong, that Thou mayest take the matter into Thine hand.—Psalm x. 15, 16.

³ And the grasshopper shall be a burden.—Eccles. xii. 5.

⁴ The widow of the ex-King of the French, Louis Philippe.

⁵ 'It is a crowd of men,' says an old author quoted in one of the London journals of the 9th August 1851, 'with vast confusion of tongues—like Babel. The noise in it is like that of bees: a strange humming, or buzz, mixed of walking and talking—tongues and feet: it is a kind of still roar, or loud whisper.'

Gliding about, forms of exquisite beauty, most delicate loveliness!—

Living, eclipsing the sculptured, Beauty, at which it is looking, with blushing consciousness!—

Yonder, a fair daughter of Eve, before the Mother of all living: her shuddering eye glancing at the serpent, her ear catching the deadly whisper!

Far away, in shape and gesture proudly eminent, Satan—as it were, showing all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them, in a moment of time.

There they are! Great Nations, new and old, with their bright banners streaming: helms: lances: sares: scimitars—See there, solemnly silent all, Crusaders!—

The soundless crashing of a mailed throng:—banners! the Crescent! Cross! fierce-gleaming Saracen! Saladin! Ocar-de-Lion! glorious De Bouillon!

A dim religious light—Dante! Tasso! Milton! SHAKESPEARE!—there They are!

Could they see hut this—or he, with eyes like theirs!

Be stirred with glorious thoughts like theirs!

Ah, sinking deeper still in reverie—dreamy—delicious!

—Still the hum—the dazzle—

Gifted one! Up, Laureate! Wake! Ay, it is no dream, but radiant reality!—

Up, Laureate, with thy lyre, And rapturously sweep its thrilling strings!

Give forth grand strains, echoing through all time to come,

Surpassing Pindar's, as thine his Theme transcendeth far—

Here are the Philosophers: among them HANSON, the successor of Newton: standing before the huge telescope, thinking of one greater still, constructed by the philosophic Peers beside him:

And they are speaking of Nebulæ resolved, resolvable: stars made faint.

¹ *Paradise Lost*, Book I.

² The Earl of Rose, President of the Royal Society.

ly visible, so distant, that the mere attempt to conceive their remoteness, prostrates mortal imagination, awfully lessening of limited faculties:—faint—just visible—now hid—little specks: others even to these vast powers, utterly and for ever invisible—some, whose light, though travelling in a minute twelve millions of miles, requires fourteen thousand years³ to reach this planet—

Each star, again, itself probably a System, on the outermost verge of another, possibly containing inhabitants gifted with powers greater than man can conceive of, and who are, at this moment, with unassisted sense, viewing systems ten thousand, thousand, thousand times still further off from them, than they from us.

* * *
—Glorious Suns, round Suns, each with its train of Planets and Satellites, for ever shrouded in the splendour of their respective suns, from the little eye of man!—

Double stars—of orange, blue, green, crimson, ruddy purple!⁴

—Think, quoth he, of twin suns, red, and green—or yellow, and blue: what resplendent variety of illumination they may afford to a planet circling about either! charming contrasts and grateful vicissitudes—a red and green day, alternating with a white one, and with darkness!⁵

⁶ Sir John Herschel says, of a star whose light takes a thousand years to reach the small planet which we inhabit, that in observing its place, and noticing its changes, we are, in fact, reading only their history, of a thousand years' date, thus wonderfully recorded.—The assertion in the text refers to the stars most recently rendered visible by the stupendous instrument of Lord Rosse.

⁷ The star α, Cassiopeia exhibits, says Sir John Herschel, the beautiful combination of a large white star, and a small one of rich ruddy purple.—Milton, in his *Eightieth Book of Paradise Lost*, has a remarkable passage, noticed by Herschel. The angel Raphael is saying to Adam—

Other suns, perhaps,
With their attendant moons, thou wilt desee:
Communicating male and female light,
(Which two great sexes animate the world)
Stored in each orb, per haps, with some that live.⁸

⁹ Note.—Milton died about twelve years before Sir Isaac Newton's discovery of the law of gravitation.

¹⁰ HERSCHEL'S *Astronomy*, pp. 304-5.

—And these countless and infinitely distant systems all subjected to the law of gravitation, discovered by a brief denizen of this tiny planet!

—This Sun of ours, with all his attendants, moving bodily towards a mystic point in the Heavens!¹

Stars—blazing brightly in past ages, but which have since mysteriously disappeared!—

* * *

Yonder, are the twin sons of Science, LE VERRIER and ADAMS—a noble Pair, in noble rivalry: England and Franco!

Speaking modestly of their sublime discovery, though one which would have gladdened the heart of Newton!

—Uranus, saith one,—discovered by the father of our living Herschel, at once donned the boundaries of the solar system; and, at a distance of eighteen hundred and twenty-two millions of miles, is observed somewhat disturbed in performing its journey:

The two astronomers, separately bent on discovering the cause, by a rare application of transcendent science, succeed at length in detecting the attractive influence of a remote unseen orb—a new planet: Neptune—

As far beyond Uranus, as he beyond Saturn! at thirty times our own distance from the sun:

Two thousand eight hundred and fifty millions of miles off: moreover, not only pointing out where a Planet would ere long be found,

But weighing the mass of the predicted mysterious Visitor—

Numbering the years of his revolution,

¹ 'I believe,' said the Astronomer-Royal, Mr Airy, on a recent occasion, 'that every astronomer who has examined this matter carefully, has come to a conclusion very nearly the same as that of Sir William Herschel, that the whole solar system is moving bodily towards a star [A] in the constellation Hercules.'—The motion of the entire solar system proceeds at the prodigious rate of one hundred and fifty millions of miles a-year! that vast distance being only an infinitesimal arc of the immeasurable circle in which the system is destined to revolve. —AIRY'S *Lecture on Astronomy* ed. 1845.

And telling the dimensions of his stupendous orbit!

Behold, at length The Intruder! attended, now, by Satellite.

Gleaming in cold, shadowy, remote splendour, and graciously visible, first, to the eyes of the patient twins of Astronomic science who have heralded his grand approach—Neptune, now just five years old!—

Yonder is BESSEL, the Prussian Astronomer, discoverer, at length, of the distance of a Fixed Star!—sixty-three billions of miles off!²—nearly seven hundred thousand times our own distance from the sun—which is ninety-five millions three hundred thousand miles away! And this utterly inconceivable distance exactly measured, by means of a common yard-measure! And there is another telling, an incredulous wonderer that we have weighed the Sun! and his planets—even Neptune!—ay, down to the pound-weight avoirdupois—and even,—for the fastidiously exact,—down to GRAINS:—and they are

² Given, says a Scotch astronomer, Mr C. MacLaren, in a paper describing this glorious triumph of science,—the position, mass, and periodic times of two planets; the astronomer is able, though it is no easy task, to calculate the perturbation which either will produce on the other. But the problem which is the counterpart of this—viz. given the perturbations—to find the position, mass, and periodic time of an unknown disturbing body—is one of such infinite difficulty, that certainly few astronomers believed it to admit of a satisfactory solution.—See PROFESSOR PILLANS' *Elements of Physical and Classical Geography*.—Intro. xxix.

Enormous as is the distance of this star No 61, Cygnæ, (83,000,000,000,000 miles), our Astronomer-Royal (Biddell Ayr) is it as my deliberate opinion, founded on careful examination of the whole of observation and calculation, that it is ascertained with what may be called, in such a problem, considerable accuracy. A few years previously to this great discovery Sir John Herschel had stated, (*Astronomy*, p. 878), that 'the distance of a fixed star could not be so small as nineteen billions of miles: but how much greater it might be, we know not.' Now, however, we do: viz. forty-four billions of miles greater!

The number of cubic miles in the earth, is 259,800,000,000; each of these miles contains 147,200,000,000 cubic feet; and each of these cubic feet weighs 354 lb. 6 oz. avoirdupois.—ASTRONOMER-ROYAL.

standing before an instrument¹ which can weigh to the ten-thousandth part of that grain!²

There is the French FOUCAULT: who has shown to our very eyes, and since this marvellous Palace was opened, the Earth moving on its axis! Creating a new motion in the pendulum, independent of that actual one given to it by the earth, at the point of suspension.³

And there is an English astronomer explaining to a gifted fair one how, just fifty years ago, the interval between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, — three hundred and fifty millions of miles, — appeared vacant; within which, nevertheless, it was said, a hundred years ago, that there might have been once a Planet rolling, till shattered by some fearful internal convulsion, or collision with some heavenly body: and that, if such had been the case, its fragments might hereafter be found circling within that space: and now—amazing reality!—there are Fourteen⁴ of those fragments, ten of them found within the last five years—the last six, this Palace was opened, and fifty called LARÆ—and its discovery is here, saying that, he is constantly watching for other and smaller fragments, believing he has already seen, and lost them again:⁵

¹ Fox's magnetised weighing-balance. There is also a barometer, showing the thousandth part of an inch in the rise and fall of the mercury!

² The weight of a body is proportional to the attraction which it exerts. The weights of all the bodies of the solar system, are necessarily referred to the weight of the earth as a standard: and the weight of the sun, as compared with that of the earth, is ascertained by comparing the attractive power of each, at the same distance. And so of the planets—their, at least, with satellites.

³ The author has personally ascertained from several of our most eminent astronomers—one of them, Sir John Herschel, captain Smyth—that M. Foucault's

is a real and successful one, extremely delicate and difficult to perform so as to obtain correct results. Such also is the opinion of the Astronomer-Royal.

⁴ Since *The Lily and the Bee* appeared [1851], the number of these mysterious tenants of the sky [1854] increased to TWENTY-NINE! In the year 1852 alone, nine of them were discovered! Our countryman, Mr Hind, has discovered that number!

that they come so close towards each other, that there is danger of collision! especially if their orbits should be altered by the perturbation of mighty Jupiter!⁶

Behold the astronomers curiously capping sextants, quadrants, circles, and transit instruments—and the huge telescope pointed inquisitively towards the Heavens: each thinking of his midnight vigils, sitting with eyes fixed on the rolling orbs of Heaven: vast worlds in rapid harmonious motion: and the philosophers are musing on the powers of telescopic vision, being hereafter augmented, so as to detect the existence of stars so far off that their light may not reach us for ten thousand years to come, though travelling two hundred thousand miles a second—and ten thousand times swifter than the earth⁷ in its orbit, ever since the hour when the Almighty placed Adam in Paradise!⁸

Millions, beyond millions, upon millions, of stars, suns, systems, peopling infinitude!

—Here is one inspecting Microscopes: and telling of their transcendent powers, and awe-inspiring revelations,—converting the smallest visible grain of sand into a vast fragment of rock, a thousand million times more hulky:⁹ showing a drop of water instinct with visible life, myriad-formed, every atom consummately organised!¹⁰

Within the space of a grain of mustard seed, eight millions of living active creatures, all richly endowed

⁵ See Note, No VIII.—The Shattered Planet.

⁶ It may possibly surprise one not accustomed to attend to such matters, that the earth which he inhabits is whirled through space, in its journey round the sun, at the rate of one million six hundred and thirty nine thousand three hundred and thirty-two miles a day—i. e. eleven hundred and thirty-eight miles a minute, and nineteen miles in a second.

⁷ See Note, p. 14, note 3.

⁸ HERSCHEL'S *Discourse on Natural Philosophy*, 101.

⁹ Distributed everywhere, throughout the world,—in every element,—in the internal moisture of living plants, and animal bodies,—carried about in the vapour and dust of the whole atmosphere of the earth, exists a mysterious and infinite kingdom of living crea-

with the organs and faculties of animal life by Him who so fearfully and wonderfully made these bodies of ours,¹ revealing an unfathomableness of organic creation in the smallest space, as of stars in the vast immense—O, overwhelming realities and mysteries! A world in every atom—a system in every star!²—

There is OWEN, profoundly pondering a shapeless slab of stone, neglected, and perhaps unseen, by millions: yet may he read in it an immense significance!³

Here is STEPHENSON, contemplating the model of the Britannia Bridge—and telling of his toils and anxieties, in spanning the Straits with iron tubes, through which now shoots the hissing thundering Train,

Dizzily high o'er the stream,

Which the Roman invader of Anglessey passed, nearly eighteen hundred years ago,⁴ with his legions, on flat-bottomed boats, and with swimming cavalry, to encounter the Druids in their last retreat:

Beholding women with waving torches, — running, with dishevelled locks, to and fro, and in wild shrieks echoing the imprecations of their priests, all soon silenced, and their utterers slaughtered, and flung into fires prepared for the invaders.

Now he is speaking with brother engineers—English, French, German, Russian — showing the Hydraulic Press, which raised to the height of a hundred feet huge tubes of iron two

trees, of whose existence man had never dreamed till his senses were so prodigiously aided by the microscope.—See FRICHARD *On Infusoria*, pp. 1, 2.

¹ Plato has said, in a magnificent spirit, that probably it were no difficult thing to demonstrate that the gods are as mindful of the minute as of the vast.

² Chaque monde peut-être n'est qu'un atome, et chaque atome est un monde.—MADAME DE STAËL.

³ Post., p. 21.

⁴ *Circiter* A. D. 59. Anglessey was the seat of the Druids, and subdued by the Romans, A. D. 78. The passage in the text relates to the slaughter of the Druids and the people in the former year, by Suetonius Paulinus. The spot where it is said to have occurred is still shown at a ferry on the Straits.

thousand tons in weight:—now the French turbine: the centrifugal pump: the steam-hammer—oh, mighty STEAM!

— Here behold Power!—

Exact: docile: delicate: tremendous in operation: dealing, easily, alike with filmy gossamer lace, silk, flax, hemp, cotton, granite, iron!

Power, all bright and gleaming, as though conscious, and endued with volition:

Exhibiting bewildering complexities of movement, and working vast results:

Movements which yet a child's finger may stop suddenly! as though he had unwittingly caused Mechanical death.

Here is FARADAY, speaking of magnetism, electricity, galvanism, electro-galvanism, electro-magnetism, and chemical decomposition:—while others beside him are conjecturing whether light, heat, electricity, magnetism, and other forms of FORCE, may not ere long be brought into distinct relation to each other: obeying ONE GREAT LAW, having the same relation to atoms in proximate contact, as gravitation to those at a measurable and appreciable distance: one subtle, mysterious, all-pervading Force, of nature, it may be, for ever indiscernible, and potency infinite. Reverently be it spoken, the second Right hand of the Creator,⁵ Chemical power, the great controlling and conservative agency,—as Mechanical power, the First—

And has the modest philosopher a flickering consciousness, a faint flickering suspicion, that he is about to behold Nature's secret recesses and laboratories, closed since the Creation, suddenly thrown open?—

⁵ Faraday's discovery, that those substances which the magnet cannot attract, it repels,—and that, whilst those which it attracts, arrange themselves parallel to the magnetic axis, those which it repels arrange themselves exactly across it—that is, at right angles, in an equatorial direction,—has been justly pronounced to be the most important contribution to physical science, since the discovery of Newton concerning the law of force in gravitation, and the universal action of that force.—See ANSTON'S *Geology*, p. 78.

⁶ Dr MACCULLOCH.

That he stands on the threshold of
some immense discovery, pregnant
with revolution in human knowledge?

—See, all around, the shining traces
of MAN'S Presence and Powers, in this
his allotted scene of action:

Powers daily developing, till the
strongest, Intellect bends under the
pressure of accumulated discovery!

Lord of the Creation, all animals
are his—the fowls of the air: the fishes
of the sea: cattle: and every creeping
thing:

He captures them: compels them
to do his bidding:

Changes their nature: turns their
weapons upon themselves: slays them:

Nay, he tortures! in the plenitude
of his power, in the wantonness of his
will:

Minute or stupendous: hideous or
beautiful: gentle or fierce, all own his
sway, and fall his prey, alike for his
necessity, or his sport;

He feasts on their flesh: with it,
daintily pampers his luxurious palate:
he gaily decks himself in their spoils:
he imprisons them,—captive wit-
nesses of his Lordship:¹

Smiling tranquilly, he contemplates
howling, roaring, hissing, ravenous
monsters, whose very blighting breath
he feels:

Tenants of every element: scor-
pion: serpent: eagle: lion: dragon:
behemoth!

He hollows mountains: he levels
hills: he raises valleys: he splits
open rocks: he spans vast streams:
he beats back the roaring ocean.

He mounts into the air, and is
dizzily hid in the clouds:

He descends into the earth, and ex-
ports its precious treasures:

He sails round the globe, defiant of
storm,

Commanding the wind and the
tide:

He dives to the bottom of the
ocean,

¹ This is in allusion to the zoological ex-
hibitions in modern times, so profoundly
interesting and suggestive to a devout and
philosophic mind.

Mindless of monsters amazed,
Rifling its coral and pearl,
And recovering its long-hidden
spoils.

He turns water into air, and air
into water:

The solid substance into fleeting
vapour, and vapour again into sub-
stance.

Light and the lightning he hath
made his dazzling ministers and mes-
sengers:

They do his imperious bidding:

They array his handiwork, in the
twinkling of an eye, in splendour,
golden and silver:

They image his lordly features:

Arrest the fleeting shadow:

Do the dread behests of justice, fly-
ing fast as his thought:

Speak his instant pleasure beneath
the ocean: from distant shore, to
shore:

Traversing continents: joining
East, West, North, South,

And boldly threatening Time and
Space!

His venturous eye has pierced the
awful Heaven:

He scans illimitable space:

He weighs the shining orbs:

He tells their laws, distances, mo-
tions, and relations:

The misty WAX he turns into
myriad blazing suns:

He tracks the mysterious travel-
lers of remotest space, foretelling their
comings and their goings.

He dares even to speculate upon the
Unseen!

THE INFINITE!

Omniscience—

Omnipresence—

Omnipotence—

And reverently contemplates Him
Whose darkened Image he bears, oft
forgetfully: HIS MAKER: Him, who
erst asked awfully, *Adam, Where art
thou?*

The High and Lofty One, that in-
habiteth eternity, whose name is
HOLY: Who saith, I dwell in the
high and holy place: with him also
that is of a contrite and humble

spirit: to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite.¹

He hath showed thee, O Man, what is good: and what doth He require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?²

This, from the highest Heavens—the Holy of Holies!

From God, to Man!

—O come, let us worship and fall down, and kneel before the Lord our Maker.

For He is the Lord our God, and we are the people of His pasture, and the sheep of His hand!³

—O, what a piece of work is a Man!

How noble in reason!

How infinite in faculty!

In form and moving, how express and admirable!

In action, how like an angel!

In apprehension, how like a God!

The beauty of the world!

—But, methinks, great Bafo, I hear a grander voice than thine, while my abased⁴ head touches my kindred dust, in trembling humbled awe—

When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers:

The Moon, and the Stars, which Thou hast ordained:

What is man, that Thou art mindful of him,

And the son of man, that Thou visitest him:⁵

Man, like a thing of naught, his time passing away like a shadow!⁶

¹ Isaiah, lvii. 15.

² Micah, vi. 18.

³ Psalm xcvi. 6, 7.

⁴ There is an abasement befitting of glory: and there is that lifteth up his head from low estate.—Eccles. xx. 11.

⁵ SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, Act II. scene 2. Psalm viii. 3-4. Note.—Our illustrious philosopher Boyle, never heard the name of the Deity mentioned, nor uttered it himself, without reverently removing his hat from his head.

⁶ For we are but as yesterday, and know nothing, because our days upon earth are a shadow.—Job, viii. 9.

Koh-i-Noor!⁷ All hail!

Monarch of Gems—so say some of thy courtly flatterers.

For such thou, royal one, like other royal ones, most surely hast! Art thou a Queen, yet not The Queen, of gems? They whisper of an Imperial gem—and another of priceless value; as yet uncyt—as though Royalty mistrusted lapidary—or its Gem!

And thou art but half-cut,⁸ oh

Koh-i-Noor! Shorn of half thy beams!

Did barbarian ignorance arrest and palsy the tremulous hand patiently developing thy prismatic splendour?⁹

And art thou doomed ever to wear this disfigured and half-darkened form?

What art thou, Koh-i-Noor? Hearst thou the name given thee, obsequiously?¹⁰

MOUNTAIN OF LIGHT!¹¹

Glittering atom! Morsel of earth!

Condensed vapour! Charcoal!

Dare I whisper these things in royal ear?

Thou, a Mountain?

Perchance thou knowest what man, to know, would give numbered millions—

One a thousand times as great, as bright, as beautiful, as thou; but hid for ever from the eye of man:

True mountain crystalline!—and scarce missed,—yet exactly missed,

By the sharp pickaxe of the wearied slave!

Such little, little¹² gems as thou, alone, Koh-i-Noor, to man vouchsafest,

—lying in dirt! Deep, hid in dirt—in Golconda's mine.

Thou hast a mystery about thee, Koh-i-Noor.

⁷ This famous diamond was found in the mines of Golconda, in the year 1650; and in precisely three centuries afterwards, viz. in the year 1850, was brought to England, as the forfeit of oriental faithlessness. It had belonged to the King of Cahul.

⁸ Koh-i-Noor has been since cut, with great skill and success. It is now one of the Crown jewels.

⁹ This alludes to an incident in the history of the gem: and the same remark applies to several passages following.

¹⁰ The largest-known diamond weighed, as *Isaiah*, before cutting, nearly six ounces Troy.

Art thou a thing, but as of yesterday? Or million, million ages old?

Dost thou, a radiant messenger, tell us of central fire, whose fearful office has been foretold to man?

Proud Gem, loving the summit of the diadem, and potent sceptre, emblems of power supreme!

Sitting before us, thronged in state, and with thy two supporters,¹ here hast thou received homage of millions!

Two of thy royal race, as thou mayest know, are glistening eyes of hideous Juggernaut!—

And thou, fair Koh-i-Noor! wast doomed to bear them dismal company,

And flame upon the brow of Moloch, horrid king!²

Besmeared with blood of human sacrifice.

Grim idol! Towering o'er slaughtered millions—

Ay, Koh-i-Noor, destined to this office, and by a Dying tyrant—

Another happier fate was thine!

Here art thou, sent hither by thy royal Mistress,

Brought to her by her brave sons from the distant East.

And she hath sent thee hither, Koh-i-Noor! Silently to teach, and to delight the eyes of those she loves!

A store of gems she hath, of thy bright sisterhood; but, hear it! beam-
ing bit of earth!

She hath a jewel far outblazing thee! Guarded more jealously,

Not by brazen bars,

But, shrined within her Royal heart of hearts,

There lies, a people's Love!

Koh-i-Noor—having done thee, wit and service due, with my myriad fellows,

Lo! I would speak with thee.

¹ Thirty-five miles below the surface of the earth, says Humboldt, (*Cosmos*, vol. i. p. 278), the central heat is everywhere so great that granite itself is held in fusion.—*The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the Heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat: the earth, also, and the works that are therein, shall be burnt up.*—² Peter, iii.

³ There was a costly but inferior diamond on each side of Koh-i-Noor.

What thoughts are passing through thy translucent bosom,

Purest ray Serene?

Thou hast beauteous kinsfolk:

Lovely sisters arrayed in sapphire, ruby, emerald hue:

But also,

A black⁴ sister, Koh-i-Noor!

Standing modestly, far away from thee: within this Palace, but not in thine.

What! art thou ashamed of her?

Wouldst thou disclaim relationship?

Not so, sweet gem! And now I do bethink me, I, too, my black brother have!

And I disclaim him! not!

Behold him by my side!

Hail! my black brother!

Son of Adam, once fetter-laden—not by us, but fetter-freed!

Come, pass me by, and take thy stand, erect and free,

Fearless midst England's great, and beautiful, and brave!

And thus thinketh THE QUEEN, of the two Diamonds!

—Koh-i-Noor! All is not flattery, that hath been whispered by the millions who have gazed at thee.

I wonder hast thou heard, whispering disparagement, Expectation disappointed—

Depreciation! Sneers!

Yet art thou all thou dost profess to be,

Come from a Queen:

Destined with English Queens and Kings, to be all time hereafter!

O gem! Couldst thou but know what thoughts and feelings, strange and various, oft scarcely owned, thou hast excited here!

Couldst thou read the hearts of those clustering, bee-like, ceaselessly around thy throne, thy footstool!

Here a Philosopher: coldly deeming thee a shining exponent of false value.

There a Chemist: smiling at thy fancied adamantineness: knowing that he can resolve thee into primitive

⁴ There was a black diamond exhibited in the Crystal Palace, in one of the galleries. Koh-i-Noor being enthroned in a curiously contrived brazen structure, nearly in the centre of the transept.

vapour: ¹ dreaming, even, that he can reproduce thee in thy crystalline form!

Yonder is one looking at thee with fell eye: knowing that he could do murder, to get thee, or thy worth.

There here have gazed on thee, owners of gems more precious, incomparably far, than thou!

One, of melting charity, a good Samaritan: musing that, had he thy fancied equivalent of gold and silver, he would secretly scatter thy radiant representatives over the dark realms of misery and want,

Where hopeless Anguish pours her woe,

And lonely Want retires to die! ²

—Seest thou a feeble form, attenuate,
The death-flower blooming on his wasted cheek?

He dare not mingle with the eager throng ceaselessly surrounding thee.

His brilliant eye hath caught but distant glimpses of thee.

On his eyelids is the shadow of death. ³ He, too, bears a gem within: Genius: its splendour consuming the frail casket.

By its inner light he views this scene, his soul a star, dwelling apart, ⁴ in starry solitude, as not a soul of all within these glassy walls can view it: No, no, save gifted he:

Moss in sunbeams, merely, they, with him compared.

Gifted one! Dear soul: Poor soul! an humble eye is on thee,

All unknown to thee: unseen by man, a pitying tear hath fallen.

I can no more!

No mortal man can stay thy flight, from earth to native skies.

Not many suns shall set, well knoweth he, alas!

Who now, with trembling hand,
Wipeth the death dew from his exhausted brow,

¹ Sir Isaac Newton, in speculating on the connection between the chemical composition of bodies and their refractive powers, came to the conclusion that diamond was 'an unctuous substance coagulated': a sagacious prediction, says Sir David Brewster, verified in the discoveries of modern chemistry.

² Dr Johnson.

³ Job, xvi. 16.

⁴ Wordsworth.

Ere he close hid in dust shall lie,
Yet seen by one Omniscient eye,
Hidden the casket, only: the jewel far away, high in the skiss,
And raptuously viewing brighter scenes than these!

And yonder one, of mien so meek and modest!

Schooled in affliction's sharpest school—a sufferer—schooled! sublimed!

Nor grief, nor want, nor pain,
Neglect, nor scorn of proud Man-kind,

Can shake his constant soul,

Nor dim the Gem he bears,

A Faith, divine.

Oh what a blessed eye is his, looking serene on thee!

Mountain of Light! Pale now thy ineffectual fire,

Poor gem, eclipsed utterly!

A dull, faint spark before the lustrous gem He wears!

Its sweet light shall shine more sweetly still,

In the Dark Valley which we all must tread,

Turning the shadow of death into the morning! ⁵

Taken the last dark step,—at length got Home,

Then that gem blazes suddenly!

As in a kindred element,

Illuming immortality.

* * *

—Aloof he stood from courtly crowd
Around the throne of Koh-i-Noor.

Of the crowd, and not the gem, thought he:

With folded arms, standing, while a faint smile flickered o'er his thought-worn face.

This was a deep Philosopher.

—I know a Stone, quoth he, not far away,

Which I prefer to Koh-i-Noor.

But nobody sees, and nobody cares
For that same stone.

It glittereth not like Koh-i-Noor,
—Yet tells a tale that's music in my ear.

And would be so to millions more,

⁵ Athos, v. 8.

Wonderful to the world, if but the
world would hear!

O mild Philosopher, quoth I,
What you have murmured, I have
heard.

I'll see your stone;
'And what it then shall speak,
Interpret to an ignorant ear!

—Away! away! o'er ocean swiftly
sweeping,

And in cold Canada!
Yes, there, saith he, it lies!
A slab of plain grey stone,
Under deep strata for ages hid;
Inscribed by Nature's mystical
finger,

With faintest character,
For reading of instructed eye.
But, ho! the time!—the time! when
this was writ!

Millions of ages since have passed!
No stone, was then this stone,
But sand of a sea,
Washed by primeval ocean of this
Planet!

So long ago—
O, so long ago, I fear to say, and be
believed.

When flourished the Forests¹ turned
to coal,

Is but as yesterday,
In comparison,
Of that far distant day,

When that Sea
Or gently² kissed, or boisterously
beat,

Upon that ancient shore.
Then, all along that shore, those
sands,

Now, This Stone,
Crawled a mailed reptile,³ slowly,
painfully:

Now moving on; then resting for a
while,

Tired, or, perchance, looking for
food:

But wotting little he, the while,
That reptile old and strange!

That his footsteps would be tracked,
And his uncouth figure pictured
thence,

By a keen and learned eye,
In this Our Day,
Millions of ages after!

¹ Crustacean, of modern naturalists.

That sand then,
Stone now, lies,
Within our Palace!

—A mailed creature, ho, these
prints that made.

And, still more than this,
Behold the trace of the passing
Shower!

That may have beat upon his mailed
back,

As he crawled along that ancient
shore,

When low lay the tide.

And even this, beyond—
The direction of the wind I tell,
While fell that shower!

—Sir, it is well, saith he, to scan
What's writ on this neglected Stone.
Though faint its character, its im-
port is sublime.²

Telling of Life, and Air sustaining it;
Of genial Showers, moistening the
ground:

Flux and reflux of tidal wave.
Attractive force of the revolving
orbs of Light,

Greater and lesser,
Night and day then governing:³
All, all revealed to him, who, com-
ing countless ages after,
Scanneth this Stone, with an in-
structed eye.

Therefore, wonderful is this Stone,
Thus mystically writ upon. And
It is the True Philosopher's Stone!
I listened thoughtfully, and again
he spoke,

For we were all alone: others
Attending the loves of Koh-i-Noor,
And her Royal sisters.

While crawled that reptile on this
Shore,

And zephyrs swept his mailed back,
The sun upon the sea,

At morning, noon, and even shone;
By night, the silver moon,

Whilo glittered the trepidulous stars:
But from the surface of that ancient
sea,

Looked None up,
Rejoicing in the lovely light;

No ship, no sail, nor boat, nor
barque,

² That import may be gathered from Note
No. IX.—'The Philosopher's Stone.'

³ See Note, No. IX.

Not all the world of undulating
waters o'er:

But far beneath,
In dim abyss,
Glared hideous upturned eyes¹ of

CEREPALAST,

Waiting his gorged prey of Shark,
Itself devouring other!

Age after age rolled on!
Sparkling still the stars:
Still shone the rising and the set-
ting Sun,

In silent splendour,
And shed the moon her mellow
light.

But now upon the monster PLESI-
SAUR,

Slimy and black,
Uprising from its muddy bed, and
Crawling fearful to that sea,
With neck outstretched, and flam-
ing eye!

Still waxed and waned the gentle
Moon,

Upon the earth, all verdant now!
Which trod the IGUANODON,
And MEGALOSAUR,
And next trembled 'neath ponderous
foot of DEINOMERE,
And huger MASTODON.²

Still, still rolled on the globe,
But lo!
Outhurting frightful fires!
Rolling the flaming lava forth,
Hissing through boiling sea!
Tremendous thunderings shaking

sea, earth, air,
Frighting the monsters far beneath
the wave,

Or basking on the heaving earth:
Lo! continents upheaved from ocean,
And continents 'neath ocean whelm-
ed,

¹ See Mr. HUTTON's *Ancient World*—an eloquent and deeply interesting volume, richly repaying perusal. There are extant in our Museum, fossil remains of one of these ancient Monsters—the Ichthyosaurus—showing orbits upwards of eighteen inches across! 'so that it would require a string five feet long to surround the cavity of the eye!'

² There is a magnificent and complete skeleton of the Mastodon now in the British Museum. See Note, No X.—'Ancient Monsters.'

While shone the dazzling Sun,
The sweetly pensive Moon,
By day, by night,
Serenely o'er the scene terrific all!

O what a glimpse, to straining eye,
Through vista vast,
Of the far distant past,
This marvellous Stone hath given;
Of times unknowing MAN!
Scenes by his foot untrodden,
Man, future Lord of Earth,
Ordnained, in God's good time, to be!
—What! have ye found no trace
of Man,

In all these ages past? I wonder-
ing asked.

World-wide and deep, quoth he,
hath been our search,
And keen and close, and all in
vain!

No trace, no faintest trace, of Man,
or of his works:

But of HIS MAKER's presence,
His footsteps Awful,
Everywhere.

O, ONE Glorious!³

Only THOU,
Supreme! Thou Ever Present! Ac-
tive Ever!

Solely life-infusing THOU!
For Thy mysterious pleasure,⁴
And purpose inconceivable,

³ Sir Isaac Newton appeared to be very clearly of opinion that the inhabitants of this world were of a short date; and alleged as one reason for that opinion, that all arts—as letters, ships, planting, the needle, &c., were discovered within the memory of history, which could not have happened if the world had been eternal; and that there were marks of ruin upon it, which could not be effected by a flood only. What upon that great intellect would have been produced by the wondrous geological revelations of the present age!

⁴ I will praise thee, O Lord! among the people; I will sing unto thee among the nations.—PSALM lvi. 9.

⁵ 'Of the UNITY of the Deity,' says Dr. Paley, 'the proof is, the uniformity of plan observable in the system. We never get among such original, or totally different modes of existence, as to indicate that we are come into the province of a different creator, or under the direction of a different will.'—*Natural Theology*, chap. xvv.

⁶ Thou hast created all things: and for Thy pleasure they are, and were created.—Rev. iv. 11.

Creating all
 Upholding all things by Thy power,
 All ruling by Thy Wisdom Infinite,
 With foresight, and with providence,
 Awful, ineffable!
 O blessed Thou!
 Or dead or living things,
 Organic, inorganic,
 Mighty! Little!
 Seen! Unseen!
 Thou dost develop, modify, adapt,
 For uses, ends, and purposes, some
 Dimly by Us, thy trembling finite
 ones,

O Infinite One! perceived,
 But little understanding:
 That little, by Thy light vouchsafed,
 Dooming others ever to be unknown,
 But to THYSELF,
 In Whose Omniscient Omnipresent
 sight,

A thousand years are but
 As yesterday,
 When it is past! as a watch in the
 night!
 With Whom one day,
 Is as a thousand years!
 And a thousand years,
 As one day.¹

Thus, in the stony volume of the
 Earth,
 Though opened late, I lessons read,
 Designed for human eye to see,
 And mind to scan and ponder,
 By Him who writ that record, gra-
 ciously:

And one Other,
 Also here, in myriad form magni-
 ficent,²
 Both, telling of His Being, Doing
 Will;
 And His alone the power,
 To make His creatures read,
 Both volumes right.³

Ay, quoth he
 To me, with a high sadness sigh-
 ing,
 With gentle Spenser muse:

¹ 2 Peter, iii. 8.

² This alludes to the Holy Scriptures, of which no fewer than 175 distinct versions were collected in the Crystal Palace. — See *part*.

³ See Note, No. X. — The Nineveh Discoveries.

When I bethink me on that speech — why leave
 Of Mutability, and well it way;
 Me seems, That though she all unworthy
 were

Of the Heaven's rule; yet, very sooth to say,
 In all things also she bears the greatest sway:
 Which makes me loath this state of life so
 tickle,

And love of things so vain to cast away:
 Whose flowering pride, so fading and so
 tickle,

Short Time shall soon cut down with his
 consuming sickle.

Then gin I think on that which Nature sayd,
 Of that same time when no more change
 shall be,

But steadfast rest of all things, firmly stayd,
 Upon the pillars of Eternity.

That is contrary to Mutability:
 For all that moveth doth, in change delight:

But thenceforth all shall rest eternally
 With Him that is the God of Sabaoth hight:

O! that great Sabaoth God, grant me that
 Sabbath's sight! *

* Bevie of ladies bright, ranged
 in a row

Your lovely eyes, yet gem-dazzled!
 Look now on Lace!¹ and delicate

Embroidery! Telling,

Of pious nuns and ladies high, and
 all their patient toil!

Of young thoughts, imprisoned
 cruelly:

And of musings solemn, while
 ply the fingers taper the ever un-
 wearied needle, at length, — well-loved:

A d, last scene of all,

In sequestered cell, the gentle eyes,
 dimming in death, behold her delicate
 toils, Seeking the altar, or the robe of
 priest, solemn! severe!

While incense in faint fragrance
 soothes the sinking sense

And die the melting chant, and
 organ's pealing harmony,

Deliciously upon the dying ear!

—Now plies the merry Bobbin!

* Fragment at the close of THE FAIRIE
 QUEENE.

¹ SPENSER, *Shepherd's Calendar*, April.

² In the construction of lace, it would seem, that man has approached somewhat closely to his skilful and subtle rival, the spider. The thread of which the finest lace is made, we learn from the authorised *Figural Guide to the Great Exhibition*, is the most delicate filament produced by human skill. Its tenacity is so extreme that it cannot be untied, it is said, in turbulent weather! — when the current of air would be likely to interrupt its continuity.

At bidding of imperious Steam,
hissing his Will, all irresistible,
While gaze distracted myriads on,
all busy once!

Work on, then, O remorseless
Power

All undisturbed by sight of those,
whom Thou hast silenced!

Now, spread attractively before your
eyes,

Ye softly-rustling ones! daintily
satin-clad,

In lovely form and attitude, the
Silks!

Daughters of Eve! how fond your
ardent gaze!

Ay, ay! And they are beautiful! ra-
diant, in every hue, glistening, glossy.

—Turn, beauteous high-born one, with
thoughtful eye!

• Turn, for a while, aside with me!

Come, see a Worm,

To whom, my lovely one, my
thoughtful one!

Thou owest thy rich and rare attire!

Come, Ladye faire, and see a Worm,

Emblem and type of Change! and
Immortality!¹

O, wondrous worm!

Self shrouded,

In thy silken tomb!

Thy golden tomb!

Anon to emerge,

In brighter form, on higher life in-
tent,

Winging thy glad some flight, in sun-

shine, far away, to scenes unknown
before,

But that stern man,

Thy mystic transformation inter-
cepts,

With fatal fires:

Consuming tenant, for the Sepulchre!

• List, ladye!

Pause, Man! O stay thy fatal pur-
pose! Hark!

Poor spinner! little doomed one!—

Hark!

Still at work, within,²

Unconscious of thy bootless toil,
nor dreaming of thy cruel end!

—Now sheds this Beauty gentle,

In death-ravished spoils awayed! a
Tear.

Let it fall, ladye, and another, yet!

Distilling from thy dear and lus-
trous eyes,

Sparkling in the light of Heaven,

Which gave the heart to feel, for
Man, or Worm!

Lesson of mercy, from the Merciful!

—Mystic worm! Hadst thou re-
mained unknown to man,

Wouldst thou have still spun on:

As for sixty centuries past, so for
numberless to come,

“Thy golden filaments unknown to
man,

No use subserving?

Let me not seek to dive, presumptu-
ous,

Into the hidden purposes of Heaven.⁴

¹ In the year 370 A.D. the great patriarch
St Basil, guided by information supplied by
the works of Aristotle, concerning the in-
stance of insect metamorphosis exhibited by
the silk-worm, thus beautifully illustrated
the Christian doctrine of the resurrection.—

What have you to say, who disbelieve the
assertion of the Apostle Paul concerning
the change at the resurrection, when you see
many of the inhabitants of the air changing
their forms? Consider, for example, the ac-
count of the *silken worm, of India*; which,
having been reared into a caterpillar, then
in process of time becomes a cocoon; and
does not continue even in this form, but
assumes light and expanding wings! Ye
women who sit winding upon the bob-
bins, the produce of these animals, bear
in mind the change of form in this crea-
ture! Derive from it a clear conception of
the resurrection, and discredit not that
transformation which St Paul announces to
us all!

² When the silk-worm has concluded its

labour of spinning, it has enclosed itself in
a ball, called a cocoon, of a golden hue, and
oval form. The little spinner then casts its
skin, its existence as a caterpillar ceasing,
and passing into that of a chrysalis. After a
brief period, from ten to thirty days, accord-
ing to climate, the perfect moth would
emerge from the cocoon; but, in doing so,
would destroy her own workmanship in her
former stage of existence: to prevent her
doing this, she is exposed to heat sufficient
to kill her, without injuring her silk!

³ A single silk-worm has spun a thread
62½ yards in length. Taking, however, the
average produce of this wonderful creature
at only 300 yards each, and 2517 cocoons—
i. e., the oval ball, formed by a long filament
of fine yellow silk emitted from the stomach
—as requisite to produce a pound of reeled
silk filament, it would extend to the astound-
ing length of 480 miles!

⁴ And that he would show thee the secrets
of wisdom, that they are double to that
which is.—Job, xi. 6.

Whose was the cunning's eye that
saw thee first,

And gave thee to the tender mer-
cies of Mankind?

Linking thy modest face with onrs;
Luxurious and exacting Man!

Where shall the Eye find rest, and
where the Mind,

In this Palace, vividly bright and
vast!

I catch contagion from the eager
Life,

Restlessly streaming round:

All ear! All eye!

All sense! All Soul!

And all assailed at once!

Rarer and rarer seems the air,

With the Spirit of Mankind,

Mysteriously instinct.

Lo!—Power! Daring!

Highest feats, crowning defeats!

Achievement, looking proudly down,

On vanquished vaunting Impossi-
bility!

Where'er I go, where'er I look,

I see triumphant Intellect!

Reason, supreme, severe: all
Real—

Ah, yonder, Fancy!

With fantastic Unreality,

Gracefully frolicking!

Puck! Ariel! Oberon! Titania!

Droll sprites,

Mimicking grand airs of Man!

Up, Master Puck!—Thou merry

Wanderer of the night!

Go, put thy girdle round about the
earth in forty minutes!

Off, on thy journey! Linger not,
in this enchanted Palace!

Haste! haste! For our *TITANIA*'s
bidding hath already flown, on hidden
ire, the globe all round, over land
and under ocean,

And all her folk are looking out, to
see thee flying by,

Binding her realms with unseen
cincture—

Quick, Puck! Outrun the light-
ning!

Confounding scene!

*1 Midsummer Night's Dream, Act II.,
scene I.*

Bowldering faculties conversant
most with multiplicity!

The True! the False! the Present!
Past! Dim dreams of Future!

Lessons of Holy Writ:

Heroes of Heathen song: glimpses
of Grecian, Roman story:

Here mighty *SAMPSON*:

RIZPAH there, tenderly watching,
patiently, o'er her dead sons:

Here *JACOB*, whispering ardently,
and blushing *RACHEL*, beautiful, list-
ening, with downcast eye and thrill-
ing heart!

Here *MURDERED INNOCENTS*: there
living *INNOCENCE* in prayer, drawing
down Heavenly influence: hero *GOOD
SAMARITAN*: and thore

Meek *VIRGIN*, with hor *BABE*, for
evor Blest!

PROMETHEUS on his rock, in agony—
immortal,

The Vulture eyeing,
With talone ever crimsoned in his
blood!

ACHILLES here,
Tho deadly arrow quivering in his
vulnerable heel:

Yonder, a *WOUNDED INDIAN*:
Suffering pair! strangely assorted!
VIRGINUS here,

Who wrote his daughter's honour
in her blood.

Here dauntless *AMAZON*: and there
quaint *PAN*.

Storn *HAMPDEN* here: and there,
great *FAULKLAND*, slain in his youthful
prime: brave, learned, loyal, virtuous,
incomparable.

Glorious *DE BOUILLON* here! Famed
Warrior of the Cross! Conqueror of
Ascalon! Captor of Jerusalem! Hero
of dazzling darkened Tasso's song!

O, pious Prince! Who meekly
wouldst not wear a Crown of Gold,

Where thy loved *LOVE* had worn a
crown of thorns!

*2 Thus foll,' says the noble historian of
the Rebellion, 'in that battle (Newbury)
this incomparable young man, in the forty-
and-thirtieth year of his age; having so
much despatched the business of life, that
the oldest rarely attain to that immense
knowledge, and the youngest enter not into
the world with more innocence. Whosoever
leads such a life, needs not care upon low
short warning it be taken from him.'*

3 Godfrey de Bouillon would not suffer

Immortal! SHAKESPEARE!

— O Homer! Æschylus! Dante!
Tasso! Shakespeare! Milton!
O, ye, enchanting Time into forget-
fulness!

Ye Lords of Song!

Creators of imagined worlds, peopled
with glorious ones:

Heroes! Gods! Demigods! Angels!
Archangels!

Imaged all round!—

But chiefly thee I call, the warrior
Poet! thou! hero of Marathon and
Salamis, telling of Prometheus's fate,
The Impious one! stealing down
fire from Heaven.²

O ye! your brows with chaplets
wreathed, of lustrous bloom undying!
Hushed! be awhile, your lyres!

—Gaze ye upon a mortal,

Erewhile a denizen of this Our
Isle,

See him, on bended knee,

With a majestic reverence,

And a sublime humility,

With thought profound, far-stretch-
ing,

His eye first touched with Holy light,
Scanning immensity.

Behold!—The glorious sight at
length

Vouchsafed!

Key of the Universe,³

First placed in mortal hands,

By dread Omnipotence.

—How that hand trembled to re-
ceive the gift!

himself to be proclaimed and crowned King
of Jerusalem, even in the moment of triumph,
saying that he would not be crowned with
gold in the city where his Saviour had been
crowned with thorns;—a saying entitling
him to immortality.

² Æschylus.

³ Το πρῶτον ἐνδοξόν, ΠΑΝΤΕΧΝΟΤ *πρὸς τὴν εὐδαιμονίαν*
Θνητοῖς κληψας ἀπασιν—Περὶ Διαιτή.

Any one may find his account in reading,
or re-reading, this sublime composition, *The*
Prometheus Bound, by the light of the Crystal
Palace.—The reader will observe Æschylus
reappearing, on an analogous occasion, in
the Second Book.

⁴ The law of gravitation, says one entitled
and competent to make such a declaration,
(Sir John Herschel), is the most univer-
sal truth at which human reason has yet
arrived.

⁵ When Newton began to perceive that his
calculations were establishing the truth of
his prodigious discovery, he became so agi-

How sunk The Soul, nigh awe-dis-
solved!

O, unconceived magnificence!

The Heavens outspread!

Suns! Planets! Satellites! Comets!

Stars!

Endlessly! resplendently! stupend-
ously!

Ever circling in the void immense,

Infinitude,

Obedient to the mystic Law,⁶

Then first revealed!

See him gaze with pious wonder
gazing—

—Yet silent, bards?

And thou, grand Æschylus! thy
lyre hath fallen from thy hand!

Even thou, great Milton, stand'st
transfixed with awe!

Immortal harmonies thou hearest,⁶

While sing the Morning Stars to-
gether,

And shout the Sons of God for joy!

—Lead me, thou gentle Fresenco!

My spirit faints,

And endless glitter blinds the ex-
hausted eye!

From the silent shining Heavens,

Descending, again I tread the earth.

This earth, itself small Tenant of
the Heavens,

And given to Man, to be, a while,
his little home,

Appointed scene of hopes, and fears,
and trials:

His little hopes, anxieties, and fears—

Though little, awful, all ordained,

tated that he was unable to continue them,
and intrusted the completion to one of his
friends. Probably no other human breast
ever vibrated with such emotions as those.—
Sir David Brewster justly observes, that the
publication of the *Principia* will form an
epoch in the history of the world, and will
ever be regarded as the brightest page in the
records of human reason.

⁶ 'Thus,' says that distinguished astro-
nomer, Admiral Smyth, speaking of the
binary stars, 'is the wonderful truth opened
to view, that two suns, each self-luminous
and probably with an attendant train of
planets, are gyrating round their common
centre of gravity, under the same dynamical
laws which govern the solar system, that is,
not precisely like our planets round one
great luminary, but where each constituent,
with its accompanying orbs, revolves round
an intermediate point or fixed centre!'

⁶ He could not see what his great com-
panion saw.

Linked with his immortality!
 Yes—still flows on the humming
 living stream,
 The still sad music of humanity,¹
 Through the lulled ear, soothing the
 deep-stirred soul.

—A WORKMAN! working! wor-
 ting HERE!

Unmoved, and undisturbed;
 By myriads' scrutiny!

—O, Artificer consummate! ex-
 quisite!

On his own fixed purposes intent!
 One of a State, a busy state! com-
 pletely organised!

O'er whose Economy, pondered the
 mighty Stagyrto:²

And well he knew, that on his
 Master's lips,

Sleeping, great infant, PLATO!

• In a myrtle hower,
 Some pilgrim members of the mystic
 State,

Clustering, let honey fall!³

O, hesy Bee, withouten gile!⁴ on
 Thee I gaze!

I, in this Hive of mine,

On Thee, in thine!

Dear insect! I would speak with thee!

I feel a sympathy of kin with thee!

Whence camest thou, mysterious
 litt're one?

Co-tenant of the globe with me!

Were Thy first Parents

Twin tenants of The Garden, Para-
 dise,

¹ WORDSWORTH.

² Aristotle was the pupil of Plato, who
 had been the pupil of Socrates.

³ Cicero tells us, that it was reported
 among the imaginative Greeks, concerning
 their great post-philosopher Plato, that,
 while sleeping as an infant on Mount Hymet-
 tus, in a hower of myrtles, while his parents
 were sacrificing to the Muses and Nymphs,
 bees alighted on him, and dropp'd honey
 on his lips: an augury of the sweetness of
 style in which he could discourse philosophy.

—CICERO, *De Divinit.*, l. 28.

⁴ CHAUVIN, *The Second Nonne's Tale*. —
 When the author had the happiness of seeing
 this Bee, he was, for a while, solitary, very
 methodically repairing one of the cells. By-
 and-by, two or three other bees came up to
 him, as if to inspect, progress; and, seem-
 ingly satisfied, went away, leaving him care-
 fully adjusting a layer of wax.

With mine,
 All happy, bright, and beautiful,
 And freshly into being called,
 By God?

Linked in fond embrace,
 Unknowing sin, or shame,
 All loving! and all loved,
 Havo Adam, Eve,
 Wandering the Garden o'er, among

the flowers,
 Perceived Thy little Ancestors
 There also?

Hath Our sweet Mother,
 While halmy zephyr dallied
 With her clustering curls, so ten-
 derly,

Watched Thine, so tiny,
 From blossom to blossom,
 Wildly winging her way,
 With honoyed hum,

And ecstasy,
 Till hidden rapturously,
 In petals of the Lovely Lily?

Anon ont flow she! jocund and free!
 Fearless of stifling violence,
 Though seen the little storehouse

of her toils!

—Ah, blithesome Bees!

What hours were those,

To the foregoers of us both!

—A change! a cloud! and Gloom!
 and Waters!

And that strange Ark!

Were thy ancestors, Two only,⁵
 also there!

Oft flying out, as thou and thine oft
 quit at will,⁶ this hive,

This hive of Yours, this hive of Ours—
 But THEN no flowers! as now, to
 rest upon!

Waters all!

—And didst thou quit the roving
 Raven, and return alone,

Anon, twin traveller of the Dove,

Then left alone,⁷ on the damp top
 of olive-tree,

Amazed! a-hungered! — sunshine!
 but no flowers!

Ye ancient, dear, companions of our
 race!

Man, and his Bee,

⁵ Gen. vi. 19, 20.

⁶ The bees flew in and out, at will, at the
 Crystal Palace.

⁷ Gen. viii. 7-12.

After six thousand years, of slaughter
and of spoil,
O, slaughtered¹ Bee! Dear Bee!
Poor Bee!
Ye still are with us, plying your in-
nocent toils!
Ye Victims! Rivals! Monitors!
of man!

Tiny Expositor, forsooth!
Exhibitor, of Industry!
Yet, I do misgive me that I see, in
thee,
A small Unmedalled one!
In this Our Palace! Hive! Our
Royal Hive!

Were ye ordained to gather for
yourselves alone,
And not for us, though from Our
flowers?

Ye skilled ones! why keep your
science, all to yourselves?

For sixty centuries we taste, luxu-
rious, what ye gather and prepare,

But have not learned your art, and
cannot supersede your toils!

Make ye honey now, as from the
first, ye did?

Perfect and pure,² then as now, and
now as then?

—How choose ye Flowers? Or do
ye choose?

Know ye blossoms fruitful, barren?
Or are they all to you,

Ye little Alchemists! alike?

¹ In regard to the destruction of bees, it has been observed that no true lover of these industrious insects ever lighted the fatal match without concern.—*Encyc. Brit.* vol. iv. p. 536. We have similar accounts to coddle with the bee, and the silk-worm.

² Aristotle thought that the honey gathered by bees was a dew fallen from Heaven; and perhaps he was not—shall one say it?—very far from the truth.

³ Xenophon, who, from the beauty and simplicity of his style, was called the Bee of Greece, relates, in the Fourth Book* of the Expedition of Cyrus, that great numbers of the Greek soldiers, when encamped in the villages, after carrying a position in the Colchian mountains, found many bee-bives; and, partaking freely of the honey, were affected in an extraordinary manner—alarming the

Go ye a first, a second time, in vain?
O strange Bees! Why do ye gather
from the poison-flowers,
Sweetshurtful, deadly, to yourselves,
or us?

Is it your being's End and Aim, to
gather honey?

Or hath Omnipotent Omniscience,
All Benevolent,
Other and deeper purposes,
In His Divine economy,
Ever inscrutable by man?

Your structure and your doings,
little MYSTERY,
Perplexed great Aristotle!
And, twenty centuries since past
away,

A mystery shrouds you yet,
Seen deepest into, by a blind Bee-
lover!⁵

How little thought ye of the amaz-
ing glass,

Enlarging to a Mammoth magni-
tude your tiny form!

Yet, still great secrets in your
Sense!⁶

Do ye HEAR?—

That organ's solemn swell, is't un-
heard by thee, *unfelt*, through thrilling
air?

Art thou not tempted to suspend
thy toil?

Thou shar'st proboscis with the
Elephant,

With Chemist, laboratory!

whole army; lying on the ground, as if pros-
trate from defeat. Those who ate but little,
says Xenophon, were like men very drunk,
οὐδὲν μαθόντων ἰσχυρῶς. those who ate much,
like madmen, *μαινόμενοι*; and some like
dying persons, *ἐκτεθειμένοι*. All, however,
recovered. Pliny tells us that there was a
honey in those parts called Manomona, from
its maddening effects, and that it was gather-
ed from the flowers of the rhododendros.—
Poisonous honey has also been gathered
in large quantities by the American bees.

⁴ See Note, No. XII.—'The Bee Mystery.'
⁵ Francis Huber, a Swiss gentleman, is here
alluded to. He became totally blind in his
youth, and devoted his subsequent life, with
the assistance of a faithful and sagacious ser-
vant, to a profound study of the habits of
bees.

⁶ Bees possess, in all probability, organs
appropriated to unknown kinds of impres-
sions, and which open to them avenues to
knowledge of various kinds to which we
must ever remain total strangers.—*Encyc.*
Brit. vol. ix. p. 622.

* The inadvertent retention of a misprint of "tenth"
for "fourth" in the first edition,—gave occasion for a
swifly-judicious spirit by an accomplished scholar and friend
of the author, in the guise of a fragment of a twenty-
sixth book of the Odyssey.

What Sight is thine! High in the
skies an hour ago,
Still sawest thou this hive of ours,
So vast, and thine own little one
within,

And honey-laden, downward didst
dart, with lightning speed,¹

And thy gains, deposited in store,
Thou ever indefatigable Bee, art
instant here,

Repairing this thy hive!
Didst thou see, or note our Queen,
contemplative,

Musing on thee, and on thymystery?
Do ye see the stars? Wondering,
if Bees be there?²

It much misgiveth me ye cannot
weigh the Sun!

Nor tell of coming Comets, Eclipse,
And Noptuno far away,³

Yet, art thou Geometor!

Thou Genius of geometry!

With His ended,
The dread Geometer that made the
Heavens!

He made thee perfect, wonderful one!
Perfect, at once, thy mission so fulfil!

—Come hither Architect! and En-
gineer!

With recent triumph flushed:
His airy Structure, with its form
compact,

Harmoniously adjusted,
Woofy Dome, long Galleries and

Nave, Aisles, Transept,
This Hive of Man,

Awhile forget:

And stoop to scan this little inno-
cent Hive.

Ponder this Bee!

Perfect his work: is thine?

¹ On quitting the hive, a bee flies towards the field most in flower—in as direct a line, as soon as it has determined its course, as a ball issuing from a musket. When it has collected sufficient provision, it rises in the air to discover its hive—which it will distinguish from many others in a numerous apiary—and then darts towards it with the velocity of an arrow, and unerring precision of aim!

² Maa is singularly curious in his speculations concerning the stars—whether they be inhabited, and by beings like himself. God appears to have given him, here, the power of guessing only.—See poet, p. 32, note 2

³ Ante, p. 16.
⁴ See Note No. XII.—‘The Bee and the Infinitesimal Calculus.’

Transcendent Mechanician, though so small!

Behold his Architecture!

A Royal Palace! Here chambers for the Royal race; doors,—passages, extensive, numerous, surrounding all the Hive there, Magazines well filled, and guarded jealously; Gates fortified and within, without, stand watchful sentinels! antennæ all alert, lest spoiler enter:

The hideous Sphinx! monster! death-headed!⁵

Him to guard against, the grim intruder, they raise the Barricade, with bastion! casemate! gateway massive!

They ventilate⁶

Their hive! for bees, like men, must breathe,

Breathe all together!

And ye have thieves! and strict police!

Spice! Idlers! working-classes!

Quarrels! resentments! rivalries!

Ye Emigrate! ye Colonise! co-operate!

—Forsooth! Marauding expeditions! Sieges! Battles!

Civil wars! and Massacres—even as we ours,

Of Albigenso, Waldense, and Hugonot!⁷

And ye, too, have A—Queen!

Living in stately palace: on deli-

⁵ The poor bees have a fearful number of enemies to contend with—hornets, wasps, bears, badgers, rats, mice, birds, lizards, toads; but their deadliest and most insidious enemy are the moths, which insinuate themselves into the hive, and deposit so many eggs, unperceived, between the cells, that by-and-by, when the larvae are hatched, the bees are forced to abandon the hive! The sphinx mentioned in the text is a formidable enemy of theirs, recently discovered by Huber; and against this dreaded invader, the bees actually construct elaborate fortifications!

⁶ How this indispensable process was carried on, baffled this research and speculation of ag. At length this mystery was solved, and recently. The bees appointed for this purpose, stand waving their wings, with motion different from that used in flight, with untiring cussury; and, to gain the full effect of it, first attach their feet firmly to the floor, and by these means cause distinctly-perceptible currents of air to circulate through the hive!

⁷ It would be superfluous to infer these

cate farc: attendants, courtly, affectionate,¹ and guards!

A royal progeny!

And she hath qucenly cares: for her dear busy subjects all concerned!

Bee, wast thou spectator of that dreadful fight

Wherein she slew her Rival!²

Insolent Pretender to her Throno!
Ever since, reigning all peace fully?

Dost thou remember when, awhile ye lost your Queen?

Anon what consternation through her realm! toil, all suspended!

Infants untended, and unfed:

All, all amazed, alarmed;

Hither and thither hurrying, from hive to outer air, to seek your Queen, ye loyal loving ones?

See, she returns! and all again repose, and peace!

I wonder, royal BEE, if ever thinks of thee, the ANT, republican!³

Musing on thy well-compacted State,

Strictly subordinate,

And one supreme, lovely, guardian of order and of law?

For ye, too, wise citizens! have strict statutes, and most biting laws!⁴

Ye pattern typo of conduct, policy, and government!

Sagacious! Experienced: forecast-ing ones!

Lessoning us human Bocs, and Ants, royal! republican!

Know ye sorrow, shame, remorse, or hope,—or dread despair?

Have ye a Past, and Future

Or no to-morrow! all unconscious Now?

And do ye think?—The objects of, your busy being know?

And judge of means and end?

Perceiving, remembering, judging?

Know ye of right, or wrong?

What right? What wrong?

Have ye a Soul, fed by undiscovered senso?⁵

Or, dread question! know ye no MAKER?

From that fruition glorious, eternally shut out!

Incapable of light, all darkness:

Matter and motion only, all mechanical:⁶

Unconscious mimicks of Intelligence?

Or, O my soul o'erwhelmed!

And am I looking now,

Upon God working, in this Bee!

Ay, let me pause, mysterious Bee!

Is there 'twixt thee and me a gulf profound, ordained to be?

Stand I, on lofty REASON's brink, gazing proudly down on thee,

With myriad fellows, clustering on the other side,

On INSTINCT's edge,

Betwixt us Gulf impassable, tremendous?

Poor Bee! Dost thou see ME?

And note my speculations,

who have ever concerned themselves with the doings of these wonderful and mysterious creatures, that the assertions concerning them in the text are true.

¹ Unexpectedly, I one day saw a queen on a comb. the next day I was favoured with a like view. She remained each day about an hour—the bees very respectfully making a free passage for her as she approached. About a dozen of them tenderly licked and brushed her all over, while others attended to feed her.—*The Ancient Beemaster's Farewell*, by JOHN KEYS, p. 8, A.D. 1790.

² See Note, No. XIV.—'The death struggle between the Rival Queen Bees.'

³ At the time when this was written, the government of France was republican

⁴ SHAKESPEARE. ⁵ *Ante*, p. 29, note 6.

⁶ Buffon refused to allow the existence of intelligence in bees—referring all their actions, however admirable, to the results of their peculiar mechanism.

⁷ The word *instinct* literally signifies, something inciting or impelling, moving, or directing, (*instinctus* from *in*, and *stingo*, from *stingere*, to prick or spur); but what that SOMETHING is, remains an awful and unfathomable mystery. It is in vain for the baffled philosopher to dogmatise on the subject. He can but conjecture; and should do so with reverence. The questions asked in the text are unanswerable by mortal man; who, nevertheless, is represented as disposed to assert the existence of distinctions, which God has placed it beyond his reach to discover, or establish. He is suddenly arrested in his progress through the dim regions into which he has entered, by the notion of his being, himself, at the moment, the subject of similar speculation to some being⁸ of a higher order of creation than himself: and is at length subdued and humbled into a spirit capable of learning the true lesson taught by contemplating the bee.

Thinking so curiously, all so confident!

Of thee, thy Being, Doings?

—MYSELF! the while!

Unconsciously contemplated by Intelligence, unscen!

Transcending mortal man,
Yet far himself from the Supreme,
As finite from the Infinite!

This moment loftily scanning me,
Suspending for a-while his cares sublime,¹

And gazing down on me,
On all my Fellows clustering round,
In this our Hive,
Of fancied splendour! vastness!

Yet even to his wondrous eyes, but visible!

I, infinitely less to Him, than Thou to Me!

Doth he, in turn, deny me knowledge of my God,

And think it to himself, perchance his awful fellows, all confined?

To such insects, crawling o'er this petty orb,

Quite incommunicable!

Doth he muse on us, contemptuously!

A curious race, minute,
From our little Planet peering, inquisitive, out—among the stars!

Thinking² we tell their motions, distances!

Weighing both Sun and Planets!

Forsooth!

O, feats stupendous! Feats sublime!

Ah, ha!

Laughter in the skies!

¹ Sir Isaac Newton seemed to doubt whether there were not intelligent beings superior to us, who superintended the revolution of the heavenly bodies, by the direction of the Supreme Being.—This was said by a relative of Newton, in recording a 'remarkable conversation' with him.—BREWSTER'S *Life*, pp. 864-5.

² This is introduced to show the possible fallacy of some of our most confident conclusions concerning the heavenly bodies. It is now, for instance, elaborately argued by one of the most eminent men of the present day [A. N. 1854], that we have no sufficient reason for believing the stars to be inhabited, or, indeed, of the nature, as to system, magnitude, and distances, attributed to them by modern astronomical science. See *Of the Infinity of Worlds*, passim.

With powerful Sense, at length discovering

We have our RECORDS, too, of these our feats!

Of thoughts, fancied profound!
So wise! Straining mighty faculties!

Such learned Aunts, and such sagacious Bees!

Events so great!

Tiny WATERLOO!

Armies!

Fleets!

Ah, ha!

—ANTS! RED, and BLUE.

Marching, magnificent, on land,
Or floating fearful o'er the Sea,
And smoke, and spark, emitting,
With thundering sound,³
O, so very terrible!

—Thinks He,

That we, MAN!

Know not the past: no future have: only dim now!

All blind! unknowing — cause or effect, or means or end!

Intelligence but mimicking!

Having no soul!

Well-ordered atoms: finely organised!

But stirring dust! machines alone!
Ordained for use of others, only, not dreamed of by ourselves!

Sport of their wanton will!

Unknowing how, or why THIS PALACE WE HAVE BUILT!

Reading no LESSON from it——

—Wise Spirit! benignant Presence!

Yes! I read! I mark! I learn!

I learn, O Bee! O wondrous monitor! I learn from thee!

O deep, instructive Mystery!

Before thee, little Bee, PRESUMPTION stands abashed, and solemnly rebuked,

And IGNORANCE instructed, if it will!

Orconscious, or unconscious, Teacher, Beo!—

³ This is how our great land or sea-fights might appear,—our soldiers and sailors more red and blue insects—to such an observer as is here contemplated.

• Yes, humbly will I learn from thee!	—Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom:
In One we live, and move, and being have!	Neither let the mighty man glory in his might:
Giving to each his powers, and sphere appropriate!	Let not the rich man glory in his riches:
Man! Bee!	But let him that glorieth,
Our mission each!	• Glory in this,
Though thine for ever hidden from mine eye,	That, he understandeth and knoweth ME:
My mission let me know, and reverently fulfil!	THAT I AM THE LORD,
Let me, kneeling lowly, in my native dust,	Which exercise Loving-kindness, Judgment, and Righteousness, in the Earth:
List to the voice of Him that took me thence,	For in these things I delight, saith the Lord.
And made me, in His image!	•

¹ Jer. ix. 23, 24.

BOOK THE SECOND.

NIGHT in the Crystal Palace!
The seventy thousand gone!¹ All
gone,

And I, ALONE!

—How dread this silence!

The seventy thousand, with bright
sunshine, gone,

And I alone,

And moonlight all irradiates, so-
lemnly.

All gone! The living stream, with
its mysterious hum:

My brethren! and my sisters!
gone!

From every clime, of every hue, and
every tongue!

But a few hours ago, all here: glee-
ful, eager, curious, all,

Admiring, all: instructed, thou
sands:

Some, stirred with deep thoughts,
and fixed on musings strange:

But now, thus far on in night, all,
all, asleep,

Past, Present, Future, melted into
ONE!

Dream-dazzled some! seeing all the
world, and all its denizens, at once—
in every place, at once—

Hearing again the murmur—hum
—the pealing organ—

Ay, all alone!

The very BEES, wearied, are all
asleep,

In yonder hive of theirs,

Save where before the porch,

Stand their tiny sentinels,² within,
without,

All vigilant, as ours!

There's not a breath of sighing air

To wake yon sleeping flowers,

Or stir the leaves of yon high Trees,

Stately sentries o'er the Flowers.

You banners all hang waveless!

Their proud devices now scarce vis-
ible:

Embleming Nations, restless! stern!

In battle order seeming even yet!

Startled some, convulsed but re-
cently.

But now, at length, ASLEEP!

All here, sleeping grandly secure,
serene, reliant:

Lately worn with war and tumult
now

Soothed into repose, by sights and
sounds

Of an unwonted Unity, and Peace,

and Concord,

As though they owned the Presence
awful, of Him

Who maketh Wars to cease in all
the world,

Saying, Be still, and know that I
am God.

Mighty nations! all in glorious Con-
gress met,

As ye never met before,

And may never meet again,

When ye wake up, be it with
thoughts of Peace,

Peace, lovely Peace,

Come from the God of Peace!

O, could this concord last!

And blessed harmony unwrap this
troubled globe,

¹ On one of the concluding days of the Great Exhibition, the number of visitors had swollen to 109,915 persons! And upwards of six millions visited the Crystal Palace from first to last—that is, from 1st May to October 31, 1851.

² *Ante*, p. 30.

Rolling through Heaven in its appointed course,
Before the eye of God, Well Pleased,
The God of Peace!

—Am I *alone*? And do I wake?
or sleep? or dream?

Hark! A sound! startling my soul!

A toll profound!
The hollow tongue¹ of Time,
Telling its awful Flight,
Now, to no ear save mine!
Heard I ever here that solemn sound
before! Or did my million fellows
hear, or note?

Now dies the sound away—
But upwaketh, as it goes,
Memories of ages past! The Gone!
THEY COME! THEY RISE! THEY RE-
APPEAR!

The air, strangely disturbed,
Is moulding into forms!

—Is this Time? Stand I still in
Time,

Or have its shadowy bounds,
Suddenly dissolved into ETERNITY!
And live around its mystic demen-
zens!

O ye dead! O ye dead! whom I
know by the light ye give,
From your cold gleaming eyes,
though ye move like men who
live²!

Spirit unseen! Assuring Presence!
Leave me not now!

—I feel thee once again!
While my eyes clear from the thick
films of sense!

Then will I not fear, with Thee be-
side,

Though spirits glide about!
The great ones of the past!
Aroused, awhile, from sleep profound
of ages, many;

Others scarce settled into that long
sleep:

All solemn here! amazed!

¹ —The hollow tongue of Time,
Is a perpetual knell. Each toll,
Ponder for a hope the less!—BYRON.
—The allusion in the text is to the great
Electric Clock in the Crystal Palace. It
struck the hours in tones of peculiar solemn-
ity.

² Moore, *Melodist*.

It is an awful sight!
Man from the grave, around one
Man upon the Earth!
Man in eternity, around one Man in
Time!

Immortality, Mortality surround-
ing,

Melting my soul away!
They see me not—yet I their pre-
sence feel

Fearfully! my ghostly kindred all!

A royal group? Great Conquerors!
ALEXANDER!
Summoned from Earth,
With systems of vast empire, ripen-
ing fast: falling suddenly, asunder!³
Scarcely past his youth!⁴
His eye glances from Nile, to In-
dus!

Now fixed upon the hundred-chan-
nelled SUTLEJ!⁵

—He heaves a mighty sigh!
Now strains his ear as catching
thundering sounds—Aliwal! So-
braon!

Again he sighs: his eye on Egypt
fixed:

Alexandria!

Great CÆSAR too! also amazed,
stern, said:

Beside him Saracen—

NAPOLEON!⁶ his gloomy eye fixed
now on Egypt:

India: France: Spain: Italy: Ger-
many: Russia:

How swells his mighty breast!

³ A sarcophagus, believed to be that which
enclosed the coffin of Alexander the Great, is
now in the British Museum.

⁴ He succeeded to the throne in his twen-
tieth, and died in his thirty-third year. He
was well entitled to be called Great.

⁵ Alexander, in his Indian expedition, ad-
vanced as far as the banks of the Sutlej: but
his wearied troops began to murmur at the
prospect before them, if they crossed the
river. On this, he called a council of his
generals—and they counselled, to his ineffable
mortification, that they should retrace their
steps. This was done, after erecting twelve
altars, or towers, to indicate the point which
he had reached. Doubtless he is thinking of
this, at the moment to which the text points.

⁶ 'Can you not,' said the dying Napoleon to
his physician, 'believe in God, whose exist-
ence overruling probabilities, and in whom the
past finds have believed?'

Upon his haughty brow, glistens
the Iron Crown¹ of glorious CHARLE-
MAGNE,

Beside him standing!

Him, too, behold quick scanning
Europe

Wondering: concerned:

Great 'Charlemagne! How altered
all!

He heaves a sigh profound:

Thinking of Empire suddenly dis-
solved!²

—Lo, there approaching AL-
FRED!

His eye attracted, tenderly, unto a
Mother's image,³

And then, unto his own!

See him look around, serious, amaz-
ed!

—O, thou majestic one!

Man, patriot, Monarch! Pattern⁴
for Kings and men!

I see upon thy brow a jewelled crown,

With Mercy, Justice,

Valour, Wisdom, Truth and Piety,

So richly studded,

Gleaming bright through ages' in-
tervening mist!

And on the distant East, he also

On India,

Scene of his pious Embassy,⁵

¹ Napoleon was crowned with the Iron Crown (so called from the iron circle inside, said to be made out of a nail of the Cross) in 1805, a thousand years after it had encircled the head of the Emperor Charlemagne.

² The conqueror of the Western world had the mortification of perceiving, during his lifetime, in rapid action, the decay destined so soon to prostrate his empire. Instantly on his death, as if by enchantment, the fabric fell to pieces. Separated into detached dominions, all means of mutual support were lost: and pusillanimous millions yielded, almost without a struggle, to the ravages of a few thousand hardy and rapacious enemies!

—ALISON, *Hist. of Europe*, chap. 1.

³ See the Preface to the first edition, p. 1.

⁴ The philosophic German, Herder, speaks of Alfred as a pattern for kings in the time of extremity; a bright star in the history of mankind, a greater man than Charlemagne. Mirabeau draws a noble parallel between Charlemagne and Alfred, giving the palm to the Anglo-Saxon; and Voltaire declared that he knew of no one worthier than Alfred, of the veneration of posterity.

⁵ This extraordinary incident in the life of Alfred,—his embassy to India, to the shrine

Now by his Descendant ruled,
After a thousand years!

And Westward — Southward

Northward, too,

He looked amazedly:

And thought of millions many,
Her sweet sceptred sway obey-
ing!

So pious, free, both they, and she

And methought there melted from

his shadowy lips,

O pious King!

Strains uttered on the earth!

The citizens of Earth,

Inhabitants of the ground,

All had one like beginning:

They of two only,

All came:

Men and women, within the world:

And they also now yet,

All alike come into the world:

The splendid and the lowly:

This is no wonder!

Because all know

That there is One God,

Of all creatures:

Lord of mankind!

The Father and the Creator.

Hail! O Thou Eternal

And thou Almighty,

Of all creatures

Creator and Ruler:

Pardon thy wretched

Children of the earth,

Mankind,

In the course of thy might.

O, my Lord,

Thou that overseest all,

Of the world's creatures,

Look now on mankind

With mild eyes!

Now they here in many

Of the world's waves,

Struggle and labour!

Miserable earth citizens,

Forgive them now!⁶

Together glided these great Royal
Ones,

of St Thomas, who was believed to have died there, seems established beyond a doubt. See TURNER'S *Hist. of the Anglo-Saxons*, Book V., chap. 6.

⁶ This is taken verbatim from the extant poem, given at length in TURNER'S *History of the Anglo-Saxons*, vol. ii. p. 104, 118.

Seeming in converse deep, and sad!
 NAPOLEON! ALEXANDER! CÆSAR!
 CHARLEMAGNE! ALFRED!

Through Nations passing, new and
 old:

Thinking of Kings, and Conquerors,
 also there,

Forgotten all!
 As though they ne'er had reigned,
 and slaughtered!

Or remembered, but as writ in light
 By pencil of a gifted one!

How they muse, of changed dynas-
 ties!

New forms of power, and seats of
 government!

Mighty schemes of Empire, proudly
 conceived,

Long blood-cemented,
 All! all! like bubbles burst!

But Alfred also mused upon his own
 dear sceptred isle!

His little realm!
 Little once, not now: so GREAT be-
 come!

Grown like a grain of mustard-seed:
 When sown, less than all seeds on
 earth,

But grown, and waxed a great tree,
 and shooting out great branches!

Yes, venerable shade!
 Majestic gliding o'er the spot,

Where stood, so short awhile ago,
 She who wears your crown!

Ever mindful she,
 In this our happy day,

As in thy time thou wast, of Him,
 Her Heavenly Father, High and

Mighty,
 King of kings, Lord of lords!

Only Ruler of Princes,
 From His throne beholding all the

dwellers on the earth!

Beside great Alexander, lo, standing,
 Greater ARISTOTLE!¹

Great Taught, by greater Teacher!
 The mighty Stagyrice!

Thou here! And lo!
 The Macedonian melted into

And Aristotle stands alone,
 Looking round,
 After two thousand years,
 Monarch of Realm of thought!
 Awhile, methinks, deeming he held
 the sceptre still!

Anon came One, who roughly shook
 his throne,

Anon, Another,² mightier still,
 His throne subverted, and the sceptre seized,

Transmitting to successors in all
 time!

Beside the Stagyrice now stood,
 Monk, Chancellor:

Both great, both sad,
 Greeting, the Three, with noble air!

Looking around,
 And then, upon each other.

What converse with their eyes!
 The Stagyrice, of Matter! Form! Pri-
 vation!

Qualities occult!
 Corruption! Generation! Contra-
 riety!

Motion! Rest! and Heaviness!⁴
 Melting before the eye of aged LANK,
 Vain Alchemy! Astrology!

While He of Vorulam, as
 Monarch, in His Own Palace str-

ing,
 Displayed its wonders to his kingly
 guests.

With instinctive sense imbued,
 By that air so rich,

They noted change, progressive,
 Space passed o'er!

Progress vast, into the realms of
 Anarch old!⁵

Error dispelled, and prejudice dis-
 solved!

That wonderful man, Roger Bacon, who
 suddenly blazed a star of the first magnitude,
 in the profound darkness of the Middle Ages,
 declared that, if he could, he would have
 burnt the whole books of Aristotle, *Quia co-
 rum studium non est nisi temporis amissio, et
 causa erroris, et multiplicatio ignorantie*. He
 who said this was, nevertheless, a staunch
 believer in the Philosopher's Stone, the Elixir
 of Life, and Astrology.

¹ Lord Bacon.

² These words indicate points of the Agas-
 totellian philosophy.

³ *Paradise Lost*, Book II., 988. Milton
 styles the ruler of the realm of chaos, or
 confusion, the Anarch old.

¹ His voluminous works, on every depart-
 ment of human knowledge existing in his
 time, have nearly all perished. Pliny states
 that ARISTOTLE's *History of Animals*, of which
 ten books survive, extended to fifty volumes!

New powers, constant ^{springing}!
Boundless opportunity!
All earth become one vast observa-
tory,¹ with sons of science peopled,
patient, exact :

Before that King,
Sitting in shadowy magnificence,
Attended, thus,
There passed his royal Successors,²
Or in eternity, or tarrying yet
awhile in time :

Owning allegiance,
Their right from him derived,
On noble Tenure held,
To seek the Real and the True,
Grandly intent on that, alone :
Obedient to his laws not once revolt!
Here, telling of his realms, extend-
ing ceaselessly!

And everywhere!
Into two Infinities.³
The PAST, written deep in earth,⁴
telling

Races of life, successive,
Forms, seeming uncouth, tremen-
dous,
Their offices performed, all passed
away,

In procession mystical!
The FUTURE!
Ten thousand thousand thousand
ages hence!

Predicting dim eclipse, disastrous
shadow shedding —
Night in mid-day!

Ay, o'er this Palace's site,
Then, perchance 'neath ocean deep-
ly whelmed!

"And forms existent, active, now,

¹ To what may we not look forward, said Herschel, more than twenty years ago, when a spirit of scientific inquiry shall have spread through those vast regions in which the process of civilisation, its sure precursor, is actually commenced, and in active progress? What may we not expect from the exertions of powerful minds called into action under circumstances totally different from any which have yet existed in the world, and over an extent of territory far surpassing that which has hitherto produced the whole harvest of human intellect?

² i.e. The philosophers, who have succeeded Lord Bacon, whether dead, or living.

³ The vast, and the minute, — revealed by the telescope and microscope. — *Ante*, pp. 16, 17.

⁴ Aristotle and Lord Bacon are represented as being informed of the wonderful revelations of geology.

Then, long passed away :
And THEN⁵ exhumed
By the remote posterity of man,
Remains of Man!
Wondering! as in
A new Creation!

A moment silent,
O, quoth the kindling Stagyrte!
O had this day been mine!
While the sorrow-stricken King,
Murmured, methought, of *Foreign Nations*,
*And the Next Ages!*⁶
—Great Spirit, THEY ARE HERE!
Thy precious Legacy⁷ accepted ro-
verently!

Yonder Ho of Syracuse!
His eye, contemplative, profound,
Scanning the growth of seeds, ha-
sowed

Now two thousand years ago :
A giant Shadow!
Noiseless⁸ motion all around!
Hast thou, ARCHIMEDES, found,
Where thou canst move the Earth?⁹
Upon the slaughtered sage,
Mournful Marcellus looking on!
and Cicero!
Thinking of the Tomb, he sought,
Neglected! grass o'ergrown!

⁵ Up to the present time, no remains of man have been discovered. (*Ante*, p. 23) it is conceived in the text, that it may be otherwise hereafter.

⁶ Thus sublimely commenced the will of this august prince of philosophers. "First, I hoqueath my soul and body into the hands of God, by the blessed oblation of my Saviour — the one at the time of my dissolution, the other at my resurrection. For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and the next ages." One of these expressions points to a passage in his life pregnant with instruction, telling of the fallen nature of man, in his highest present condition.

⁷ The NOVUM ORGANUM, or new method of extending knowledge by means of *Induction*, whence Lord Bacon has acquired the title of the Father of Experimental Philosophy. The Crystal Palace teemed with trophies of the inductive system.

⁸ Archimedes is here represented as contemplating the machinery in noiseless motion, at midnight, as it had been in noisy action during the day : — as it were, a human shadow, watching mechanical shadows, in motion.

⁹ Give me, said he, a place where I may stand, outside the earth, and I will move it.

But neither Syracusan saw, unhod-
od both :

Absorbed, the great Geometer,
As when the ruthless Roman pierced
him through—
And he hides the gaping wound.

Far in the West, that eve, had stood,
Before an Orrery,
Two laughing children,
While its humble maker turned it
round,

Begrimed artisan,
One to the other telling merrily,
How went the Planets round the
Sun!

And even their times, and dis-
tances,

The urchins knew!

But, of the wasting thought, and
watch,
Of sleepless centuries,
To tell them that, so trippingly by
themselves told off,
Recked they naught!

Lo! on that same spot

Now stood, all hoary,
Chaldean and Egyptian sage,

And Greek Philosopher,¹

Gazing on that Orrery,

Turning round, by hand unseen,

All sore perplexed! dismayed!

Their ancient wisdom melted all
away,

—Standing midst systems² over-
turned,

Consummate, complicate,

And straining highest faculties of
man,

Or to construct, or comprehend!

Those old amazed Ghosts!

With them, behold, the Stagyrite,
confounded,

As he sees,

His Spheres Divine revolving,

Vanishing out of Heaven!

And the fixed centre of the uni-
verse,

Whirl'd round the Sun!

¹ The merest child, in a Christian land, in the nineteenth century, has a far wider and nobler conception of the perfections of Jehovah, than the wisest philosopher who lived before Astronomy had gone forth on her circumnavigation of the globe.—*Religion of Geology*, by Dr HARRISON, p. 416.

—Then came a Spirit, slowly,
sadly,

Aged and paggard, with a dungeon's
hue,

Stooping with weight of chains:

And he, too, looked:

But with a sinking, sickening soul,

As he beheld the Earth,

In tiny³ orbit circling round the
Sun.

For GALILEO's glory once,

Had since become his shame.

Quailing Philosopher!

Through fear of mortal man!

At bidding of fell blinded bigotry,²

Of Priest, and Cardinal,

On bended knee,

With impious tongue,

And tremulous hand on Holy Gos-
pel placed,

And with a heart to Heaven dis-
loyal,

O, tell it not—

Yet hear!

He had ABJURED the glorious TRUTH,
Itself had taught!

And falsely swore

The earth stood still, and round it
rolled the Sun!

—Beside him see PYTHAGORAS!

And he, two thousand years be-
fore,

Had his Disciples taught,

Secretly, mysteriously,

That Earth a Planet was,

Circling the Sun:

But the People,³ told

That Earth stood still,

Fixed centre of the Universe!

And these two,

Looked each upon the other!

O ancient Ghosts!

Sorely amazed Ghosts!

With strangely beaming eyes,

Fixed still upon that Orrery,

² A monk preached against Galileo from the words, Ye men of *Galilee*, why stand ye gazing up into Heaven?—Acts, i. 11. See Note, No. XV.—Galileo among the Cardinals.

³ The ancient philosophers had two modes of teaching, the one called *esoteric* (*secret*), the other *exoteric* (*public*), i.e. secret, and open: the former were the more perfect and sublime of their doctrines, entrusted to disciples and adepts alone; the latter, such popular doctrines as might suffice for the vulgar.

Vain, vain, your toils profound!
 Fond dreamings!
 Teachings esoteric! exoteric!
 The Heavens read falsely, with
 your utmost skill!
 Amidst subverted systems stand-
 ing,
 O Ghosts, forlorn, and well amazed!

—And yet ye surely are majestic
 Ones!

Living in men's holy memories;
 THALES! PYTHAGORAS! ANAXAGO-
 RAS!¹

SOCRATES! PLATO! ARISTOTLE!
 Ye see me not,
 Trembling in my inner soul,²
 So little, and so poor,
 Ye cannot see me!
 Or ye might despise
 Me, and some other Little Ones
 Of this our day.
 O!—Away ye mighty Ones!
 Into the oppressed, oppressing air!
 For Littleness, in Greatness' pre-
 sence, trembling,
 Is perishing!

Awful Ghosts, away!

Lo, puzzled PROLEMY I do spy!
 His mind all scribbled o'er,
 With centric, and eccentric,
 Cycle, epicycle, orb in orb,³
 Hopeless, in mighty maze! all be-
 wildered!
 Mankind for century on century,
 Bewildering helplessly!
 The glorious Heavens, such fantas-
 tic motion giving,
 As drew forth kingly blasphemy.⁴

Ye later Ones!
 At length ye come, bringing the
 light,

Through the dreary night:
 Long struggling, through the priest-
 ly fear

That LIGHT could LIGHT extinguish,
 TRUTH contradict the TRUTH!
 O, foolish fear!

Approach COPERNICUS, DES CARTES!
 Unhappy GALILEO!

—Yes, once again, repentant one!
 And KEPLER!
 In dark night, shining Stars,
 Quickly successive:
 Nay, all at once, the Heavens il-
 luminating!⁵

New constellation!
 Galileo, with his glass!
 With huger, HERSCHEL:
 Showing moons, and suns, and
 stars,

Infinitely far away:
 Crimson, blue, and purple suns!⁶
 Ay, come again, old Ghosts,
 Wondering more and more!
 Old and New,
 With Christian, Pagan mingling!
 Know, ye ancient Ones, that these
 Stand higher than the ground ye
 stood upon,

Seeing by purer, brighter light,
 Than the light by which ye saw!
 See, he comes! He comes,
 Radiant NEWTON! all in light ar-
 rayed,

As though from walking mid the
 Stars!

Bearing The Key,⁷
 Opening universal Heavens,
 Though stretching through infinitude!

Key to be taken not away, again!
 Earnest of greater gifts,
 In God's good time, to watchful
 man, devout!

How the Ghosts,
 Arc looking on!

¹ See Note, No. XVI.—'Aristotle on Anaxagoras.'

² See Note, No. XVII.—'The Angel and Adam's Astronomical Discourse.'

³ Alphonso, frenzied by his vain attempts to comprehend the complexities of the Ptolemaic system, impiously exclaimed, If the Dory had called me, His counsils, at the Creation, I could have given him good advice!

⁴ These great men, together with Bacon, Locke, and Newton, appeared within a century and a half of each other. It seemed, says Herschel, as if Nature itself seconded the impulse given to Science; and, while supplying new and extraordinary aids to those senses hereafter to be exercised in her investigation,—as if to call attention to her wonders, and signalise the epoch,—she displayed the rarest, the most splendid and mysterious, of all astronomical phenomena;—the appearance, and subsequent total extinction, of a new and brilliant fixed star, twice within the lifetime of Galileo himself!

⁵ Ante, p. 14.

⁶ Ibid. p. 27.

Their eyes intent upon his radiant form,
Above them standing, like a Tower !
—But I see a shade come o'er that majestic brow :

See him look reproachfully, and sorrowing,

For a darkened Great One¹ comes,
Who following his mighty Master
through the skies,

Beheld, all round, the shining prints
Of Derry,

Yet saw Him not ; or, seeing, im-
piously denied !

Awful Worker, midst his works
denied to be !

And strove to blot

The record of his Master's glory,
And to efface its brightest character,
Wherein stood writ his reverence !

But now, confuted by Eternity,
He meekly stands behind the in-
jured One, the radiant One,
Magnificent One !

The two, like planet with a dark-
ened satellite !

Ast though he heard Archangel telling
Of system, system circling,
All through infinitude,

Each vaster system, round one vast-
er far

And it around another, all at last,
Before the throne² of God,

Inhabiting Eternity !
With whom no Great, or Little,

is,
Nor Few, nor Many,
Future, past

All One, all Now :³

Upon His throne, sitting in dread
majesty :

His the only Majesty !

And on His right hand,

Bow down ! my soul ! bow down !

Sink deep, in loving awe !

There sitteth One, that stooped to
earth,

¹ La Place.—See Note, No. XVIII.—“The
Infidel Philosopher.”

² The Lord's throne is in Heaven.—Psalm
xi. 4.

³ “The whole evolution of times and ages,
from everlasting to everlasting, is collectively
and presentifically represented to God at
once, as if all things, and actions, were at
this very instant, really present and existent
before Him.”—MORE'S *Defence of the Philo-
sophic Cabbala*, chap. 2.

The chosen, hallowed scene of Mys-
tery,

Incomprehensible, and blest !
That in the flesh the Godhead veiled
awhile,

At once both There, and Here,
Touched with the feeling of our In-
finities,⁴

O, see !

Man, and his God !

And suddenly to come again, our
Judge !

O, give me mercy in that day,
In that Great and Terrible Day :

O Saviour, think Thou then of Him,
Who striveth now to think of THEE.

And so thought he,⁵ and prayed,
Humble in life, devout in death,
The mighty one that held the heaven-
ly Key,

Standing now, predominant
Among the awful shadowy throng !

Anon he passes on,

Shedding light,

And joins in converse high,

PLATO, BUTLER, SOCRATES,⁷

The fast with only seeming drowsy-
eye.

⁴ It is conceivable that this earth, from
the wondrous events which have taken place
upon its surface, may long since have ac-
quired an awful interest in the Universe !—
See an eloquent paper in the 38th Number
of the *British Quarterly Review*.

⁵ Heb. iv. 15.

⁶ In the life and writings of Newton, the
Philosopher will learn the art by which
alone he can acquire an immortal name.
The Moralist will trace the lineaments of a
character adjusted to all the symmetry of
which our imperfect nature is susceptible ;
and the Christian will contemplate with de-
light the high priest of Science, quitting the
study of the material universe, the scenes of
his intellectual triumphs, to investigate,
with humility and patience, the mysteries
of his Faith.—SIR DAVID BREWSTER.

⁷ There was a great intellectual contrast
between Plato and Butler ; but they agreed
in one transcendent characteristic—their
love of Truth. Butler thus wrote of himself,
to a brother Divine and Philosopher, Dr
Samuel Clarke :—“I have, from the first, de-
signed the search after truth, as the busi-
ness of my life.”

⁸ It cannot be necessary to remind any
reader of this work, of the grandeur with
which this sublime character departed from
life : that having been condemned to death
for the purity and elevation of his doctrines,
he drank a goblet of hemlock.

O, hark, the Harmony
All of the wondrous Mind, of Mystery,

Truth, Immortality,
And Deity:
And as the Pagan to the Christian
listened,
With a brightening countenance,
methought

I faintly heard, in loving sound,
*Thou wast not Far away,*¹
On the awful threshold standing!
—Havo ye now seen Him,
THE INVISIBLE,
JEHOVAH!
In the central glory beaming,
Effulgence all ineffable,
Whom mortal hath not seen, at any
time,
Or seeing, dies!

—Transporting, rapturous vision!
O, art thou gone, for ever gone?
Where are ye, Spirits?
Great and good ones, Whom?
Stand ye now,
In an ecstasy divine,
Before the Book from Heaven?
O, let me soo your awful forms
again!

—And hear that converse ravishing
the soul!

Opening the inner Universe!
O, heavenly melodies
Only for immortal ears,
And in this home Eternity!

—Whither wouldst thou lead me,
Thou Unseen!
Where am I now?

¹ It has been asserted that Plato, while in Egypt, had access to a Greek version of the Old Testament, whence was derived that pure and more elevated theology which distinguished his speculations from those of other heathen philosophers. It is indisputable, says the learned Bishop of Hereford, that Judaism diffused much religious and moral truth beyond its own pale, and that not only Plato, but the Egyptian priests, his instructors, unconsciously derived much from the inspired Sources, in collecting, under the form of fables, allegories, or maxims, portions of truth which the sacred oracles had scattered around them in their transmission. Hence it was said, by Numidius the Pythagorean, *τις τις ἱερὴ Πλάτωνος Μοῦσος Ἀρριζόν*.—*What is Plato, but Moses, in Attic Greek?*

Far, far below!
As out of Heaven,
Fallen suddenly.

Alas, thou here, again! great *Æschy-*
us!

In thy grandeur all forlorn!
Thy lyre with broken strings, lies
at thy feet:

And thou dost gaze,
With dreamy eye,
Upon undying Agony,
Fearfully imaged there:²
Vulture, and man, and rock,
He who stole the Spark divine!
Despoiling and defying Jove,
To light mankind!
And, guilty teacher so becomie,
In spite of angry and deceived Jove,
All helpless here,³
Lying fast bound,
Vulture, and Man!
—Ah me!

There's come a sudden glitter in
thine eye!

Ay, splendid Spirit! deeply stirred!
muse on,
And in thy mistiest imaginings,
Catch, perchance, at length!
glimpse—

O, mystery! O, mystery!—
Of TRUE, deep hidden in the FALSE.⁴

—Whither art thou leading,
Mystic! unseen one?
O, fearful flight!
Down! down! into the Past!
One of the Present, THERE!
Flight—flight—soul-chilling flight!
On—on—on!

—What's sounding in my ear!
What Scenes,
—And Who, are these?
IN BABYLON?⁵
Lo, People! Nations! Languages!
Princes! and Governors!

² *Ante*, p. 28.

³ "The hapless discoverer to mortals of all these contrivances, have nevertheless no device by which I may free myself from these my sufferings!"—*Prometheus Vinculus*, p. 478-9.

⁴ Rare vestiges—vague presentiments—fugitive tones—momentary flashes. SCHLEGEL.—*See Note, No. XIX.*—'Golden Truth in the Mist of Mythology.'

⁵ *Ante*, pp. 1, 2.

Assembled all !
 And in the midst, A King !
 A Golden Image !
 Hark, a Herald crying !
 All bowing down ! all worshipping !

On, on !
 And NINEVEH !
 ASSYRIA !
 EGYPT !
 O, solemn haze !
 SAMSON ! PHILISTINES !
 PHARAOH !
 ABRAHAM !

On, on !
 What TOWER is yonder ?¹
 And you CONFUSED multitude ?

Again Away !
 Away ! Away !
 Am I flying hidden, safe,
 On angel's wing unseen,
 O, whither ?

Troubled, this ancient air !
 My soul is chill'd with awe ! with
 fear !

The air is all gone red !
 O, CAIN !
 Do I look on thee, with creeping
 blood ?

O, thou First-born Bloody One !
 What hast thou done ?
 Whither shalt thou go ?
 It crieth all around !
 Thy brother's blood !
 Out of the ground, Into the ear of
 God !

First Murderer !
 Prince of thy bloody Race !
 The first page of Our History, hast
 thou fouled,
 With hand all bloody !
 O impious one !

First, to efface His image² stamped
 in Man !

Cain ! tortured one ! to endless tor-
 mure doomed !

Greater than thou can'st bear !
 Cain ! Didst thou see HIM pass ? that
 man ?—

¹ Ante, p. 1.

² Whoso sheddeth man's blood by man
 shall his blood be shed : for in the image of
 God made he man. —Genesis, ix. 6.

One of thy Sons, upon his Father
 looking !

Didst thou note his start so horrible,
 And his visage, sudden so ghastly
 grown ?

No one knowing Him, but Thou,
 And his God,
 While he felt the secret bloody tie
 That bound him fast to THEE !
 Did the sight force out the big red
 drop .

Upon thy tortured brow,
 Seen by no eye but his.
 His ear affrighted hearing,
 The question first affrighting thee,
Where is thy Brother ?
 —Around thee, for a moment, stand
 Faces all to thee nptured,
 Oh, hideous throng !
 Horror, all erect, in myriad form !
 Thy Ehsanguined Progeny !
 Known ! Unknown, to man :
 All known to God,
 The Dread Inquisitor.³
 O ye bloody men !
 Your hands are full of blood !⁴

The fear of Death hath fallen upon
 me,
 Fearfulness and trembling are come
 upon me,

And horror hath overwhelmed me !
 O that I had wings like a Dove,
 Then would I fly away !
 Away ! from out this blood-red haze,
 My sense, my soul, oppressing ! scar-
 ing !

A CURSE is sounding in the air !
 Let me away ! I faint ! I die !
 All blighting red, around !
 Let me away !
 O, me ! I have slaughtered none !
 But These, may slaughter Me !
 Let me away !

Thanks, gentle Spirit ! from that
 Terror, ruddy,
 Already passed so far away !
 My Bloody brother let me see no
 more !

—O moving sight !
 Melting my heart !

³ When He maketh inquisition for blood
 He remembereth them. —Psalm ix. 12.
⁴ Isaiah, 15.

O sorrowful, awful Sight!
 Not far from Eden!
 Newly, alas, Driven out!
 Its beauty in their memory!
 So fresh, so fair!
 Out of The Garden, in a Wilderness,
 A desolate, waste, and howling wil-
 derness!

Mother of all living, EVE!
 ADAM, Father of mankind!
 Behold your SON!
 Come through six thousand years,
 to look on you!
 How I yearn, to look on you!
 Your blood mine, my nature yours!
 Not such, alas! as yours, when in
 the Garden blest!
 Of your myriad myriad sours,
 I am one;
 Looking on his Father, now!
 —Look on me, sweet Mother Eve!
 My heart is melting,
 All with yearning love for thee!
 O, see thy son!
 O, lovely Mother!

Thy beauteous brow with grief is
 clouded:

And thy faultless form,
 So freshly come from God,
 Shrinketh, now with shame!
 Thy eyes, so lustrous once,
 Are sadly downcast now, with tears
 suffused,

And mine!
 Alas! I see thee falling fast!
 Thou lookest not on Adam, by thy
 side,

'Sunk in grievous reverie, amazed!
 At the vast height, from which he
 fell so suddenly!

Unhappy Eve, thy bosom sighing
 still!

Thou canst not look upon thy lord,
 thy Fallen lord!

'Wilt thou not look on thy poor
 Son?

Hast thou looked upon Thy Daugh-
 ters, hero?

¹ The statues of Adam and Eve, which were
 very beautiful, were in the Eastern Nave.
 Adam sat in an attitude of profound grief,
 his head supported by his hand; Eve stand-
 ing beside him in a drooping form, leaning
 on his shoulder, weeping; a Serpent gliding
 near her feet.

All so lovely! all so gay!
 Ah, so gay and blithe! and think-
 ing not of Thee!

Didst thou, timidly, fondly, look on
 them,

And think of sorrow and of suffer-
 ing,

By thee on them entailed,
 With a melting tenderness,

Of the thoughtless, thinking,
 So beautiful, the Beautiful all

Fallen,
 Still so beautiful!

All passing heedless by?
 Thou wilt not look on me!

Then Adam, of the whole Earth,
 Father,

Wilt Thou look upon thy son?
 On my brethren hast thou looked?

Millions! millions! Thee have
 passed,

Sitting, here, so sorrowful,
 Speaking not to Eve!

Some may perchance have stood
 before thee,

Musing deeply on thy fate,
 And on Their Own, bound up in

Time.
 Six thousand years have passed,
 And Time still lasts!

And we, thy Sons, are here,
 Trembling, while we wait a fearful

Voice, swearing
 That there shall be Time no longer,³

All sunk into Eternity!

We are Tilling still the ground,
 Whence thou wast taken, Father,

Cursed for thy sake!
 Eating in sorrow of it, all the days

of our life!

² Upwards of six millions of persons visited,
 it was computed, the Crystal Palace

³ And the angel which I saw stand upon
 the sea and upon the earth, lifted up his

hand to heaven, and swore by Him that
 liveth, for ever and ever, who created Heaven,

and the things that therein are; and the
 earth, and the things that therein are; and

the sea, and the things which are therein,
 that there should be Time no longer: but in

the days of the voice of the Seventh angel,
 when he shall begin to sound, the MYSTERY

OF GOD SHOULD BE FINISHED, as He hath de-
 clared to his servants the prophets.—Revela-
 tion, x. 5, 6, 7.

In the sweat of our face do we eat :
Bread, till we return into the ground.
As Dust thou wast, and didst to
Dust return,
Even so do we, thy sons :
Hearing a voice, Return, Ye chil-
dren of men !

We spend our years as a Tale that
is told.

Like grass which groweth up ! In
the morning it flourisheth and grow-
eth up, in the evening it is cut down,
and withereth.

All flesh is Grass ! and all the good-
liness thereof,

As the Flower of the field !

The Grass withereth !

The Flower fadeth !

Because the Spirit of the Lord blow-
eth upon it !

O, Adam, hear !

See, the labours of thy sons !

How we Till, and Toil, and Spin !

See, see around !

All our strength and wit can do,
Lo, all is here !

Wilt thou not raise thy sorrow-laden
eye to look around ?

Would it shudder at our Daggers,
Swords, and Guns,

All in gleaming grim array,

To wound ! to maim ! to slay !

Polished bright ! and gemmed so
cunningly !

Attempered exquisitely !¹

Ay, there ! there ! they lie

Eagerly scanned by fierce and skil-
ful eye !

But, thou wilt not see, that which
we have,

Although not here,

Gallows ! and Guillotine !

We dare not show them here !

Thou wilt not look on CAIN,²

Thy murderous First-born, Eve,

Standing yonder !

O ! tremble to behold,

¹ There is a Spanish sword, of steel, tem-
pered so exquisitely, that it comes straight,
out of a circular sheath. When returned, the
sheath is designed to represent the joined
tail and head of A SERPENT.

² The statues of Adam and Eve have their
backs turned towards that representing the
Torments of Cain.

The crimson first-fruits of your
Fall,

Ever deadly blooming since !

O the millions, countless, of thy
slaughtered sons !³

Not for Food, or Shelter, only, nor
to Heal,

Labour thy slaving sons .

See Purple and Fine Linen, glisten-
ing there,

Apparel gorgeous,

Proudly worn, forgetfully !

Yonder, sumptuous fare, for dainty
pampered appetite to fare upon,

Every day.⁴

And myriad-formed IDOLATRY have
had,

Still have, Thy sons !

See, the idols grinning, here and
there !

And far away is Juggernaut .

But here he hath his representative,
Besmeared !

And we have Dungeons, Chains, and
Racks !

And our wretched brothers buy and
sell !

Hast thou seen here the Sick, the
Maimed, the Halt, the Blind !

And hast thou spied thee out, the
broken heart,

Beneath the smiling face !

Or noted Lust ! Ambition ! Pride !
and Selfishness !

The hideous Hypocrite !

Ay, trembling Adam !

Hast thou also seen,
Before thee, here, blaspheming

scoffer,

Thy foulest God denying Son !

Seeing through the thick disguise
we wear,

Else each night deem, he looked

On monsters all !

Lo ! he that tempted Eve,

³ Scriptural writers date the first War as
having been begun by the impious son of
Cain, B.C. 3563 — It has been computed that,
from the beginning of the world to the pre-
sent time, there have perished on the field of
battle about seven times as many of the hu-
man species as now inhabit the whole earth.

⁴ There was a certain rich man, which was
clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared
sumptuously every day. — Luke, xvi. 19.

In serpent guise,
In infernal splendour gliding
Amid the flowers and fruits of that
sweet scene,

Where first upon thy drowsy but
soon ravished eye,

From mystic sleep awaking,
Burst Eve in beauty,
And sunk into thine arms—
Dissolved in timid tenderness and
love,

As thou in wonder:
Alas, that Evil One,
*Prince of this world,*¹
With serpent subtlety,
Tempts thy frail Sons and Daughters,
still!

Hadst thou not, Eve,
To that fell whisper listening,
Stretched forth thy hand to pluck
the fatal fruit,

Bringing Death into the world, and
all our woes!

Wouldst thou be looking at a scene
like this!

Adam, wilt thou tell,
That dread Mystery in Eden done?
O, Mystery mournful and profound!
Didst thou tell it to thy Sons,
Or thou, Eve, to thy Daughters?
We may know it all, one day!

But while I gaze on thy majestic
brow,

Methinks I see the heavy shadow
move!

And from thy sorrow-laden eyes
Beams light mysterious, heavenly as
its source!

Of a SECOND ADAM telling!

O Adam! Eve!
Twin founts of woe, of joy,
Despair, and hope,
Of death, of life:

O, Father of mankind!
I hear a voice,
Solemn, glorious, sounding through
my soul,

Since by Man,
Came Death,
So by Man,
Came the Resurrection of the Dead,

¹ John, xii. 31.

One is risen from the Dead,
First fruits of them that slept!
And the Fallen-asleep in Christ
Are not perished.
As in Adam all die, even so
In Christ, shall all be made alive.

Ye Spirits of them that sleep,
In sure and certain hope!
Stand ye sweetly! awfully!
Some around!

A moment into Future, am I wrap-
ped?

The little Hero, the great ones,
There:

The great ones Here, great also
There,

Some shining like the stars!

O ROYAL ONE! that rul'st this
mighty realm,

And with meek eye, here, hast
looked, perchance

On Adam, Eve,
As looketh thy poor Subject now,

So sadly, tenderly,
Thou, too, O lovely Majesty, must
die!

In Adam die, in Christ be made
alive.

O distant be the day,
And dust this humble hand!

But come most surely will, That
Day,

When He, who sent, will thee re-
call,

Of thy great rule to give account!

And, as a thousand years ago,
From Alfred's brow

He gently took the diadem,
So, then, from thine:

From thy hand, the sceptre
He will take,

That swayeth gently, equitably,
now,

Millions of mankind.
And thy anointed head, O Queen!

must lie
With the great ones in their stately
sleep,

In the dust awhile,
All to rise, and never sleep again!

When the trumpet sounds:
Raised, incorruptible!

Mortal putting on
Immortality!

The great, the lowly,
Brethren! Sisters! all,
Adam and his family,
Gathered finally;¹
Poor trembling Family! each with
all made known,
Each there, as though The Only One!
A gathering of Man,
Standing appalled
Before an opened Book,
And God!

Nor gem, nor gold, nor silver glitters now,

Nor radiant vesture, nor caparison,
Extinguished in this solemn light!
Gem, gold and silver,
And Jewels of fine gold,
Ruby, crystal, coral, pearl,
Dazzling millions in the day,
Dazzle not now The Eyes
That through this spiritual air are
seeing!

Enchanted millions!
Did ye never, in this Palace, pause,
Looking suddenly, within
Yourselves?

Did the Soul soundly sleep,
And your sensuous eyes,
See only gold and silver,
Jewels of fine gold,
Ruby, crystal, coral, pearl?
Saw ye no LESSON,
Written in the Light, and all

around,

Plain as Handwriting on the wall,
Letters shining through the eye,
Into the awakened Soul?

Then hath a GEM transcending all,
Infinitely far,
Lain all unseen!

But hark! a Voice, melodious and
sublime!

It stirreth not the air,
As yonder organ's peal by day,
But the Spirits all around,
Hear That Voice!

And all arrested stand,
Knowing That Voice!

Where shall Wisdom be found?
And where is the place of Under-
standing?

Man knoweth not the price Thereof;
Neither is It found in the land of
the living.

The Depth saith, It is not in me:
And the Sea saith, It is not with me.
It cannot be gotten for gold,
Neither shall silver be weighed for
the price Thereof.

The gold and the crystal cannot
equal It,

And the exchange of It shall not be
for jewels of fine gold.

No mention shall be made,
Of coral, or of pearls:

For the price of Wisdom, is above
rubies.

Whence, then, cometh Wisdom?
And where is the place of Under-
standing,

Seeing It is hid from the eyes of all
living?

Destruction, and Death, say,
We have heard the fame Thereof,
with our ears!

God understandeth the way There-
of,

And He knoweth the place Thereof.
For He looketh to the ends of the
earth,

And seeth under the whole Heaven;
To make the weight for the winds,
And He weigheth the waters by
measure.

When He made a decree for the
rain,

And a way for the lightning of the
thunder;

Then did He see It, and declare It.
He prepared It, yea, and searched

It out

AND UNTO MAN, He said,
THE FEAR OF THE LORD, that is Wis-
dom:

AND TO DEPART FROM EVIL, is UN-
DERSTANDING.²

O, what blessed Light is beaming
Radiant as its radiant source!

A Great Light!
Shining in Darkness, comprehend-
ing not!³

¹ And before Him shall be gathered all
nations, and He shall separate them one
from another, as a shepherd divideth his
sheep from the goats.—Matt. xxv. 32.

² Job, xxviii. 12-28. These words cannot
be transcribed, or read, or heard, without a
feeling of awe.

³ Psa. 11, 8, note 8.

And led by thee,
 O wise and gentle one unseen, I
 see the Source,
 The Heaven-descended Book!¹
 The Book of Books,
 The written record, of His will,
 vouchsafed to man,
 By the dread Invisible,
 Not, The Unknown!
 With trembling awe, I own Him
 here,
 Who made me in His image,
 With will, and power, enduing,
 That Image to dishonour! mar!
 efface!
 And HERE hath told me so;
 And; in that telling, told me fearful
 things.

O, mystery! mystery!
 Where all on earth, in Heaven,
 Within, without, is Mystery,
 And mystery, Ordained for man!
 By Him, the Ineffable! Unsearch-
 able!

O, utter, utter, darkness all,
 This Blessed Page beyond!
 Thick darkness! Felt!
 Darkness impenetrable!
 Not a flickering ray, to cheer, to
 guide, illumine!

Mystery! unfathomed! and un-
 fathomable! terrible!

Black midnight!
 MIDNIGHT on The Soul!

Horror! hath seized me!
 O Spirit, hast thou left me? Where
 art thou?

Why, in this dread hour, away!
 Why am I left behind,
 All staggering in the fearful dark!
 All, all is lost.
 I nothing know! nor see! nor hope!
 And horribly fear, yet know not
 WHAT I fear! nor why!

Nor whence I came!
 Into this dreary fancied Being called!
 O, why!
 Am I? Or am I not? Is Naught
 around!

O, Conscious Nothingness!
 —Deeper and darker still!
 Horror more horrible!
 Horror beyond Despair!
 Am I resolving into Nothingness?
 This Terror! whence?
 This senso of Light, Unseen!
 Of Darkness comprehending not!²
 Of unreality, amid reality!
 Reality in unreality!
 Confusion! ALL FALSE!
 And yet, strange sense of Truth!
 The sport of mocking fiends!
 Would I were not, and had not
 been! Where art thou, DEATH,
 Unthroned by Horror!
 I once could think of thee! and
 hope! and fear!

Art thou, Death? Or art thou
 not,
 To me—to any!
 Yet why this fear?
 I sink! In abyss of darkness sink-
 ing!

All forgotten! all forgetting,
 Perishing!
 Conscious Nothingness! uncon-
 scious! — — —

What lightning brightness That
 From far above?
 From a black profound,
 Swiftly rising,
 Am I changed, or all around?
 Terrors forgetting all, as though
 they had not been!
 Soul tortures ceasing!
 I AM! Yet as though a while, I
 had not been.

A balmy air, a holy calm,
 Sweet Light* around!

By my side again! Thou!
 Blessed one, unseen!
 Fear is dead!
 And all is Hope, and hallowing
 Love.

See! Truth o'er Falschood stand-
 ing victorious,
 With falchion gleaming, never to
 be sheathed!

¹ In one of the departments of the Crystal Palace was a collection of versions of the Bible, in one hundred and seventy-five different languages.—*Ante*, p. 22

² Acts, xvii. 23.

³ John, i. 4. And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not.

⁴ The darkness is past; and the true light now shineth.—1 John, ii. 8.

O, precious, Only Clue through end-
less labyrinth,

Let me never lose Thee more!
Where thou art not, all is dark,
Misery, darkness, and disorder, all!
Deadened heart, and clouded mind!
Existence purposeless!
Worthless, as unintelligible!
And poor Life a dreamy restless-

ness
Sadly wandering midst a planless

LIGHT OF THE WORLD, be Thou my
Light,

For none other is, but Thou!¹

O, stumbling-block to Jews,
And foolishness to Greeks,
Be Power and Wisdom unto Me,
Light, succour, and support!

Dissolving every doubt,
That Wisdom will shall be dissolved,
And shedding peacefulness serene
O'er all the chequered scenes of
Life,

The changes and the chances of this
mortal life,

Melting its idle Vanities away,
Peace! that passeth understand-

ing!
Gently sustaining,
Lighting, all through the Valley,

Till I sweetly sleep,
With my dear fellows, in the dust,²
Only my Earthly Tabernacle,

My dust, with theirs, mingled,
awhile, mysteriously,

Safe in the keeping of OMNIPOTENCE:

Who made me of that dust,

Breathing the breath of Life,

A living Soul become, never to
die.

O happy me,
This is Enough, for Me!

So speaketh He, in this blest Book,
Linking me to Himself, Unscen:

¹ Then spake Jesus again unto them, say-
ing, I am the Light of the World: he that
followeth Me, shall not walk in darkness, but
shall have the Light of Life.—John, viii. 12.

² Reflect, saith an old Divine, on that day
when the earth shall be again in travail with
her sons, and at one fruitful thrice bring forth
all generations of learned and unlearned,
noble and ignoble, dust.

Mortal, to Immortality,
And Man, to God.

Mercy, Long Suffering! dare I
ask,

All trembling,
Here hath unbelieving scoffer stood,
Deeming the Truth of God a Lie?
That Wisdom, Goodness, Infinite,
Seth Mankind, this Book their

Treasure deeming
Inestimable, only Source of Truth,
And knowledge of Himself and aw-
ful Will;

Mankind whom He endowed, with
Reason's light,

And love of Truth,
By Him endowed, the God of Truth!
Shedding their blood, enduring flame,
Millions of men! martyrs, a Noble
Army!

In the defence of only fancied
Truth!

And million millions more,
The Greatly Gifted once of earth,

With faculties sublimed by search
for Truth,

All other Truth and Falsehood well
distinguishing,

Not this, though yet of moment in-
finite,

Transcending all things else,
As Eternity transcendeth Time!

The Humble, and the Lowly, Great,
and Good,

All, all alike composed to sleep,
Like weeping children all!

With idle dreams,
Assurances of Sure and Certain
hope,

Dim shadowe, only flickering fear-
fully

On the droad brink of Nothing-
ness,

Into which
They fall, those eily sleeping once!

Poor living Lies!
And dying Lies!

In Delusion trusting! Fantasy!
Fable cunningly devised!

And foolishly believed, by doting
Man,

Foully deceived man!
A Cloud of Witnesses, to Falsehood,

Deemed The Truth!

Transmitting falsehood eagerly, and
joyfully,
From year to year, from Age to Age,
Still, all the wide world o'er,
In all the speech confused, of
Man:

ALMIGHTY MAKER OF MANKIND, for-
give the Worm,
Forgive!
Not for the sake of that foul worm,
Blind, impious Man!
Thus of His Maker madly deeming,
But for the sake of Him,
Thy Son, the Word Made Flesh!
Light of the world,
True Light, which lighteth every
man

That cometh into the world,
Open his eyes, to see
Truth in hallowed mystery, unseen
before,
Beaming into the humble Heart
alone,

Then a Child¹ of Light, become
Thenceforward walking in The
Light!

Stay, Ye Mysterious Ones!
Ye Tenants of Eternity,
Allowed a moment, back in Time!
They hear me not!
They see me not!
They feel not, with my feeling,
Think not with my thought,
Nor with my sense perceive!²
Stay, O, Stay!
There is a strange confusion!

¹ There is light enough, said Pascal pro-
foundly, for those whose sincere wish is to
see; and darkness enough to confound those
of an opposite disposition.

² 'Were the globe peopled with ghosts,'
says an ingenious writer, (*Brit. Quart. Rev.*,
April 1854), we suspect that they would find
themselves quite helpless and homeless
amidst the realities of this planet. The
vibrations of a gross, but like air would con-
vey no sounds to beings who had no auditory
drum to respond: they would be deaf alike
to a chorus of birds in the groves, and to the
roar of a thousand thunders — the world
would be perfectly mute; Without some
material organs to receive light, we cannot
conceive how the most beautiful forms, or
the most gorgeous rainbows, could excite
any impressions in their minds; their noon
would be no better than night. But tho
imagination will not be bound in such fetters
as the

Forms, intermingling all!
Yet no uproar, but a fearful si-
lence!
I did not hear The Voice
That summoned them away!

ALL GONE!
For ever gone, as though they ne'er
had come!
Vanishing Shadows,
Within a Shadow, vanishing!
Whither, O, whither are ye gone,
Departed Ones?
Into Eternity again,
Leaving me alone in Time!
—I am alone!
Again that Tongue, sounding tre-
mendous!
Whose echo dies into my soul!

O, Soul! hast thou then beheld
In Time, a glimpse of dread Eter-
nity!

Morn in the Palace!
Hark! methought I heard a sound!
a little sound—
A sparrow's³ chirp!
A sparrow, strayed within these
glassy walls
From his chirping fellows, parted,
And prisoned here, the livelong
night,
In yonder tree he tenanteth alone:
He alone, and I alone!

Now a faint rosy light,
Telling of the splendid Sun! ap-
proaching near,
Beams through this crystal soli-
tude,
Melting the solemn shades of night
away.

Yet that light seemeth not to cheer
my soul.

I am alone.
Poor conscious half-despised
Unit of humanity!

I am alone,
Even ghost-deserted now!
Where art Thou, dear Mankind?
One of Thee, calls on Thee!
Only learned Poverty;
A bruised Heart,

And quivering Fragment of Human-
ity,

In this chilly solitudes,
Lying all alone!

O come to him, or let him come to
You,

He thinketh humbly, lovingly of
you,

And would not injure one!

Come to him, all alone!

His fellows on the earth, they are
not here,

None of the Present, or the Past!

All gone, and he is here, yearning
alone,

For fellowship with ye,

Dear Sons of Toil!

Whose handiwork

Beginneth now again,

But dimly visible,

To greet his eyes

Who hath kept such vigil here.

Come, Brethren! come to me!

A tear hath fallen unseen of man,

In thinking of You all.

Sleep, sleep, ye sons of toil!

Scarce rested yet, a little longer,
sleep!

For very soon, again, ye must wake
up to toil,

And many, too, to eigh amid your
toil,

In saddened solitude, or sadder
throng!

O me, poor me, I am one of You.

Poor souls! dear souls!

Ordained to look,

But with blessed unrepining heart,

On luxuries,

On splendour, beauty, and magnifi-
cence,

We must not share.

My spirit droops. Alas!

My days are but as grass. I walk

In a vain shadow, disquieting my-
self in vain.

I am but as a Flower of the field,

For soon as the wind goeth over

It is gone!

And the place thereof

Shall know it no more!

Again, poor Sparrow!

Thy chirp sounds desolate,

Unknown companion of my night;
Unseeing what I saw!

What wilt thou do, thou little lonely
one,

If once again thou flutterest in the
open air,

Joining thy fellows?

The object of Thy little life, I can-
not tell,

Neither thou, Mine:

Yet know I that, which thou may'st
never know!

Even thou, poor tenant of the air,

But little worth!

Not even a farthing's worth,

Art not forgotten before God,

Norallest to the ground, unknown
to Him,

Thy Maker, mine,

Who hath my very haire, all num-
bered.¹

Thou wast not alone,

Little feathered fellow Being!

He is here!

But I feel

Alone with God!

Trembling, awfully, alone:

With that pure OMNISCIENCE, all
one!

With the PURE, IMPURITY!

---itor, and my spirit droop-
ing, seems to faint.

I have oft forgotten Him,

Not He, me!

Sweet sun of early morn!

Freshening all nature,

Sleeping till thou wak'st her up,

Choicing the sons of men!

Wake, wake! ye lovely, dewy
Flowers!

Ye, too, deep hidden in the dark,

Have slept the livelong night

Under your Tree sentinel.

Night hath passed, and dawns the
day!

LILY! lovely LILY!

Here! Thou here!

NATURE, in the Palazzo,

Of ART!

God's handiwork,

Amongst the handiwork of Man,

¹ Fear ye not! Ye are of more value than
many sparrows.—Matthew, x. 31.

Himself His handiwork !
 —Oh, thou loved Presence !
 Blest spirit !
 With a last vanishing tenderness,
 My heart infusing, all subduing,
 Art Thou here, yet once again,
 Fixing, perchance, on me, a linger-
 ing look of love ?
 Yes, thou mysterious one !
 I feel thy hallowed presence !
 And thou dost guide mine eye !
 I see ! I see
 The Flower !
 Which hath, methinks, some hidden
 eloquence !
 O Lily, I would speak with thee !
 And with a thrilling heart !
 Beauteous Intruder !
 But shall I deem thee such ?
 Hither come, to see thy Sister,
 All so splendid,
 In her Palace here ?
 Why hast thou come ?
 What title hast thou to be here ?
 Thou Toilest not !
 Thou Spinnest not !
 Then why here ?
 Meekly beautiful thou art,
 That once was mistress of the field ;¹
 But here ! Why here ?
 —O, my heart's joy !

Lily ! Thon com'st to me,
 All Through, All Down the distant
 starry heaven,²
 A Messenger ! with Heavenly mes-
 sage fraught !
 I see a glory in Thee, Now !
 And bow my head, in reverence !
 O, Queen of Flowers !
 Chosen from thy sisterhood,
 So fair and fragrant all,
 Full Eighteen Hundred years ago,
 To wear the Diadem,
 Then placed upon thy beauteous
 brow,
 Ever since, The Queen of Flowers !
 Hail, Queen !
 Hail, lovely Majesty !

—Like the Lily,
 That once was Mistress of the field, and
 flourished,
 I'll languish my head, and perish !

SHAKESPEARE, *Henry VIII.*

¹ In pictures of the Annunciation to the
 Virgin, the Angel Gabriel is represented as
 holding in his hand a Lily.

Exalted thus, by One
 Who made both Thee, and Me ;
 And, while He trod the earth,
 Its Present God, who made both
 Earth and Heaven,
 He pointed to thy faultless form,
 But little thought of by his creature,
 Man !
 And showing Thee, to Him
 O, Flower of the field !
 Which to-day, art,
 And art, to-morrow,
 Cast into the oven :
 He who Knows as man can never
 know,
 As the Maker knows His work,
 Creator, His Creation ;
 As before Omniscient eye thou
 stood'st,
 Unconscious, blooming loveliness,
 He showed thee to the wondering
 eye,
 Of ignorant, faithless man,
 In Glory all Arrayed,
 Eclipsing Solomon, in all his glory !
 King, by a Queen !
 Man, by a Flower !
 Lovely Lily, Queen of Flowers !
 O what grace and glory thine !
 And exhaling fragrance, too !
 Sweeter, infinitely far,
 Than sweetest of perfumes !
 O neglected Queen of Flowers !
 Benignant one !
 Blooming then, and ever since, and
 now,
 Balm diffusing for the Broken-
 hearted !
 Hope for Hopeless !
 Faith for Faithless !
 Emblem divine !
 From thy fragrant bosom stream
 unseen,
 Into my heart, with care oppressed,
 With trouble laden,
 Sweetness from Heaven !
 Wisdom ! Goodness !
 Pride abasing, raising Lowliness :
 Presumption, and Distrust,
 Reproving, with a tender Majesty,
 God, man.³

² CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE FIELD, HOW
 THEY GROW: THEY TOW NOT, NEITHER DO
 YET I SAY UNTO YOU, THAT
 EVEN SOLOMON, IN ALL HIS GLORY, WAS NOT
 ARRAYED LIKE ONE OF THESE. WHEREFORE,
 IF GOD SO CLOTHE THE GRASS OF THE FIELD,

Cease, then, aching and repining
near!

Come, thou Lily,
So royally arrayed with Glory out
of Heaven!

Thou, the Lovely, ever Loved!
Thou hallowed, hallowing Flower!
Come, thou mystic lovely One!
Whispering tenderly of Heaven,
Come, let me humbly press thee to
my heart!

Stillings its throb, and silencing its
sigh!

O thou sweet Flower!
See! the tears I shed, and all for
love of Thee!

From a heart so overcharged,
Gently by thyself distilled.
Peace, troubled Heart!
Peace! Be still!

Before the Flower, whereby,
One Dead, Yet Speaketh,
Sitting on the throne of God,
Unto the listening heart of Man,
His Dearly Loved,
And Life-bought Man.
I hear! and Make me ever hear!
That still small Voice.

So shall I never know Despair,
Nor see his fell eye fixed on mine.
Poor! poor, mid all This Wealth,
Within this Palace all so glorious,
Truly deemed,
Standing alone,
With Gems, and Gold, and Silver,
Ruby, crystal, coral, pearl,
And all Precious Things,
Glistening everywhere around:
If my spirit for a moment falter,
Lily, I will think of thee,
And living, hope and love, and
patient wait,
And peaceful die,
With the Lily on my heart,
Sweetly stilled, in death.

So, He Who chooseth Things which
are Despised,¹

Even as I, poor worm, perchance
may be,

Yea, Things which Are not,
To bring to nought the Things that
Are,

That no flesh should glory in His
PRESENCE,

By this flower,
Hath spoken loudly unto Man,
While proudest Art, stands all
abashed,

As naught! in NATURE's presence.

And when He speaks,
And whereever,
And in any way He will,
Silence, O Man!

And meekly hear,
Lest haply He should say,
I have spoke in vain,
Man will not hear

His God:
Here, and Now, only,
Will not hear:
But Hereafter, shall.

So, sweetest of sweet Flowers!

I would softly press thee,
With a tremulous hand,
Unto a loving chastened heart,
By Affliction chastened, sometimes
sure.

Come, let me take thee, reverently,
From parent earth,
For thou art freshly sprung from
God:

And looking here around,
With all undazzled eye,
While fade away these little Things
Of Man, Time, Sense,
Then fix my steadfast gaze on thee,
O, LILY:

A SON, upon the emblem blooming,
Of an ALMIGHTY FATHER'S² Power
and Love.

WHICH TO-DAY IS, AND TO-MORROW IS CAST
INTO THE OVEN. SHALL HE NOT MUCH MORE
COMFORT YOU, O YE OF LITTLE FAITH?—Mat-
thew, vi. 28, 29, 30.

¹ 1 Cor. i. 28

² The Father of Lights, with whom is no
variableness, neither shadow of turning—
James, i. 17, 18.

ELL TO THE PALACE.

——[*To the Spirits.*] Well done ;—avoid ;—no more !

——This is most strange !—

You do look, my son, in a moved sort !
Be cheerful, Sir.—These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all Spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air ;
And like the baseless fabric of This Vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve ;
And like this unsubstantial Pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind !

Go then, Thou grand One of the Present,
Grandly into the Past !
And for the Future,
Leave no trace behind,
But in the Mind,
Enriched, expanded, and sublimed.
Only a noble Memory,
Be thou, to sensuous eye,
Quickly,¹ as though thou hadst not been.
Let the place that knows thee now,
Know thee no more !
Let the grass grow again,
Where grew the grass so short a while ago.
Let the wandering winds
Blow freely o'er the site,
Where shone so late,
The gleaming Wonder of the World.
Let world-wide pilgrims come,
In all time hereafter, unto this sceptred isle,
This little world,
This Precious Stone, set in the silver sea,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,²
To that green spot :
And, pointing to their sons, all grown incredulous, say,
Here It stood !

¹ Prospero — *The Tempest*

² There was a desire vehemently expressed by many, that the Crystal Palace should remain a permanent structure ; but it was justly and wisely willed otherwise : and within not many months' time, grass was again growing over its site.

³ *Richard II.*, ante, p. 16.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

(I.)—PAGE 2, col. 1.

WHY DANIEL WAS NOT CAST INTO THE FIERY FURNACE.

THIS question, likely to occur to a thoughtful reader of the Scriptures, is thus dealt with by the very learned Dr Prideaux. "How Daniel escap'd the fiery furnace which his three friends were condemn'd unto, is made a matter of inquiry, by some. That he did not fall down and worship the idol, is most certain; either, therefore, he was absent, or else, if present, was not accused. The latter seems most probable. It is not likely that Daniel, one of the chiefest of the King's Ministers, should be allowed to be absent. That he was present, therefore, seems most probable; but his enemies thought it fittest not to begin with him, because of the great authority he had with the King; but rather to fall first on his three friends, and thereby pave the way for their more successful reaching of him after it. But what was in the interim miraculously done in their case, quashed all further accusation about this matter: and for that reason it was, that Daniel is not at all spoken of in it."—PRIDEAUX'S *Connection*, vol. i. pp. 82-83. [M'Caul's edit., 1845].

(II.)—PAGE 8, col. 1.

NAPOLEON AND LEIBNITZ ON EGYPT.

"Soldiers," said Napoleon, on landing in Egypt, "you are about to undertake a conquest fraught with incalculable effects upon the commerce and civilisation of the world." You will inflict upon Eng-

land the most grievous stroke she can sustain before receiving her death blow!" Upwards of a century before, the great Leibnitz, with profound political foresight, urged on Louis XIV. the conquest of Egypt. "The possession of Egypt," said he, "will open a prompt communication with the richest countries of the East. It will unite the commerce of the Indies to that of France, and pave the way for great captains to march to conquests worthy of Alexander. Egypt once conquered, nothing could be easier than to take possession of the entire coast of the Red Sea, and of the innumerable islands that border it. The interior of Asia, destitute of both commerce and wealth, would range itself at once beneath your dominion. The success of this enterprise would for ever secure the possession of the Indies, the commerce of Asia, and the dominion of the universe!"

(III.)—PAGE 8, col. 2.

THE MODERN PHARAOH IN THE RED SEA.

"Had I perished in that manner, like Pharaoh," said Napoleon, "it would have furnished all the preachers of Christianity with a magnificent text against me."—ALISON, vol. iv. p. 617.—The eloquent historian, in speaking of Egypt and its central position between Eastern wealth and Western civilisation, observes:—
The waters of the Mediterranean bring to it all the fabrics of Europe; the Red Sea wafts to its shores the riches of India and China; while the Nile floats down to its bosom the produce of the vast and unknown regions of Africa.

When, in the revolution of ages, civilisation shall have returned to its ancient cradle—when the desolation of Mahometan rule shall have ceased, and the light of religion illumined the land of its birth, Egypt will again be one of the great centres of human industry: *the invention of steam will restore the communication with the East to its original channel*, and the nation which shall revive the canal of Suez, and open a direct communication between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, will pour into its bosom those streams of wealth which, in every age, have constituted the principal sources of European opulence.—*Ibid.*, pp. 546, 547. Mr Robert Stephenson is now engaged upon this great project.

(IV.)—PAGE 9, col. 1.

SCIPIO'S TEARS.

For seventeen days the city was in flames: and the numbers exterminated amounted to 700,000 souls, including the women and children sold into slavery; so that this scene of horror served as an early prelude to the later destruction of Jerusalem. The wiser and more lenient Scipios had been against this war of extermination, and had had to contend against the self-willed rancour of the older Cato: yet a Scipio conducted this war, and was the last conqueror over the ashes of Carthage; and this was a man universally accounted to be of a mild character and a generous nature. But this must be apparently estimated by the Roman standard; for whenever Roman interests were at stake, all mankind, and the laws of nations, were considered as of no importance.—SCHLEGEL.

(V.)—PAGE 9, col. 2.

THE ESQUIMAUX' QUESTION.

'I read one day out of the New Testament,' says John Beck, one of the Moravian missionaries, 'to some of the natives who came to me, while I was copying out part of a translation of the Gospels, the history of our Saviour's agony on the Mount of Olives, and of his bloody sweat.—One of the Pagans, whose name was Kajarnak, stepped up to the table, and said with a loud, earnest, and affecting voice, How is that? Tell me that once more! for I fain would be saved too!' From that hour he became a disciple of the missionaries, and a willing and able instrument in propagating the Christian doctrine among his coun-

trymen.—See Dr PRICHARD'S *Natural History of Man*.

(VI.)—PAGE 11, col. 1.

PRINCE ALBERT ON THE MISSION AND DESTINY OF ENGLAND.

'We are met at an auspicious moment, when we are celebrating a festival of the civilisation of mankind; to which all quarters of the globe have contributed their productions, and are sending their people; for the first time recognising their advancement as a common good, their interests identical, their mission on earth the same. And this civilisation rests on Christianity; could be raised on Christianity only; can be maintained by Christianity alone: the blessings of which are now carried by this Society, chartered by that great man William III., to the vast territories of India and Australasia,—which last are again to be peopled by the Anglo-Saxon race. I feel persuaded that the same earnest zeal and practical wisdom which has made our political constitution an object of admiration to the nations, will, under God's blessing, make her Church likewise a model to the world. Let us look upon this assembly as a token of future hope: and may the harmony which reigns among us at this moment, and which we owe to having met in furtherance of a common holy object, be, by the Almighty, permanently bestowed upon the Church! —We are met to invoke the continuance of the Divine favour: pledging ourselves not to relax our efforts to extend to those of our brethren who are settled in distant lands, building up communities and states, where man's footsteps had first to be imprinted on the soil, and wild nature yet to be conquered to his uses, those blessings of Christianity which form the foundation of our community and of our State.'

The above are striking and memorable passages, taken from the opening address of H. R. H. Prince Albert, as President of the third jubilee meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, held in London on the 17th June 1851.

(VII.)—PAGE 11, col. 2.

THE NEW MEDITERRANEAN.

The British North American possessions greatly exceed those of the United States; comprising 4,109,630 square geographical miles. The terrestrial globe contains about 37,000,000 of square geographical miles. Besides this land sur-

face, British North America contains 1,340,000 square miles of water! As clearly as the Mediterranean Sea was let in by the Straits of Gibraltar to form the main channel of communication, and the great artery of life, to the Old World, so surely were the vast lakes of Canada spread in the wilderness of the New, to penetrate this mighty Continent, and carry into its remotest recesses the light and the blessings of Christian civilisation. —ALISON, vol. xiii. p. 273; MALTE BRUN, ix. 129, 143; BALBI, 926.

(VII.)—PAGE 16, col. 2.

THE SHATTERED PLANET.

'It has been conjectured,' said Sir John Herschel, writing upwards of twenty years ago, when only four of these ultra-zodiacal planets had been discovered, 'that these planets are fragments of some greater planet, formerly circulating in that interval, but which has been blown to atoms by an explosion: and that more such fragments exist, and may be hereafter discovered. This may serve as a specimen of the dreams in which astronomers, like others speculators, occasionally and harmlessly indulge.'—A dream!—Since the year 1846, TWENTY-FIVE such fragments have been discovered! Whether any such awful event ever occurred, as a planet shattered, either from without, or from within by explosion, is probably hidden from us for ever: as also, whether, if it did happen, the planet was inhabited, and by beings like ourselves, who were destroyed by it; and with what object the Deity permitted such a catastrophe. Though the extraordinary number of these asteroids so recently discovered, would tend to indicate their being really of a fragmentary character, it may yet be found, as Mr Hind has remarked, that these small bodies, so far from being portions of the wreck of a great planet, were created in their present state, for some wise purpose which astronomy may, in future ages, be permitted to unfold.

(IX.)—PAGE 22, col. 2.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

The method of coming at the results enumerated in *The Lily and the Bee*, as deducible from 'the Philosopher's Stone,' is so admirably illustrative of the Baconian procedure by observation and experiment, and appears to the author so profoundly interesting and instructive, that he has taken pains to present the

reader with an authentic explanation of the matter. In the spring of 1851, Mr Logan, a Canadian geologist, sent over one or two slabs taken from the Potsdam sandstone, in Canada, containing certain impressions which had arrested his attention; but not being a naturalist, it never occurred to him as exhibiting traces of the passage of an animal. He thought them likely to have been produced by the trail of a long sea-weed: but requested our fur-famed zoologist, Owen, to examine the mysterious impressions, and decipher them, if he could. He soon came to the conclusion that they were due to the presence of an animal.

After closely examining the impressions, they appeared to be small prints, occurring in pairs, in regular succession, extending in two parallel linear series, with a continuous groove midway between them. One of the prints was larger than the other, in each pair—and both the larger and smaller prints were short and broad, with what seemed indications of toes at the forepart; while the intervals between each pair, of the same side, were much less than those between the right and left pair. Hence he inferred that the impressions in question must have been made by an animal that had passed, either crawling or walking, along that oldest of sandy shores; that it had been a quadruped, having the hind-feet larger and wider apart than the fore-feet, both fore and hind feet being very short, and the limbs of the right and left side wide apart. These concurrent indications seemed to point to an animal with a short and broad trunk, supported on short limbs, with rounded and stumpy feet, capable of taking only short steps. The midway groove he at first supposed to have been produced by the trail of a tail; but on further considering the general character of this central impression, as it seemed well defined throughout, midway between the right and left limbs—shallower when the foot-prints indicated a steady rate of motion, (how delicate and exact the observation!) deeper when that motion had been retarded, the animal's body resting awhile on the sand—Owen inclined to the opinion that this midway groove impression must have been effected by some hard projecting covering of the belly:—and the broad trunk, short steps, stumpy feet, scarce capable of carrying the trunk clear of the ground, suggested the tortoise as the animal

whose ancient whereabouts he was contemplating. *Experiment* succeeded *observation*. Owen betook himself to Lord Bacon's realised Atlantis, the Zoological Garden in the Regent's Park; and caused the living reptiles there to crawl over soils carefully prepared, so as to receive and retain distinctly the traces of their transit. The tortoise was found to have left impressions of a character almost exactly similar to those on the ancient sandstone. Had these prints been really due to a tortoise, the stone would have been an exponent of indefinitely remote antiquity, referring *high organisation* to a period infinitely beyond all former supposition, or even imagination.

Since this, however, Mr Logan has, at the cost of much expense and labour, forwarded several additional specimens taken from the same quarter, containing a great number of more distinctly defined impressions; which have been subjected to rigorous scrutiny by Owen: the result of which was to satisfy him that the traces in question are not those of a tortoise, but of a *hexapod* (six-footed) creature of the crustaceous class, of a much lower organisation than that of the tortoise. This larger induction of particulars afforded evidence, of a kind as satisfactory as the faint and mystic nature of the case admitted. Some of the pairs of prints were larger than others, and showed a different arrangement of what appeared to be toes; the intervals between each pair, of the same side, and which were much less than those between the right and left pairs, were repeated in each successive three pairs of the prints: and finally, he referred the footprints, as already observed, to a crustaceous animal—or one at least that had applied three pairs of feet to the purpose of progressive motion. 'The imagination,'¹ says Mr Owen, 'is baffled in the attempt to realise the extent of time which has elapsed since the creatures were in being that moved upon the sandy shores of that most ancient Silurian² Sea. . .

The deviations from the living *exemplars* of animal types usually become greater, as we descend into the depths of time past. . . In all probability no living form of animal bears such a resemblance to that indicated by the Potsdam footprints as to afford an exact illustration of the shape and number of the instruments, and of the mode of locomotion, of the creature that has left these traces, . . . most precious evidences of animal life, locomotive on land, of the eldest known sedimentary and unmetamorphosed deposits on this planet. . . The symbols, themselves, are distinct enough. Old Nature speaks as plainly by them as she can, and if we do not thereby fully read her meaning, the fault is in our powers of interpretation.'

The traces of the shower which may have beaten on the mail-clad creature in question, as suggested in the text, were sagaciously detected by an eminent living geologist, Dr Buckland. They were deciphered from impressions made by the rain-drops falling on the soft sand! and the direction of the wind then blowing!—by the unequal depth of the ripples, and the unequal height of the little circular wall of each, as the shower struck obliquely the ripple-ruffled surface. It is to be noted, that it is only on a *tidal* shore that such impressions can be received and retained: received during the ebb, and covered by fresh layers of fine sand at the flow. Traces of this description are distinctly visible on various fragments of ancient rock now in this country.—The picture given in the text, of the successive stages of the geological history of the planet on which we live, may be depended on, as being in conformity with the existing state of knowledge on the subject.

(X.)—PAGE 23, col. 1.

ANCIENT MONSTERS

There is no appearance in nature, and nothing in geology, says Mr Ansted, that can illustrate, by progressive development, the gradual derivation of new types or well-marked groups, each of higher organisation than those which preceded them—a gradual development of higher types of existence, in a certain order of creation. So far as geology, in its present state, affords evidence on the subject, the facts seem decidedly opposed to such an idea; and this conclusion is in perfect accordance with those arrived at by the most philosophical of living

¹ Paper contributed to the *Proceedings of the Geological Society*, 24th March 1852, pp. 221-5. This paper is accompanied by a series of beautiful plates of the various impressions.

² The Silurian rocks are also called from a district formerly inhabited by the *Siluri*, a tribe of ancient Britons—a portion of South Wales, and the adjoining English counties—in which the main divisions and best-developed series of rocks were first discovered and described, by Sir R. I. Murchison.

naturalists, Owen—who thus closes his investigation concerning the extinct reptiles: ‘Thus, though a general progress may be discerned, the interruptions and faults—to use a geological phrase—negative the notion that the progression has been the result of self-developing energies adequate to a transmutation of specific characters; but, on the contrary, support the conclusion that the modifications of osteological structure which characterise the extinct reptiles, were originally impressed upon them at their creation; and have been neither derived from improvement of a lower, nor lost by progressive development into a higher type.’—See ANSTED’S *Ancient World*, p. 54; and OWEN’S *Report on British Fossil Reptiles*, p. 202. The author of the present volume begs leave to commit the subject of this note to the reader’s best consideration.

(XI.)—PAGE 24, col. 1.

THE NINEVEH DISCOVERIES.

The author begs here to quote a passage from another work of his:—

“Let me now, however, point out a recent fact, which appears to me to have a marvellous significance, and perhaps a designed coincidence. While men were, and continued to be, busily exploring the earth in search of traces of long past existence, endeavouring to establish its vast antiquity, and the changes which it has undergone, we may suddenly behold—reverently be it said!—the dread finger of the Deity silently pointing to the same earth as containing unerring evidence of the truth of HIS WRITTEN WORD. Let us wend our wondering way to Nineveh, and gaze at its extraordinary excavations. There are indeed seen those traces of man which geology has never found; man as he existed four thousand years ago; man as he acted and suffered; man as he became the subject of God’s judgments; man, whose fate had been foretold by the messengers of God! Here behold an ancient and mighty capital, and its cruel and idolatrous people, as it were reproduced before our eyes, and disinterred from the dust and gloom of ages. O ye men of Nineveh! are you indeed already rising up before us, to condemn us?!”

To my mind these contemplations are pregnant with instruction, and invested with awe. I cannot go to our National

See Luke, xi. 32.

Museum, and behold there the recently-disinterred monuments of past Assyrian existence, without regarding them by the light of the Scriptures; nor afterwards read the Scriptures, without additional light reflected upon them from these wonderful discoveries.”—*The Intellectual and Moral Development of the Present Age*.

• (XII.)—PAGE 29, col. 2.

THE BEE MYSTERY.

After all, say those eminent entomologists, Kirby and Spence, there are mysteries as to the *primum mobile* among those social tribes, that, with all our boasted reason, we cannot fathom, nor develop satisfactorily the motives urging them to fulfil, in so remarkable though diversified a manner, their different destinies. One thing is clear to demonstration: that by these creatures and their instincts the power, wisdom, and goodness of the great Father of the universe are loudly proclaimed, the atheist and infidel confuted; the believer confirmed in his faith and trust in Providence, which he thus beholds watching with incessant care over the welfare of the minutest of His creatures; and from which he may conclude that he, the prince of the creation, will never be overlooked or forsaken. And from them what lessons may be learned of patriotism and self-devotion to the public good—of loyalty, of prudence, temperance, diligence, and self-denial!

(XIII.)—PAGE 30, col. 1.

THE BEE AND THE INFINITESIMAL CALCULUS.

The geometric form of each cell constructed by the bee, is absolute perfection, as far as we are able to judge of the objects had in view; and has excited the admiration and amazement of ancient and modern mathematicians. At what precise angle the three planes of the hexagonal prism ought to meet, so as to secure the greatest strength and commodiousness, with the least possible waste of materials, is a problem of the highest mathematics, resolvable only by the aid of the infinitesimal calculus, or problems of *maxima* and *minima*. MacLaurin, the worthy disciple of Newton, by a fluxionary calculation succeeded, at length, in determining the required angle, precisely. *It was the very angle adopted by the Bee!*

(XIV.)—PAGE 31, col. 1.

THE DEATH-STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE RIVAL
QUEEN BEES

Scenes such as the following were repeatedly witnessed by Huber, the great Swiss naturalist, who, though blind, devoted his whole life to studying the habits and economy of the Bee.

"We introduced a very fertile queen into the same hive, after painting the thorax to distinguish her from the reigning queen. A circle of bees quickly formed around the stranger, but their intention was not to caress and receive her well: for they insensibly accumulated so much, and surrounded her so closely, that in scarcely a minute she lost her liberty and became a prisoner. It is a remarkable circumstance, that other workers at the same time collected around the reigning queen and restrained all her motions—we instantly saw her confined like the stranger. Perhaps it may be said that the bees anticipated the combat in which these queens were about to engage, and were impatient to behold the issue of it, for they retained their prisoners only when they appeared to withdraw from each other; and if one less restrained seemed desirous of approaching her rival, all the bees forming the clusters gave way to allow her full liberty for the attack; then, if the queens testified a disposition to fly, they returned to enclose them.

"The cluster of bees that surrounded the reigning queen having allowed her some freedom, she seemed to advance towards that part of the comb where her rival stood; then all receded before her; the multitude of workers separating, the two adversaries gradually dispersed, until only two remained; these also removed, and allowed the queen to come in sight. At this moment the reigning queen rushed on the stranger; with her teeth seized her near the origin of the wing; and succeeded in fixing her against the comb without any possibility of motion or resistance. Next curving her body, she pierced this unhappy victim of our curiosity with a mortal wound!"—*Huber on Bees*, pp. 72, 73, edit. 1841.

(XV.)—PAGE 39, col. 2.

GALILEO AMONG THE CARDINALS.

Corde sincero, et fide non fictâ abjuro,

ken

but on rising from his knees he stamped

his foot, as if suddenly stung with a consciousness of his guilt, and exclaimed passionately—*E pur ei muove*—It moves, notwithstanding! On this afflicting and deeply humiliating incident, Sir David Brewster has eloquently written thus:—Galileo abjured, cursed, and detested those eternal and immortal truths which the Almighty had permitted him to be the first to establish. What a mortifying picture of moral depravity and intellectual weakness! If the unholiness of the assembled cardinals has been branded with infamy, what must we think of the venerable sage, whose grey hairs were entwined with the chaplet of immortality, quailing under the fear of man, and sacrificing the convictions of his conscience, and the deductions of his reason, at the altar of a base superstition!

(XVI.)—PAGE 40, col. 1.

ARISTOTLE ON ANAXAGORAS.

Concerning Anaxagoras, Aristotle has left a grand saying on record. After recounting the philosophers who had respectively made the various Elements the first cause of all things, and declaring how uncouth it would be to refer such mighty results as Creation to accident, or spontaneous motion, he says:—When, therefore, there appeared one saying that, as inanimate, so in inanimate nature, MIND was the First Cause of the Universe, and of all its order, he seemed like a sober man among those who before him had been talking at random!—*οὐκ ἄνθρωπος ἐφάνη πρὸς τοὺς ἀλόγιστον.*—*Metaph.* Book i. chap. 8.

(XVII.)—PAGE 40, col. 1.

THE ANGEL AND ADAM'S ASTRONOMICAL
DISCOURSE.

These, it may be almost superfluous to state, are the expressions used by Milton (*Paradise Lost*, Book viii.) to designate the Ptolemaic system of Astronomy. The angel and Adam discuss, in fact, the leading features of the Ptolemaic and Copernican systems—one making Earth, the other Sun, the centre of the Universe. The angel inclines to Copernicus, but pronounces for neither; exhorting Adam to apply himself to what more immediately concerned him.—Milton, as already noted, died twelve years before the magnificent discovery of Newton.

(XVIII).—PAGE 47, col. 1.

THE INFIDEL PHILOSOPHER.

This portion of the text brings a heavy charge against the memory of La Place; but it is only too well founded. It is fearful and revolting to record of such a man, perhaps the greatest of all astronomers except Newton, that he sought to banish God Almighty out of the Heavenly world which He had permitted him to scan so exactly. Throughout the whole of his *Système du Monde*, (a synopsis of the Newtonian philosophy), he carefully abstains, says a distinguished British philosopher, from all reference to a Contriver, Creator, or Governor of the universe: in pointed contrast to the sublime reflections with which the noble Newton accompanied his revelations. — Thus spoke that mighty one, in his immortal *Principia*: 'God is eternal and infinite, omnipotent and omniscient; that is, He endures from everlasting to everlasting, and is present from infinity to infinity. He is not eternity or infinity, but eternal and infinite. He is not duration or space, but He endures, and is present. He endures always, and is present everywhere, and by existing always and everywhere, constitutes duration and space.' La Place, on the contrary, would wretchedly insinuate that the doctrine of a Deity, the Maker and Governor of this world, and of His peculiar attention to the conduct of man, is not consistent with truth! And that the sanctions of Religion, long venerated as the great security of society, are as little consistent with justice. The duties which we owe to this imaginary Deity, and the terrors of punishment in a future state of existence for the neglect of them, he regarded as fictions invented to enslave mankind. He has given abundant proof of these being his sentiments, developing their horribly-blooming deadliness, be it remarked, in the time of the French Revolution. I was grieved, said the philosopher already referred to, with touching simplicity, when I first saw *Me de la Place*, after having so happily epitomised the philosophy of Sir Isaac Newton, conclude his performance with such a marked and ungracious parody on the closing reflections [some of them given above] of our illustrious Master. As the scholars of Newton, as the disciples of our illustrious Master, we will

join with him in considering, unlike La Place, universal Gravitation as a noble proof of the existence and superintendence of a Supreme Mind, and a conspicuous mark of His transcendent wisdom. La Place would resolve everything into the irresistible operation of the primitive and essential properties of matter; and insist that it could not be anything but what it is. He labours assiduously to effect this impression on the mind! Nay, he impudently insinuates, that the supposed useful purposes of the solar system might have been much better accomplished in some other than the existing mode! He was spared long enough, however, as we learn on unquestionable authority, to entertain awful misgivings on this subject. In the solitude of his sick chamber, and not long before his death, came Reflection; and with it, salutary results. The eminent gentleman on whose authority this fact rests, Mr Sodgwick, has recently recorded, that not long before the death of the great Frenchman—for great he was, though darkened—he was inquiring of the distinguished geologist concerning the nature of our endowments, and our course of academic study. He then, says Mr Sodgwick, dwelt earnestly on the religious character of our endowments; and added, (as nearly as I can translate his words), '*I think this right; and on this point I deprecate any great organic changes in your system. for I have lived long enough to know what at one time I did not believe—that no society can be upheld in happiness and honour, without the sentiments of Religion.*'

The Marquis had also endeavoured to resolve the religious convictions of his great predecessor, into the delusions of old age, or an intellect disorganised by madness; and this especially with reference to his work on the Prophecies. Sir David Brewster, however, has annihilated the injurious calumny, by infallible proof that Newton was always a devout Christian, and had commenced his researches on the prophecies, when in the plenitude of his marvellous intellect—in his forty-ninth year. In the inscription on his monument in Westminster Abbey, it stands truly recorded, that 'he was an assiduous, sagacious, and faithful interpreter of Nature, Antiquity, and the Holy Scriptures: he asserted, in his philosophy, the majesty of God,

and exhibited, in his conduct, the simplicity of the Gospel.' A French philosopher of the present day, M. Auguste Comte, has constructed a system based on the exclusion from the universe, of a God! It may be regarded as an attempted demonstration of the truth of *atheism*, however anxious the writer may be to disclaim the hideous imputation.

'When such a work,' justly observes Sir David Brewster, in reviewing it in the *Edinburgh Review* (No. 136), "records the dread sentiment that the universe displays no proofs of an all-directing Mind; and records it, too, as the deduction of unbiassed reason, the appalling note falls upon the ear like the sounds of desolation and of death. The life-blood of the affections stands frozen in its strongest and most genial current; and reason and feeling resume their ascendancy only when they have pictured the consequences of so frightful a delusion. If man be thus an orphan at his birth, and an outcast in his destiny; if knowledge is to be his punishment, and not his pride; if all his intellectual achievements are to perish with him in the dust; if the brief tenure of his being is to be renounced amid the wreck of vain desires, of blighted hopes, and of bleeding affections, then, in reality, as well as in metaphor, is life a dream." The author would close this note with an expression of his profound conviction, that he who cannot see, in the operations of nature, Supreme Intelligence, may regard himself as labouring under

mental imbecility, or judicial blindness.

(XIX.)—PAGE 42, col. 2.

GOLDEN TRUTH IN THE MIST OF MYTHOLOGY

However much, observes Schlegel, amidst the growing degeneracy of mankind, the primeval word of Revelation may have been falsified, by the admixture of various errors, or overlaid and obscured by numberless and manifold fictions, inextricably confused, and disfigured almost beyond the power of recognition, still a profound inquiry will discover in heathenism many luminous vestiges of primitive truth.—We find in the Grecian mythology many things capable of a deeper import, and more spiritual signification: appearing as but rare vestiges of ancient truth—vague presentiments—fugitive tones—momentary flashes—revealing a belief in a Supreme Being, an Almighty Creator of the Universe, and the common Father of mankind.—In Prometheus, says that able scholar, Mr Keightley, in his excellent Mythology, we have a Grecian myth of the Fall of Man, and in Pandora the introduction of evil into the world by means of a woman!—According to Futtman and other eminent Germans, the resemblance between this myth and the Scriptural narrative of Eve and the forbidden fruit, 'is so very striking, that one might be induced to regard it as a rivulet from the original fount of tradition.'

THE INTELLECTUAL
AND
MORAL DEVELOPMENT

THE PRESENT AGE

BY
SAMUEL WARREN
D. C. L. F. R. S.

Within, without, and far around he look'd—
How fair 't quoth he, how dread."
—THE PILGRIM

A NEW EDITION

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P R E F A C E.

THE origin of this little work is indicated in a passage which may be seen near the commencement.

It would be unbecoming in the Author to print a copy of the too flattering Resolution of the President and Council of the Hull Literary and Philosophical Society there referred to, and partly in consequence of which, the paper in question, somewhat modified and amplified, is now presented to the public. It treats of subjects which have occupied his thoughts for many years; and all he begs to be given credit for, is a good intention. For the rest, he must surrender himself to criticism with what fortitude he may.

Two-thirds of the paper were read on the evening of Tuesday, the 28th December 1852, and listened to with an attention amply repaying the Author's efforts to present an extensive and difficult subject, in an acceptable manner, to a mixed and very large audience.

A deputation, in considerable numbers, from the Mechanics' Institute of Hull, formed part of that audience, in pursuance of a liberal and friendly invitation from the President and Council of the Literary and Philosophical Society: a circumstance which afforded the Author peculiar gratification.

INNER TEMPLE, LONDON,
January 1853

MR PRESIDENT,

AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

I HOPE that the special relation in which I stand towards this populous borough, and its ancient town and corporation,*—a town which has numbered among those of its citizens the noble names of Andrew Marvel, and William Wilberforce—will, together with a fact which I shall presently mention, satisfactorily account for my appearance before you this evening, in a position to myself at once new and responsible. As a member of the Bar, and also exercising judicial functions among you, such a position as I now occupy is intended, I can assure you, to be a solitary one in my lifetime, and it is also an embarrassing one, because not in unison with my professional habits and objects. On the occasion, however, of my first judicial visit to this town, in last October, I received an unexpected and earnest request from the President and Council of the Literary and Philosophical Society of this place, to read a paper before the Society, and on any subject which I might select. After much consideration, I expressed my willingness to do so, and chose the subject now before us. Some time afterwards, I was honoured by receiving

a unanimous resolution of the President and Council, soliciting me “to take steps, by anticipation, to commit the paper to the press, in order that it may be perused, at as early a period as possible, by those who cannot hear the paper read—with a view to its extended usefulness.” I own that I was not a little affected by so signal a mark of confidence; and have already, as far as I have been able, complied with the request.

AS I feel it a very responsible honour, under these circumstances, to appear before you, so I beg your indulgence, and your sustained attention, while I endeavour to lay before you, though, it may be, very imperfectly, some of the results of nearly a quarter of a century’s observation and reflection, on many subjects of the highest interest and importance. It is in vain for me, however, as it would be foolish, to attempt to burthen you with all the dismaying mass of manuscript which I hold in my hand; and, finally, before starting on our extensive and venturous expedition, I have to assure you that nothing shall fall from me calculated to provoke difference of opinion, except so far as is unavoidable in addressing any mixed and independent auditory. Above all things, I shall eschew everything even approaching to a political or sectarian character. This, indeed, your rules discreetly prohibit; and to those rules my own purpose and feelings dictate a rigorous adherence.

• Well, then, we are here assembled,

* The town and county of Kingston-upon-Hull, commonly called Hull, was constituted a free borough, with extensive immunities, under a charter of Edward I., dated the 1st April 1299. For upwards of a century, however, before that time, it had been a seat-port of considerable mercantile importance.—See Frost’s Notices relative to the early history of the town and port of Hull, [A.D. 1827], and *The Encyclopedia Britannica*, tit. “Hull.”

only a day or two after Christmas-day!—Let us regard the season—the occasion—as a halcyon interval of repose, in which our cheerfulness is blended with solemnity, while reflecting upon that event, so sublime and awful in the estimation of all Christians, which invests the close of every year with, as it were, a grand halo. The eager, noisy world, with all its wild passions, and the transient pursuits which stimulate them, is, for a while, happily shut out; leaving us to breathe a serene atmosphere.

Be still, ye winds! ye zephyrs, cease to blow,
While music most melodious meets my ear—
the “still sad music of humanity,”
which may be heard echoing while
we fix our eyes upon MAN and his mysterious manifestations—in his momentous relations to the Past, the Present, and the Future.

May I, however, in a more cheery spirit, make a passing allusion to a topic occasionally exciting a lively interest out of doors?—the budget of our Chancellor of the Exchequer! Let me conceive myself to have been installed your Chancellor of the Exchequer *intellectual*; and here, at your service, is *my* Budget; but I shall be forced to deal very summarily with the income and expenditure of THOUGHT—its Resources—its Ways and Means—and the circulating medium of that thought, which is its language or literature. I cannot, alas! hold out the hopes of taking off any taxes, but, on the contrary, must impose a somewhat heavy one *on your attention*! My Budget will deal with a vast variety of topics—some of them of great delicacy, difficulty, and moment; topics coming home to the business and bosom of each of us, and challenging our anxious consideration. We cannot survey, for the purpose of practically estimating, *the intellectual and moral development of the age* in which we live and are playing our parts—every man and woman of us having his or her own responsible mission to perform—without attempting gravely and comprehensively to consider man in ordinary relation to his power, and his knowledge, his objects, his sayings and his doings, his posi-

tion past and present, and his destiny. It is difficult to imagine any period for making such an attempt more interesting and inviting than the present—one, in many respects, very dazzling; and in others, exciting concern and surprise. In one direction, it may be that we see a vast space passed over in a little time, in another, a long time with scarce any space passed over at all, though in each case human intellect has been occupied and taxed to its uttermost apparent capabilities. These are matters justifying, and even demanding, attentive consideration. It will be necessary, with this view, to soar high and far, but swiftly, into the stupendous starry solitude of space; to descend, as far as man's limited means allow him, into the interior of the earth; and, again, to travel all round its surface, in order to ascertain what we know, or think we know, of the human and animal denizens of that earth, and of the nature and relations of that earth itself, and, finally, to penetrate, as far as we may, and with a tender respect, into that mystery of mysteries, MAN himself.* And this, not with the view of attempting an ostentatious display of his doings, his discoveries—of the exploits of his genius, which might serve only to inflate a foolish pride, to generate spurious motives to action, and, in short, and above all, induce a fatal—I repeat, a fatal confusion between MEANS and ENDS; which last words contain the key of all that is to follow. Let us, on the contrary, try to look at MAN, as he has been told by God *that he is*,—placed upon this planet, by a direct incomprehensible act of creation, by that God, whose image, though now darkened, he bears, and between whom and himself there exist relations inconceivably awful and momentous. Those relations it is surely of infinite consequence to us to ascertain accurately, as far as we can; because they directly and permanently affect human conduct and destiny. On a due perception, in-

* “Alas!” says Coleridge, speaking of the difficulty of fixing the attention of men on the world within them, “the largest part of mankind are nowhere greater strangers than at home.”

deed, of those relations, duly acted upon, rest the true and only enduring dignity of human nature, the actual inevitable difference between one man and another, and the only real uses and aims of intellect and knowledge. I hope to place in a distinct point of view the proposition, that as it is possible for a man to have a prodigious knowledge of the facts of philosophy, without a glimmering of its spirit, so the human intellect may be endowed with great strength and capacity, be consummately trained in the exercise of its faculties, and richly stored with the fruits of literature and philosophy, and yet its possessor be all the while mentally perblind—nay more, destitute of an atom of moral worth serving, to the eye of the Christian philosopher and moralist, only to illustrate the deplorable, degrading, and perilous consequences of a want of it in the individual case, and, in the general one, to reveal to us a sort of moral and intellectual chaos. I say intellectual as well as moral. And in the former case, why should I not call up for an instant, the spectre of La Place, whose great intellect could occupy itself during a lifetime with the sublimest truths of astronomy, to no better purpose than to deny the existence of the Almighty Maker of the universe, impiously to insinuate that the supposed useful purposes of our system could have been accomplished otherwise, and better, than at present! and, finally, to discard religion, and the sanctions which it derives from a future existence, and its conditions, as a cruel imposture practised upon the ignorant credulity of mankind? Believe me, there are real relations between physical and moral science—there are profound relations between intellect and morality, involving everything that concerns the high-

It is right, however, here to state that M. La Place, not long before his death, intrusted to a distinguished English philosopher (Dr. John Stirling) a real and a true opinion. He had reason to be earnest on the religious character of our endowments, and course of academical study. M. La Place added: "I think this right; and on this point I deprecate any great organic changes in your system; for I have lived long enough

est interests of mankind; and it cannot be otherwise than interesting and important, to seek for every ray of light which may contribute towards showing us the real nature of these relations. The General is made up of the Particular—the Whole of its parts; and there may be personal consequences depending upon the minutest moral actions of mankind, as real, great, and permanent, as the causes entailing them appeared trivial and temporary, and were, in fact, while operating, wholly unperceived. The old philosophers said, that Nature does nothing in vain, in the physical world; and so, in the mighty moral economy under which we have been placed by our Almighty Maker, let us rest satisfied that nothing has been done by Him in vain, and perhaps also, nothing by the creatures whom He has made the subjects of that economy. The possession and use of intellect entail great moral and religious responsibilities; and between one who thinks otherwise, and those with whom I think, there is fixed a great gulf, in respect of speculation, action, and conduct; there exists a distinction involving the entire theory and basis of morality, its Motives and Sanctions, its Means and Ends.

Do not, however, be startled by this sudden glimpse into gloom—into the profound abysses of abstract speculation, which I now quit for a time, but remember, that these considerations constitute a reality all the while, surrounding us even as the atmosphere envelops the earth and let us, in passing on to lighter subjects, and hovering over them for a time, carry with us, nevertheless, an oracular saying of Bishop Jeremy Taylor, "Whatever we talk, things are as they are, not as we grant, dispute, or hope; depending on neither our affirmative nor negative, but upon to know—what at one time I did not believe—that no society can be upheld in happiness and honour, without the sentiments of religion." This remarkable statement is made on the authority of Professor Sedgwick himself, who says it is in the very words of M. La Place, "as nearly as I can translate them."—See the *Discourse on the Studies of the University of Cambridge*, 5th edition.

the rate and value which God sets upon things."*

Permit me here to say what is sought to be indicated by the word Development. I use it in its strict etymological signification; that is to say, an 'opening,' † a 'showing forth,' a 'displaying' of the intellectual and moral condition of man in the present age. And—you will say—is this to be done in a single evening's paper? It sounds, indeed, as hopeless as the notion of compressing the *Iliad* within a nutshell. Nevertheless, the attempt must be made to survey this vast field, however rapidly, and however hard it may be to know where to begin. The great object is for the observer to select a *right point of view* (On that depends everything: for there is a point from which everything within and without us is order and loveliness, and another from which all is contradiction and confusion. There is a string which, "*untuned*," we may well call out fearfully—

"Hark! what discord follows!"

I shall glance first at our LITERATURE:—the current coin, so to speak, of the realm intellectual—the circulating medium of thought, by which Intellect communicates with Intellect, in both the present and past ages.

* Works, vol. L. p. 193, (Bishop Heber's edition)

† "*Développer*," "*developper*,"—perhaps from *deorsum volveri*, to roll back, to open, unwrap, or unfold anything rolled in a volume.—See Richardson's Dictionary

‡ The etymology of this word is not by any means determined. It is traced clearly through the French, Italian, and Spanish languages, to the Latin *littera*: which may perhaps, as suggested by Mr Richardson, be taken from *litum*, the past participle of *linere*, to smear, as one of the earliest modes of writing was by graving the characters upon tablets, which were *smear'd* over or covered with wax.—(Pliny, l. b. xii. c. 11). These wax tablets were written on with an instrument of iron or brass, (*stilus* or *stylus*), resembling a pencil in size and shape, sharpened at one end, the other extremity of it being flat and circular, for the purpose of obliterating what had been written, and rendering the waxen surface smooth again. A picture found in Herculaneum, and of which an engraving is given in Dr Smith's Dictionary of Grecian and Roman Antiquities, represents a Roman with his tablet and "*stilus*," whence the English word "*style*."

And it is one pre-eminent characteristic of the present age, that though the issue of this coin is infinitely greater than the world has ever seen before, it yet scarcely equals our requirements. The mint is kept in incessant action, though its capabilities have been immensely augmented! Let me now, however, advert, for a moment, to the metal out of which this coin is made—our language. Is gold pouring into our cellars as it is into those of the Bank of England?

Our English language is a noble one, worthy of the most jealous guardianship; and the slightest tendency to deteriorate it, by writing or speaking it in a slovenly way, or introducing, from any sort of conceit, and to catch a momentary notoriety, vulgar novelties, ought to be treated as attempts at defilement and disfigurement; and should entail instant critical censure and contempt, on the part of those who are interested in handing down our language, in all its purity, beauty, strength, and dignity, to posterity, as it were a sacred heir-loom. That language we ought to be every day more and more solicitous thus to cherish and protect! for it is daily and homely spreading over the whole habitable globe, and seems destined to gain a complete ascendancy over all others now spoken and written. Look into the New World, and see there, in the Far West, the mighty daughter of a mighty mother, of whom she is, and ought to be, proud! She can, when she pleases, speak the language of that mother with as much elegance and force as her parent, towards whom she must often turn with yearning fondness and pride—Ah, what are the feelings with which, as I have several times been assured by themselves, our gifted brethren from the West first catch sight of the white cliffs of Albion! They often watch, for that purpose, through the live-long night; and when Old England becomes visible, even as a dim speck beyond the waters, a thousand and a thousand times have their tears gushed forth, while they gazed, in silent

tenderness, on the little island from which came their own ancestors—in which its own—their own—SHAKESPEARE was born; that island which he so dearly-loved, and has rendered immortal, of which he spoke in very moving words, that make an Englishman's heart thrill when he hears them—as “this sceptred isle”—“this little world”—

This precious stone, set in the silver sea—
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this
England!
This land of such dear souls—this dear, dear
land!

So wrote Shakespeare, with quivering pen, in Queen Elizabeth's day; and so, nearly three centuries afterwards, read we, with quivering hearts, in Queen Victoria's day—the Sovereign lady of this same dear sceptred isle—we, who are able, and resolved, that, with God's blessing on our stout hearts and strong arms, it shall pass down for centuries hence to her descendants, and to our descendants—aye shall that “precious stone, set in the silver sea”—its guardians knowing neither fear nor foe—or, knowing, only to defy! Could I call up Shakespeare before you, how would you tremble with emotion as you heard that noble spirit speak his own words:

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them! Naught shall
make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true! †

Who can listen to this, and not feel pride on reflecting, that perhaps at this very moment our brethren and sisters at the antipodes may be reciting it, and thinking, with swelling hearts, of their little island home, and of us whom they have left behind in it? Let me sum up all that an Englishman can say, in a line—a little varied, it is true—of our great Poet himself—

One touch of Shakespeare makes the whole
world kin!

And shall not the descendants and

* Richard II. Act II. scene 1.

† King John, conclusion.

countrymen of Shakespeare and Milton, and so many other illustrious writers of our glorious Saxon language, alike in prose and in verse, strive to protect that language from pollution, and hand it down puro as we received it? Or shall they calmly contemplate its being rapidly deteriorated by those who were never able to appreciate that purity, and are consequently indifferent about preserving it? I repeat it, that our fast-quitting brethren and sisters—God go with them!—are carrying, in increasing numbers, our language into every region of the globe; a fact which of itself should suffice to quicken our vigilance to keep the source of that language pure. “The treasures of our tongue,” says one who has conferred inestimable service on that tongue, “are spread over continents, scattered among islands in the northern and the southern hemisphere, from the unformed Occident to the strange shores of unknowing nations in the East.” The sun, indeed, now never sets upon the empire of Great Britain. Not one hour of the twenty-four, in which the earth completes her diurnal revolution—not one round of the minute-hand of the dial, is allowed to pass, in which, on some portion of the surface of the globe, the air is not filled with accents that are ours.” They are heard in the ordinary transactions of life, or in the administration of law, or in the deliberations of the senate-house or council-chamber, in the offices of private devotion, or in the public observance of the rites and duties of a common faith.

This noble language, finally, enshrines reverentially the Holy volume, the oracles of God, which His pious

† Dr Richardson, by his “New Dictionary of the English Language; combining Explanation with Etymology, and illustrated by Quotations from the best Authors, arranged chronologically from the earliest period to the beginning of the present century” 2 vols. 4to. This admirable work constitutes almost a library of English books in itself; and its learned and indefatigable compiler has recently received a fitting recognition of his merits, by a pension conferred through the Earl of Derby, then Prime Minister, by her Majesty, (A.D. 1852).

servants in this island are disseminating, in countless millions of copies, among mankind in every quarter of the globe. Should not that of itself be a grand incentive to us, both speakers and writers, to do our best to preserve the identity of that language, by keeping its choice treasures, as models of simplicity, strength, and beauty, constantly before our eyes, and in our thoughts? Oh! let us imitate the Greeks and Romans in the noble and emulous care with which they developed and preserved their renowned languages, which have consequently come down to us in unimpaired freshness, beauty, and splendour, amidst

"The waves and weathers of time—"

come down to us in such guise, as to leave us almost in doubt which to admire more—their thought, or the exquisite language which conveys it!

I say these things only for the advantage of the younger portions of this large audience, and of those who may hereafter think it worth while to read what I am now uttering; and to them, would that I could speak trumpet-tongued on this subject, which has always lain near my heart. Let them (I mean the younger folk) believe the assertion, which will be readily supported by the greatest masters of our language, that to write English with vigour and purity is really a high, and also a rare, accomplishment: much rarer, indeed, than it ought to be, and would be, if youthful aspirants would only conceive rightly, and bear ever in mind, the importance of the object, and the efforts indispensable to secure it. This accomplishment involves, in my opinion, early and careful culture, continued attention, and sedulous practice, familiarity with the choicest models, and no inconsiderable degree of natural taste and refinement. One thus endowed and accomplished must sometimes shudder at the extent to which he may see our language vitiated by needless and injurious incorporations of foreign words and idioms, and vulgar, fleeting colloquialities, of our own viler growth, which are utterly inconsistent with the dignity of high

and enduring literature.* Any man of talent, or more especially of *genius*, (a distinction difficult to put into words, but real and great, and not in degree, but kind), who disregards these considerations, offends the genius of English letters; and indeed, let him rest assured; commits a sort of literary suicide. He may be unconsciously disgusting thousands—nay, tens of thousands, of persons competent to detect, at an indignant glance, these impertinent and vulgar departures from propriety: familiar with the finest models of ancient and modern literature; persons, in short, whose estimation constitutes the true and only pathway to posterity. If their *fiat*, or *imprimatur*, be withheld, (and it is given only after a stern scrutiny), the eager ambitious traveller will by-and-by find out, to his mortification, that he has started *without his passport*. I am not now speaking simply of the numerous professed and habitual critics of the present day, who constitute, as they ought to do, a vigilant and expert literary police, doubtlessly restraining many an intending offender; but also of the great body of readers,—ay, of either sex—who feel no inclination to express their refined criticisms in print, or become members of what are called "literary circles," which too often contain only second, third, or fourth-rate aspirants to literary reputation, none of whom experience the promptings of conscious and independent strength, and cannot stand alone, but combine, in little efforts, too often only to disparage those who can, and do. The higher class, to which I am alluding, exerts, nevertheless, an influence which may, in one respect, be compared to Gravitation, which is unseen, unheard, but irresistible; and as young writers should consider this, before they rush into a presence so

* It is one feature of Richardson's Dictionary, that he never gives words *of* this description, but those only which are supported by the carefully-selected writers, whom he cites in every instance, commencing with the close of the thirteenth, and ending with the commencement of the present century.

formidable. I hope it may not be deemed presumptuous, if one venture to express a fear whether the number of writers in the present day may not bear too great a proportion to readers; and whether, again, many of those writers do not become such, without adequate reflection and preparation. No event, no incident of any kind, of the least interest or importance, now occurs in any branch of literature, science, politics, or in the ordinary course even of domestic life, but ten thousand pens are instantly set in motion simultaneously for the press, whose swiftness unscanned battalions are forthwith at work to submit these hasty lucubrations to the public. Yet it cannot be denied that the current of our periodical literature, running alike through daily, weekly, monthly, or quarterly channels, must appear, upon the whole, to even a captious, if a competent, censor, highly creditable to an accomplished age. I can most conscientiously express my belief, that for a long time no periodical of note has been established in this country which has not disclosed the desire of its conductors to fit it for the purpose of innocent recreation and information, to readers of both sexes, and of all ages and classes. It is a fact, however, stated with concern and reluctance, that there is a poisonous growth of libertine literature*—if the last word be not indeed labelled by such a use of it—designed for the lowest classes of society, supplied, moreover, to an extent scarcely equal to the demand for it, and which exists to an extent unfortunately little suspected. I know not how this dreadful evil is to be encountered, except by affording every possible encouragement, from every quarter, to the dissemination,

* Some years ago, a notorious writer of this class, when far advanced in life, called upon me, and in the course of conversation, with tears in his eyes, deplored having prostituted his powers to corrupt the minds, and undermine the religious opinions, of his readers; and with anguished energy added, "What would I not give at this moment to annihilate everything that bears my name, and to be able to say on my deathbed, that I had left no line which, dying, I could wish to blot!"

in the cheapest practicable form, of wholesome and engaging literature. If poison be cheap, let its antidote be cheaper.

In this great and free country, public opinion must express itself *promptly* on current political events, which are from day to day treated with a degree of ability indicating the very masterly hands that are at work. In fact, I personally know several instances of contributions to the current political literature of the day, by persons whose high social rank, position, and pretensions—whose proved knowledge, ability, and celebrity, are little suspected by their readers, and whose names would insure almost universal attention and deference.

Rapidity and power largely characterise our *POLITICAL LITERATURE*; and let me also add, in a spirit of honest pride and truth, that it is very rarely defaced by personality, invasion of the sanctities of private life, or the slightest trace of immorality or licentiousness. Exceptions may possibly exist; but I defy any one to adduce instances of successful and prolonged indecorums of this description. The spirit of the age will not tolerate them, and our writers dare not, nor do they wish, to offend that just and dignified spirit.

Thus the freedom of the Press—an enormous engine in a highly civilised community, and where its action is not oppressed by the heavy hand of tyranny—is worthily used by a free, a great, and a good people, if one of the humblest may be permitted so to characterise his fellow-countrymen; and long may it so continue! And yet no nation is more subject than our own, from the very necessities of its social condition, to vivid political and polemical excitement, calling forth, or having a tendency to call forth, all the most fierce and violent passions of our nature.

Passing with this honest and unbiassed expression of opinion, from that portion of our literature which is professedly devoted to the treatment of ephemeral topics and objects, I wish to say a few words on the

writers of separate and independent works—speaking again, as in the presence of youthful aspirants to literary distinction. Let them ask themselves whether they wish that which they purposed writing, to *live*? If they do, it is really properly considered a bold aspiration: it is to elevate themselves above innumerable millions of mankind who never were, nor can, nor will, be so distinguished from their fellows. Ought not, then, the pains and effort, both in duration and intensity, to be commensurate? Rely upon it that Horace is right—

Qui studet optatam cursu coningere metam,
Multa tulit, fœtque puer, sudavit, et aluit.

Provided the aspirant believe himself intellectually fit to attempt at

superior impulses, which are powerless to inferior minds—how to select subjects of enduring interest to mankind, and then to treat them in a high and catholic spirit, so as to attract the human heart and intellect, which, let him ever bear in mind, are one and the same in all times and places, and unaffected by fleeting topics and associations, however powerfully intense for the moment. Those who were swayed by them pass away quickly and for ever. A month, a year, a generation, a century, and all trace of them, their sayings and their doings, has perished, as completely as disappears breath from the polished surface of the mirror.

Having selected a fitting subject, let him imitate the glorious devotion of those great ones of past time, whose works still glitter vividly before *our* eyes, even as they did before charmed contemporary eyes. The writers of Greece and Rome underwent a degree of heroic self-denial and labour, which, in our day, we can hardly realise; but we behold with admiration the realised and imperishable results: their transcendent performances in poetry, philosophy, history, and oratory, such as it now requires great effort and high attainments even only moderate, to understand and appreciate. Let

me mention, in passing, an incident relating to Thucydides.

When only sixteen years of age, he heard Herodotus, then not more than twenty-nine years old, recite his charming History, as was the custom, in public; and wept with the intensity of his emotions. From that moment he conceived and cherished the high ambition of becoming himself an historian; and how he ultimately acquitted himself, his noble history of the Peloponnesian war is extant to tell us; and, in doing so, to exhibit a model of history for all time to come. Such was the admiration of this great performance by Demosthenes, that he transcribed it eight times! and became so familiar with it, that he could repeat almost the whole of it!

There may, for aught any of us know, be present in this great assembly, some gifted spirit resolved on silently preparing to face posterity, to secure a literary immortality, self-denying and self-reliant, fixing an eagle eye on remote and applauding ages; calmly content to make every sacrifice, even that of contemporaneous approbation and enthusiasm. Let him not, however, despair of even this latter; for there are acute and watchful eyes ever open to scan the pretensions of real greatness—persons generously eager, for the honour and reputation of the age, to bring that greatness forward and do it homage wherever it presents itself. I would say to such a one, Hail, young candidate for future and undying renown! Bethink you, that you are treading in the steps of immortal predecessors, who, could they but speak to you, might say, Remember! Persevere! But, alas! in the special circumstances of the present age, when mind is so early and universally stimulated into action, Power may be great, but inseparably linked to Poverty, which compels it to relinquish, with a swelling heart, its proud aspiration to delight and instruct future ages, in order simply to *live*—to *exist*, in its own day. Well, in that case, O fettered, harassed, and noble spirit! look proudly inward! Consider how the

Deity has distinguished you by His endowments; and how with cheerful reverence and submission to Him and to His will, which is guided by inscrutable wisdom, in this, to you, apparently hard dispensation. Your present position is perfectly known to Him who could change it in the twinkling of an eye, and may do so. In the mean time, regard Him steadfastly as the *Father of Lights, from whom descends every good and perfect gift*; and persuade your heart that the Father will not forget his son.

Before quitting this topic, suffer me to say one word most earnestly to deprecate undervaluing the inestimable advantages of a classical education. Those in the present day most keenly and bitterly appreciate this remark, who are experiencing the practical consequences of a want of classical education. What are they to do, in either public or private society, when allusions and quotations are made, which, however erroneous and absurd, they cannot detect or rectify—however apposite and beautiful, they cannot appreciate? They appear, necessarily, vulgar, inglorious mutes. And further than this, how can they really master a language which, like our own, is so largely indebted to those of Greece and Rome? The finest writers and speakers in the present and former times, have been those most richly imbued with classical literature, which had at once chastened and elevated their taste, and made it impossible for them to stumble into coarseness or vulgarity. Great natural powers, aided by much practice, may undoubtedly enable their possessor to make right eloquent use of his mother tongue; but he is never safe from disclosing the absence of early classical culture; and were his time to come over again, would strain every nerve to acquire such precious advantages. From the moment that such notions become in the ascendant, that early classical education is a superfluity, the links which bind the intellect of age after age to those of Greece and Rome are snapped asunder. From that moment refined taste will disap-

pear; and, moreover, the best school for training the youthful intellect to early and exact habits of thought and expression, will be irrecoverably lost.

—A fox was once advised to get rid of his tail, by a friend, who gave him many convincing reasons for dispensing with so troublesome, ungraceful, and useless an appendage; but all of a sudden, the first-mentioned fox discovered that his astute and eloquent companion had, somehow or another, contrived to lose his own tail. I thought of this some years ago, when listening to a well-known orator of the day, volubly declaiming against the folly of a classical education, of which almost every word he was uttering showed himself to be totally destitute.

Another feature of the literature of the age, is the immense and incessant multiplication of ELEMENTARY works in every department of knowledge. On this, two remarks may be offered: First, the best often indicate a great advance on those of former days, and a high appreciation of the principles which ought to regulate the communication of knowledge to learners. Secondly, the common run seem sometimes to show, in the authors or compilers, teachers who have scarcely finished being learners; and not unnaturally imagine that that which so recently seemed novel and difficult to themselves, must needs be so to all other learners, and yet have missed the notice of all other teachers. Such an incessant supply, however, must, in some degree, indicate a corresponding demand; and that is of itself a cheering sign of the times. Whoever has made an honest and creditable effort to disseminate pleasing and useful information, has so far deserved well of the age in which he lives, and has contributed, however humbly, his share in its advancement. How can he tell how many persons he may have delighted and instructed, and beguiled away from ruinous intemperance and profligacy?

Some persons complacently call the present a superficial age; but I, for one, am not presumptuous enough thus to characterize, if not slander, the

times in which we live. Such observations often proceed from a shallow flippancy, unworthy of serious attention. Those, however, who may properly be charged with pluming themselves unduly on the possession of mere elementary knowledge, perhaps too hastily acquired, it may be well to apprise of an observation of Locke, worthy to be written in letters of gold, and to be ever before the eyes of those now alluded to. "In the sciences, every one has so much as he really knows and comprehends. What he believes only, and takes upon trust, are but shreds, which, however well in the whole piece, make no considerable addition to his stock who gathers them. Such borrowed wealth, like fairy money, *though it were gold in the hand from which he received it, will be but leaves and dust when it comes to use.*"*

Knowledge of various kinds is now diffused over a vast surface; and through indolence, or inability from various causes, great multitudes are content with the glittering surface. They may be compared to tourists, crowding eagerly and gaily to the frontiers, but never even dreaming of penetrating into the interior, of Science.

I shall say nothing of the great number of SERMONS AND RELIGIOUS publications, which make their almost daily appearance, and presumably indicate, by their continuance, a proportionate demand for them. For my own part, I rejoice to see religious truth set forth in every imaginable form and variety in which it may present itself to devout and discreet minds; especially by those who are trained as our religious teachers, and evince, by what they write, a due sense of their high and holy mission, by candour, moderation, sincerity, and piety. I read, and always did read, largely in this direction—both our old writers of divinity, and those of our own day; than

whom, I am sure that none will be readier than themselves to say of their great predecessors, *there were giants in those days*. And of our living divines it may be said with truth, that they address themselves with great ability and learning, especially to theological exigencies which did not exist, at least in their present form, in the times of their foregoers.

Amiable feelings, and a facility of publishing, precipitate upon us a sort of deluge of BIOGRAPHY. People's "*Lives*" are now, it is to be feared, written too often without the slightest regard to their pretensions to be distinguished by such posthumous notice; and I doubt whether this may not be a secret source of some little that is affected and factitious in modern individual character. I mean, whether men, women, and even children, do not sometimes act and speak with a view to their little sayings and doings being chronicled in flattering terms after their decease. In truth, there are very few people indeed, with whose lives and character any reasonable person can feel the faintest desire to be made acquainted. When a great man dies, let his life be written, but let it also be written *greatly*. If not at all, or imperfectly, the age, or the biographer, suffers, and is disgraced; for a great memory has been slighted, or degraded. Take, for instance, the resplendent character of him whom the nation, with the eyes of all other nations upon it, so lately buried with reverent affection.

I witnessed that great burial: and methinks the scene of solemnity and grandeur rises again before my eyes. I can conceive nothing more calculated than was that transcendent spectacle profoundly to affect the heart and the imagination of a philosophical beholder. There was to be seen the chivalry of the world, shedding tears round a mighty fellow-warrior's coffin, which was descending gently for ever from their eyes, amidst melting melody, into the grave where *the worm* is now *feeding sweetly*† upon all that was mortal, of Arthur Duke of

* *Essay on the Human Understanding*, book i. c. d. § 23. "So much," says this great man, "as we ourselves consider and comprehend of truth and reason, so much we possess of real and true knowledge." *The stating of other men's opinions in our brains, makes us not one jot the more knowing, though they happen to be true.*—Id. ib.

† Job, xxiv. 20.

Wellington. While my tears fell, in common with those of all present, including royalty itself; while music pealed mournfully, dissolving the very soul, and the gorgeous coroneted coffin finally disappeared,* there arose before my mind's eye a kindred yet different scene—the vision of some pauper burial, simple and rude, occurring perhaps at that very moment: the burial of some aged forlorn being,† whose poverty-stricken spirit was at length safely housed where *the weary are at rest*: the poor dust unattended, save by those whose duty was to bury it—without a sigh, without a tear, with no sound but a reverend voice, and the gusty air; and no prolonged ceremonial. In the world of spirits, both these might already have met—the warrior-statesman and the pauper, each aware of the different disposal of the dust he had left behind! Thus are we equally unable to evade death, to conceal or disguise its true and awful character. *One event happeneth to all*‡ The word spoken on high, and great and mean are beside each other in the same darkness, with the same event before them.

Pardon this digression, for a moment, concerning so great, and so recent an event: one to be witnessed once only—not in a lifetime only, but perhaps in many ages.

To write the life of our immortal Wellington, to produce a *portraet is del.* would worthily occupy ten, ay, or even twenty years of the life of a highly-qualified biographer; to preserve a mighty individuality, and not lose it amidst glittering multifariousness of detail. To present Wellington to posterity, as alone posterity is likely, or concerned, to look at him, a great effort must be made to disengage him from, and indeed obliterate, all traces of mere circumstance, ex-

* It was affecting to see the present Duke of Wellington gently extend his hand to touch his illustrious father's descending coffin.

† At the remote village in which Lord Byron lies buried, a friend of mine recently saw, on a page of the Register, near that which contained an entry of the noble poet's burial, another thus: "An old man: a stranger: name unknown."

‡ Eccles. ii. 14.

cept where essentially indicative of idiosyncrasy, however interesting to contemporaries. His biographer ought to feel that he is really at present, and for some time to come, *too near* the greatness which has gone from us; and should, therefore, strive to place himself at least half a century, or a century, in advance of the age in which he lives. But, who now has the patient self-denial, shall I also say, the leisure, to do this? Is there, indeed, any encouragement to make the effort? Or does an indolent and prurient love of *gossip* vitiate the taste of both readers and writers of biography—encouraging the latter to trifle with the memory of the dead, and the intellect of the living?*

I would recommend any young aspirant to biographical distinction to read, and meditate upon, the chief existing models of that delightful and instructive class of writings—models in respect of the fitting subject, and the strength and beauty with which that subject is invested by their writers. Let him then ask himself, is *my* subject worthy of occupying the public attention, likely to interest posterity; and, if it be, am I capable of doing justice to his character and memory? And have I the requisite means and opportunity? I cannot quit this topic without expressing a thought which has often occurred to me, that the dead of our days, could they reappear among us for a moment, have grievous cause to complain against their survivors. The instant that those dead have disappeared, almost every act of their life, even of a private and confidential nature, is formally submitted to the scrutiny of often a harsh-judging public, not acquainted with the precise circumstances under which those acts were done—those letters, for instance, written—which become thenceforth the subjects of unsparing comment and sometimes injurious speculation! I have heard an eminent person say, when conversing on this subject, "For my part, I now take care to write no letters that may not be proclaimed on the housetops—and am very cautious whom I take into

my confidence." Is this unreasonable, or unnatural?

Perhaps, however, the most conspicuous feature of the literature of the age, is to be seen in the department of PROSE FICTION. There can be no difficulty in pointing to the great name of Sir Walter Scott as one destined, in all probability, to attract the admiring eyes of distant ages, unless, indeed, our language fail, or the taste and genius of future times altogether alter. He was a wonderful person; and has left in our imaginative literature the traces of giant footprints, such as none dare even attempt to fill. All his contemporaries and successors, down to the present time, he "doth bestride, like a Colossus." Of this great genius it may be proudly said, that he never wrote a line which had the slightest tendency to licentiousness: and, moreover, that there is not a trace of vulgarity in any of his often dazzling and entralling, but not equal compositions, all of which emanated from the pen of the highly-finished scholar and gentleman. This class of writing, for certain reasons of my own, unimportant to any one else, I feel extreme delicacy and difficulty in touching, or even glancing at. To criticise contemporaries, and, by way of either censure or praise, is an impertinence of which, for those reasons, I cannot be guilty; but I may be allowed to express my opinion, that during the last quarter of a century, undoubtedly, and high, and very peculiar genius has been displayed in this fascinating department of literature. It may, at the same time, be admissible to express, most respectfully, a suspicion whether, in the opinion of future competent judges, it would be held that sufficient pains have been taken, in the present day, to construct a Fiction on a durable basis; and whether there are, consequently, many that have sufficient vitality to bloom in the atmosphere—shall I say it?—of the next succeeding century. It has always appeared to me, that to construct a durable Fiction is really a more difficult task, and requires much more original power, and far greater know-

ledge and taste, time, and consideration, than seems to be sometimes supposed. Let any one carefully consider the conception, plan, and execution, of those three imperishable masterpieces, *Don Quixote*, *Gil Blas*, and *Tom Jones*; and I shall be much mistaken if he will not concur in the observation which I have ventured to make.

The continuous and even increasing demand for this class of writings, both in our own country, on the Continent, and in America, is truly astonishing. I doubt whether anything of the kind is written, however humble its pretensions, which is not read by hundreds; while those of a higher, and the highest order, and the productions of persons of established reputation, are eagerly read by many hundreds of thousands of persons, perhaps ultimately by even millions, in almost every class of society. If this be so, how great is the responsibility cast upon those possessing the power of writing such works! What incalculable evil, what incalculable good, may they not do!

And I do believe that many of the most distinguished and successful labourers in this gay crowded quarter of the literary vineyard, sincerely strive to make their writings the vehicles of high moral teaching.

It is, in fact, a class of writing which must always have charms for mankind; and it may be remarked, with humble reverence, that the sublime teachings of Him who *spoke as never man spoke*, were largely conveyed in *parables*.

The writing of HISTORY finds great favour, and enjoys unprecedented facilities, in the present age. Generally speaking, it is in the hands of very able, learned, and faithful men; and I doubt whether history ever spoke so fully and so truthfully as in the present age. To some extent this is easily to be accounted for, even independently of the personal character of our historians; and principally by the fact that so many persons now have ample opportunities for quickly detecting erroneous statements. Authentic political information of every kind is

accessible to almost everybody; and a consciousness of this fact naturally quickens the vigilance of historical writers, especially those dealing with modern and recent times. The historians of three or four centuries hence will have immense advantages over their predecessors of the present and previous ages. There is one history of the present day, which will present in all future time a great storehouse of authentic facts, constituting the record of one of the most critical periods in the history of civilised mankind.

POETRY is not *dead*, in the present busy practical age, but her voice is heard only faintly and fitfully, like the sounds of an Achan harp in a crowded thoroughfare. The hurrying passengers do not hear it, nor would care about it if they did, but now and then the sounds from that harp fall deliciously on a sensitive ear, and awake fine sympathies. The poetry of the present age is principally and elegantly conversant with *sentiment*, of which it is often a very delicate and beautiful utterance. It is questionable, however, whether flights of imagination are as bold; whether it be, or at all events show itself, as strong and original as in times gone by. Yet there are grand regions which I have often greatly wondered to see *apparently* continuing untried. Oh, transcendent and most glorious faculty, there are yet boundless scenes into which thou mayest soar as on angel wing!

There is a fine spirit of Criticism abroad, subtle, piercing, and discriminating. Specimens of this species of literature may be seen in our weekly and even daily journals, as well as in those appearing at longer intervals—compositions which may take their place beside any extant in the language; and he who expresses this opinion, has himself been occasionally the subject of rather rough criticism, which, nevertheless, cannot bias an honest judgment. On the other hand, there is a great deal of this class of writing that is hasty and flimsy, and amounting, in fact, to a mere caricature of criticism.

Our PHILOSOPHICAL literature is of

a very high order—speaking at present as far as regards style of composition; and I believe that the most distinguished foreigners, acquainted with our language, express the same opinion. Mr Dugald Stewart, a very competent judge, and one who himself wrote English with purity and force, has declared that “as an instrument of thought, and a medium of scientific communication, the English language appears to me, in its present state, to be far superior to the French.” This was said nearly fifty years ago. Since then, no one can have been familiar with philosophical compositions, especially those of the present day, without having occasion to admire the simplicity, vigour, and precision with which English is written by those communicating the profoundest researches in science. If I may be allowed to express an opinion, I should select the style of Sir John Herschel as affording a model of elegance, exactness, and strength. Some of his delineations of difficult and abstruse matters are exquisitely delicate and felicitous.

Having thus glanced at the more prominent features of the literature of the age, it may be excusable to suggest the question, whether, upon the whole, the present age is, in this respect, inferior, equal, or superior to any that has preceded it? This is a question, indeed, equally applicable to all the other branches of a subject directly or indirectly involving the intellectual development of the age; but it may nevertheless not be out of place here for an over-confident observer to cast his eye on the long roll of splendid names in every department of science and literature, prose and poetical, of days preceding our own, and in other countries as well as our own, and then modestly to ask, dare we say that we have any to set beside them? Or is the present age to be regarded as under peculiar conditions, unfavourable to the development of individual eminence and greatness? Voltaire, an author whose name one can never mention but with mingled feelings of contempt, anger, and admiration, once made this remark: “Ori-

ginal genius occurs but seldom in a nation where the literary taste is formed. The number of cultivated minds which there abound, like the trees in a thick and flourishing forest, prevent any single individual from raising his head far above the rest." But is this so? And why should it be so? Would a Plato, an Aristotle, a Newton, a Bacon, a Locke, a Leibnitz,* a Shakespeare or a Milton, a Scaliger or a Bentley, a Cervantes or a Le Sage, a Barrow or a Butler, a Chatham, a Pitt, a Fox or Burke, fail to tower above the men of the nineteenth century? The question may give rise to interesting speculations; but I shall pass them by with the observation, that one may, without presumption, venture to question the soundness of this confident *dictum* of Voltaire, who doubtless secretly hoped that he himself would be regarded as a transcendent exception to the rule which, possibly for that purpose alone, he modestly laid down.

Thus much for what may be termed the *vehicle or circulating medium* of thought; in discussing which, it was almost necessary to touch, however slightly, several of the multifarious subjects with which it is connected. May I recur to the question, Are we of the present day pigmies or giants, as compared with those who have gone before us?—or whether, taking a large average, we may be considered as below, or on a level with them? Let us reserve the matter for a future stage of our speculations; and in the mean time try to avoid a tendency to become, as Horace has expressed it, *praisers of the past* on the one hand, and, on the other, confident and vain-glorious as to the position of intellect in the present age. It may be that *there were giants in those days*—intellectual giants in the times before us; it may be that so there have always been, and that there are now. But here may be started an important and interesting question: Is the human intellect now really different from, or

greater than, that which it ever was, since we have authentically known of its existence and action? The stature of mankind is just what it was three thousand years ago, as is proved by the examination of mummies: why should it be different with their minds? The intellect of Newton, a Placc, or La Grange, may stand, says Sir John Herschel,† in fair competition with that of Archimedes, Aristotle, or Plato. But is it not also possible, and the question is a very great one, that the Almighty may have prescribed limits to the human intellect, which it never could, and never can pass, however it may have the advantage of dealing with the accumulated riches and experience of all the past intellectual action of our species, as far as its results exist, for our contemplation and guidance? Or may there exist dormant energies of the intellect, beyond all past, but not incapable of future and prodigious development?

The Intellect! But what is intellect?—and in merely asking the question, we seem suddenly sinking into a sort of abyss! Is intellect an unknown power, like Gravitation, whose existence is evidenced only by its action, while of the nature of that power we are utterly in the dark? Seven years ago I ventured, in a work incidentally dealing with such topics, to ask the following question: "Metaphysics, or mental philosophy: what shall be said upon this subject? What do we now really know of that strange mysterious thing, the *Human Mind*, after thousands of years' ingenious and profound speculations of philosophers? Has the Almighty willed that it should be so?—that the nature and operations of the mind of man, shall for ever be shrouded in mystery impenetrable, and that we shall continue at once pleasing, puzzling, and harassing ourselves, and exercising our highest faculties to the end of time, with contradictory speculations and hypotheses?" In this present month of December, I submitted this passage, for the purposes of this even-

* It was the fond object of this great philosophical genius to subvert the Newtonian system!

† *Disc. on Nat. Phil.*, p. 40.

ing, to two eminent academical teachers in England and in Scotland, disciples of different schools, of that which passes under the name of metaphysics.* One wrote to me thus:—"I can subscribe to the perplexity expressed about metaphysics, in the separate paragraph of your letter." The other told me, that he thought I had indicated the true state of metaphysical science in the present day. Then, I asked him whether he considered that we were *really* any further advanced—or whether, at least, it was generally agreed that we were further advanced, in admitted knowledge of the nature and functions of the mind, than Aristotle was—that is, upwards of twenty-two centuries ago? He considered for a moment, and replied in the negative!—adding, "We may think that we are, but that is not my opinion." I then asked the same question of my other friend, and he wrote as follows—"I am afraid that very few substantial advances have been made in psychology, since the days of Aristotle. Perhaps more people know something of the human mind than knew anything about it in his time, but I doubt whether any man of the present day knows more about it than he knew!"

What opinion would Plato and Aristotle form, of the existing state of metaphysical science in this country and Germany, if they could rise from their long sleep to scrutinise it? On how many great points would they find their philosophical successors of—let us say—the last two centuries, *agreed*? And on which of them would either Plato or Aristotle be forced to acknowledge that their own speculations had been subverted by demonstrative strength? What new facts and phenomena would be presented to them in mental science? Who shall

* This word is a barbarous compound by the Scholasticism of the words *τὰ μὲν καὶ φυσικά*, which were used by the editors of the extant works of Aristotle, to designate his abstract reasonings and speculations concerning the original causes of existence, without relation to matter, and which, they were of opinion, should be studied "after his Physics," *τὰ μὲν καὶ φυσικά*, or treatises on Natural Philosophy.

be our spokesman, of dead or living metaphysicians, from Descartes, Locke, Malebranche, and Leibnitz, down to Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel? What a ghostly wrangling might we expect to hear! What would be the result? Would the elder disputants claim the later as disciples; or these prove that their predecessors had been altogether and absurdly in the wrong?

But, you will reasonably ask, is it, then, really so? A few minutes' conversation with the first professed or acknowledged metaphysician whom you meet, however he may at first dispute it, will prove the existence of the fact, that the very elements of the science at this moment are floating about in extreme uncertainty. Ask him—what he means by *mind*?—is it material or immaterial? What does he understand by matter?—does it exist, or not? Is thought the functional result of physical organisation, or the action of a separate spiritual existence? If so, how is it united with, or what are its relations to, matter? How does it stand with relation to the external world? Nay—is there any external world at all?† What is the nature of the mind's internal action?‡ What is consciousness? What is perception, and what are its media? What are ideas?—are they, or are they not, innate?‡—for this grand question

† Bishop Berkeley, an exquisite metaphysical genius, brought profound reasonings in support of his opinion, that our belief in the reality of an external world, is totally unfounded!

‡ "Innate ideas" signify those notions, or impressions, supposed to have been stamped upon the mind from the first instant of its existence, as contradistinguished to those which it afterwards gradually acquires from without. Locke undertook to demonstrate that ideas are not innate: and the dispute has the greatest names arrayed on each side. There is one remark on the subject, made by Bishop Law, the patron of Dr Paley, and a zealous partisan of Locke, which has always appeared to me worthy of attention: "It will really come to the same thing with regard to the moral attributes of God, and the nature of virtue and vice, whether the Deity has implanted these instincts and affections in us, or has framed and disposed us in such a manner—has given us such power, and placed us in such circumstances—that we must necessarily acquire them"—*Laws of God*. 2P. 79 (note).

is, and even in our own country, still the subject of dispute! What constitutes personal identity? And so forth: everything proving the more unsettled the further you push your way into the darkness and confusion worse confounded than that out of which you had gone. The distinguished metaphysician to whom I last alluded, a subtle, original, and learned thinker, wrote to me thus, the other day: "The science of the human mind, as hitherto cultivated, is a poor, unedifying pursuit: we seek to isolate the mind from the things with which it is occupied—the external world, and to study that mind in its isolation. But that is impracticable. We instantly lose our footing. We get among abstractions, darkness, and nonentity. How do you know, begins to ask the puzzled inquirer, that we have a *mind* at all? Why cannot a *body* be so constituted, as to think, and feel, and love, and hate? He is perhaps answered, that the opinion in favour of a *mind* (you know that, I am a zealous anti-materialist) is at any rate more probable. The science of the human mind, then, according to this, is the science of something which only *probably* exists! A fine science that must be, which deals with something which *perhaps* does not exist!"

Here is a picture of existing metaphysical science! It is, in truth, only a reflection of some of the myriad dark shadows of all past speculation; and shall it be said that it bears a similar relation to the future? Metaphysics are called a science: and yet its main questions are—"What are the questions!" It deals with being, and its conditions, and yet cannot say what *being* is: and, indeed, I doubt whether it can be truly given credit for possessing one single grand truth, universally recognised as such. In short, metaphysics are to each particular mind what it chooses to make them; though undoubtedly these exertations have a tendency to sharpen its faculties. A whole life of an ingenious rational being may be occupied in these pursuits—however irritating it may be to fond metaphysicians to be

told so—without the acknowledged acquisition of a single *fact*, of one solitary, practical, substantial result. He has been doing, all the while, little else than amusing himself with a sort of mental kaleidoscope, or gazing at a series of dissolving views. He has been floundering on from beginnings in which nothing is begun, to conclusions in which nothing is concluded!

It would seem, however, that new forces are now being brought into the field, and magnetism and electricity, whether one and the same force, or different, are destined to dissolve our difficulties. According to one *quasi* philosopher, man's body is a *magnet*,* mysteriously communicating with other bodies, and external objects, without any *visible* medium; and this discovery is destined, say the professors of the new science, to cast a new light on the nature of being, of life, death, sleep, spirit, matter—and *theology*! Apparently one of our own countrymen has anonymously announced the exhilarating discovery, that man is a mere electro-chemical machine, in common with all the lower animals, of what sort or size whatsoever! "The mental action," quoth this sage, "is identical, except in

* "Mesmer," says Tennemann, in his *Manual of the History of Philosophy*, "discovered, or rather re-discovered, the existence of a new force—a universally diffused power similar to attraction and electricity, permeating and acting on all organised and unorganised bodies." Some view it simply as "a nervous fluid;" while others resolve certain recent alleged phenomena of natural and artificial somnambulism, to "the power of the mind acting directly on the organisation;" whence we have lately heard of "two new sciences—Nouro-Hypnology, and Electro-Biology." Professor Eschemayer admits the existence of "an organic ether," spread everywhere, and subtler than light; and with this view "connects his mystical and spiritual metaphysics." Dr Passavant "shows the intimate and important relation between the science and the sublimest sentiments of religion!" and Dr Ennemoser can trace "the connection and distinction of the highest degree of Mesmerism, and—*Miracles*!" What will be said of these things, a few centuries hence? Shall we be laughed at for laughing at them—if our age do laugh at them? Or does a discriminating philosophy detect in action, amidst a mass of absurdity, and even fraud, startling indications of physical truth?

degree: it may be imponderable and intangible—the result of the action of an apparatus of an electric nature”—I am quoting his words—“a modification of that surprising agent which takes magnetism, heat, and light, as other subordinate forms: electricity being almost as metaphysical as ever mind was supposed to be. . . . Mental action passes at once into the category of natural things; its old metaphysical character vanishes in a moment, and the distinction between physical and moral is annulled.”* There is a stride indeed!—the stride, to be sure, of an impudent child. According to him, my friends, we in this hall may behold in ourselves a choice assortment of electrical machines—quaintly conceiving themselves responsible beings!—I, giving out the sparks, chemically or mechanically—I do not exactly know or care which—and you looking on and listening to their crackling sound, with electrical sympathy and complacency! What will be the next stage of this wondrous development? It is hard to treat these things gravely; yet they have been, and are, widely and sedulously disseminated in the present day, in this country—in this, the nineteenth century! With what object? And what measure must have been taken, by those who do so, of the intellect of the age?

How refreshing is it to recollect, amidst all these results of never-ending, and often impious trifling with the grandest subjects with which man can concern himself, the sublime and authoritative declaration of Holy Scripture, *There is a spirit in man; and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding!*†

What, therefore, shall we conclude?

* “If mental action be electric,” says the anonymous and very quaint writer alluded to—the author of *The Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*: “the proverbial quickness of thought—that is, the quickness of the transmission of sensation and will—may be presumed to have been brought to an exact admeasurement! . . . Mental action may accordingly be presumed to have a rapidity equal to 192,000 miles in the second!—*i. e.* the quickness with which the electric agent, light, travels!” † Job, xxxii. 8.

That mind remains, at present, whatever revelations may be in store for future times, the great insoluble mystery it ever was, so far as relates to its constitution and mode of action? That we have no evidence of its faculties being greater, or less, now, than they ever were; and that, judging merely from the past, we have no grounds for expecting alteration for the future? It may be, that such knowledge is too high for us, and that for wise purposes we cannot attain to it, and that the absence of it does not affect the object with which man was placed upon the earth—I am myself strongly disposed to think that every person who has meditated upon the operations of his own mind, has occasionally, and suddenly, been startled with a notion that his mind possesses qualities and attributes of which he has nowhere seen any account. I do not know how to express it, but I have several times had a transient consciousness of mere ordinary incidents then occurring, having somehow or otherwise happened before, accompanied by a vanishing idea of being able even to predict the sequence. I once mentioned this to a man of powerful intellect, and he said, “So have I.” Again—it may be that there is more of truth than one suspects, in the assertion which I met with in a work of Mr de Quincey’s, that *forgetting*—absolute forgetting—is a thing not possible to the human mind. Some evidence of this may be derived from the fact of long missed incidents and states of feeling suddenly being reproduced, and without any perceptible train of association. Were this to be so, the idea is very awful; and it has been suggested by a great thinker, that merely perfect memory of everything, may constitute the *great book* which shall be opened in the last day, on which man has been distinctly told that the secrets of all hearts shall be made known; *for all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do.*‡

Man’s mind, I must take the liberty of repeating, is indeed a mystery to

‡ Heb. iv. 13.

him. In the mean time, ^{let} restless metaphysical speculators go on, if they please, amusing and puzzling each other with theories and hypotheses to the end of time; only, my friends, let not ourselves be drawn within their meshes, but consider whether life, thought, *and the sense of responsibility*, have not been given to us for infinitely wiser and greater purposes, however awfully mysterious, than to exhaust our faculties in endless and nugatory inquiries. Investigations of this kind, nevertheless, are not in all points of view to be deprecated, but may possibly be attended with morally beneficial results. "It is of great use to the sailor," says Locke, "to know the length of his line, though he cannot, with it, fathom all the depths of the ocean. It is well he knows that it is long enough to reach the bottom, at such places as are necessary to direct his voyage, and caution him against running upon shoals, that may ruin him. Our business here is to know, not all things, but those which concern our conduct. If we can find out those measures whereby a rational creature, put in that state in which man is in this world, may, and ought, to govern his opinions and actions depending thereon, we need not be troubled that some other things escape our knowledge."* And, finally, be it observed, that we have no authority from revealed religion, for repressing

what are called metaphysical speculations, however little direct encouragement it may afford them;—and, even if their result be only to prove their futility, that, of itself, constitutes a signal fact.

It will be observed that I have been hitherto dealing with the so-called science of the mind, simply as the subject of human speculation. How REVELATION deals with man, physically, mentally, and morally, remains to be seen. Contenting ourselves for the present, with the undoubted *existence* of intellect, and its action, somehow or other; and postponing the consideration of the cognate subject of ethics, or moral science, it may not possibly be deemed presumptuous if one venture to express an opinion, that the intellect of the present age appears, *ceteris paribus*, in as high a state of general development as has been known on the earth, and that it may even be doubted whether there be not now among us—I speak of ourselves and other civilised nations—men of an intellectual strength approaching that of the most illustrious of our recorded species. But in saying this, I rely only on the evidence afforded by the recent progress and the present state of *physical science*. If we have made, as I feel compelled to think is the case, no real advance in psychological science for ages, how vast has been that of physical science, within the last half, or even quarter of a century!

Go back for a moment, in imagination, to the times when this earth was thought the fixed centre of the universe and an extended plane,† the heavenly bodies mere glittering specks revolving round it!—when Thales, a great philosopher, one of the seven wise men of Greece, conceived anibet to have an *inherent soul* or essence, which, awakened by friction, *went forth*

* *Essay on the Human Understanding*, book i. ch. i. § 6. A little further on, this profound thinker thus admirably proceeds:—"Men extending their inquiries beyond their capacities, and letting their thoughts wander into those depths where they can find no sure footing, it is no wonder that they raise questions, and multiply disputes; which never coming to any clear resolution, are proper only to continue and increase their doubts, and to confirm them against in perfect scepticism. Whereas, were the capacities of our understandings well considered, the extent of our knowledge once discovered, and the horizon found which sets the bounds between the enlightened and dark parts of things—between what is, and what is not, comprehensible by us—men would perhaps, with less scruple, acquiesce in the avowed ignorance of the one, and employ their thoughts and discourse with more advantage and satisfaction in the other."

† This notion is not yet apparently banished from among ourselves even. "I remember," says the present Astronomer-Royal, "a man in my youth—my friend was in his inquiries an ingenious man, a sort of philosopher—who used to say he should like to go to the edge of the earth and look over."—*AIRY'S Lectures on Astronomy*, p. 46, 2d edit., 1848.

and brought back the light particles floating around (such were his ideas of its electrical qualities!)—when the great Aristotle taught that the heavenly bodies were bound fast in spheres which revolved with them round our earth—the bodies themselves being motionless—the first sphere being that in which the fixed stars are placed; then the five planets; the sun; and, next to the earth, the moon: the earth itself being at rest, and the centre of the universe! But time would fail me to recapitulate these marks of what we call primitive simplicity; and your memories will quickly suggest them, far lower down than to the times of astrology and alchemy. How stand we now? Little though we know, by our own research and reasonings, concerning our own inner man, what have we not come to know of the world in which we live, and our physical relations to it; of the wonderful structures of ourselves, animals, and vegetables; of the glorious heavens around and about us? Man is indeed a wonder to himself, and lives amidst an incomprehensible and ever-increasing wonder. Let us merely glance, for a moment, at one or two of the leading features of modern physiology, of chemistry, mechanics, astronomy, and geology.

The whole earth has been converted into man's observatory; in every part of which he is incessantly, simultaneously, and systematically at work, and communicating, and comparing, each with the other, their results. What would Aristotle say, Lord Bacon standing by with gladdened heart, were he to be told of the astronomical, geological, magnetic, and physiological observations, researches, and experiments at this moment going on in every quarter of the globe to which adventurous man can penetrate; observations and experiments conducted by those who act strictly in concert, and in rigorous adherence to universally recognised rules and principles of inquiry and experiment? That the greatest intellects of the age are ever at work, patiently methodising, combining, and comparing, the results thus obtained, and deducing from them

inferences of the last importance? What relation do ages of our past history bear to a single year thus spent?

We have thoroughly dissected, for instance, the human and almost all known animal structures—those of the present tenants of every element; correcting innumerable errors, and developing extensive and important relations and analogies. The result is, to overwhelm, and almost crush our small faculties with the evidences of transcendent wisdom and beneficence. The subdued soul can only murmur, *Mirrellous are Thy works, and that my soul knoweth right well!*

A word about anatomy, human and comparative, with reference to some recently promulgated conclusions of deep significance and interest.

The human structure seems to have been nearly exhausted anatomically, even as far as relates to the nerves, except, perhaps, as to microscopical researches, now being actively prosecuted, and with very important results. This remark, however, applies only to the facts of human anatomy: on the significance or meaning of those facts, quite a new light seems dawning. Man now, by his own researches, finds that he is indeed, as God had ages before told him, *fearfully and wonderfully made*; and the enlightened and pious philosophy of the present day recognises as a fact, on the authority of revelation, which has recorded it in language of ineffable awe and sublimity, that the human species came upon this planet solely in virtue of a direct act of creation by the Almighty. *God created man in His own image—in the image of God created he him. And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.* "He did not merely possess it," observes Mr Coleridge; "he became it. It was his proper being; his true self; the man in the man. All organised beings have life in common, each after its kind. This, therefore, all animals possess, and man as an animal. But in addition to this, God transfused into man a higher-gift,

and specially imbreathed even a living—that is, self-subsisting—soul; a soul having its life in itself.”*

Philosophy reverently owns that it knows of no other clue to *beginnings*, than that thus vouchsafed exclusively and positively by revelation. In examining the human structure, however, and comparing it with that of animals in general, a new and grand evidence has lately been afforded of the unity of the divine action; supplying the last argument required, and left untouched by the famous Cudworth, to refute the old atheistic doctrine of Democritus and his followers—who, it will be remembered, resolved the existence of men and animals into the fortuitous concurrence of atoms—by demonstrating the existence, in the Divine Mind, of a pattern, or plan, prior to its manifestation in the creation of man. “The evidence,” says the great physiologist, to whom we are indebted† for this noble contribution to science and natural theology—I mean Professor Owen, who I believe has carried comparative anatomy much beyond the point at which it had been left by his illustrious predecessor Cuvier—“the evidence of unity of plan in the structure of animals, testifies to the oneness of their Creator, as the modifications of the plan for different modes of life, illustrate the beneficence of the designer.” Human anatomy has thus acquired a new interest and significance. Man is no longer regarded as though he were distinct in his anatomy from all the rest of the animal creation; but his structure is perceived to be an exquisite modification of many other structures, the whole of which have now been recognised as modifications of one and the same general pattern. Every one of the two hundred and sixty bones which may be enumerated in the human skeleton, can be unerringly traced in the skeletons of many hundred inferior animals; and the human anatomist of our day begins to comprehend the nature of his

* *Aids to Reflection*. Introduction, Aphorisms, ix.

† See *The Archetype and Homologies of the Vertebrate Skeleton*, and *On the Nature of Limbs*. By RICHARD OWEN, F.R.S. 8vo.

own structure, in a way never dreamed of by his predecessors. Thus, as it appears to me, is supplied a splendid addition to the treasures of natural theology.

“Of the unity of the Deity,” says Paley,† “the proof is the *uniformity of plan* observable in the system.” And let me interpose the remark, that every day is accumulating upon us proofs of this sublime doctrine.

“We never get amongst such original, or totally different modes of existence, as to indicate that we are come into the province of a different creator, or under the direction of a different will. . . . ‘The inspection and comparison of *living* forms add to the argument without number.’” And that, in some respects, inconceivable writer proceeds to instance a series of similitudes between all animals, which “surely bespeak the same creation and the same creator.” Thus wrote Paley just half a century ago—in 1802: had he been now living, how he would have hailed this discovery of Owen, in this our own day! I am aware that, when it was first announced, suspicions were for a moment entertained, in one or two quarters, that it tended to afford a colour to what had been called the “*Theory of Development*”?—of which I have reason to know that there is no more determined opponent than Professor Owen himself—that is, that during an endless succession of ages, one class of animals was “developed” from another. I have thought much, as far

† *Natural Theology*, chap. xxv.—“Of the Unity of the Deity.”

§ In Mr Hugh Miller’s *Old Red Sandstone*, a charming little record of his own interesting and valuable contributions to geological science, will be found some just and contemptuous observations on the *Theory of Development*, chap. iii. In speaking of Lamarck, the whimsical author, if so he may be regarded, of this same theory, Mr Miller drolly observes—“Lamarck himself, when bringing home in triumph the skeleton of some huge salamander or crocodile of the *Rias*, might indulge consistently with his theory in the pleasing belief that he had possessed himself of the bones of his grandfather—a grandfather removed, of course, to a remote degree of consanguinity, by the intervention of a few hundred thousand ‘great-greats.’”

as I am able, about this matter, and own that I see not the slightest grounds for connecting a real and great discovery with a preposterous theory—such as I believe no living philosopher of the slightest note would venture to stamp with the sanction of his authority; and even he or they, if there be more than one concerned, who have vamped up “The Vestiges of Creation,” have never ventured to affix their names to the performance. There is not, indeed, a tittle of evidence to support the derogatory notion that man is the result of a change gradually brought about in any inferior animal. It is simply a gratuitous absurdity—a repetition of one long exploded—that animals, when placed in new circumstances, *alter*, and are then capable of propagating such alteration; that if new circumstances be only given time enough to operate, the changes may be such as to constitute a new series! This old nonsense has been recently revived and spuriously decked out with the spoils of modern science, so as to arrest the attention of the simple for a moment; only, however, to be quickly repudiated by even them, and then again forgotten, but doubtless to be again reproduced out of the

“Iambic large and broad, since called,
The Paradise of Fools.”*

When the exposure of its absurdity has been forgotten—reproduced as one of the persevering but abortive efforts of infidelity, to subvert the foundations of morality, social order, a future state, and the belief of a personal superintending Deity governing his creatures with reference to it.

I cannot quit this branch of the subject without bringing before you a recent, and a most interesting and splendid illustration of the pitch to which comparative anatomy has reached in this country—one which renders its conclusions absolutely inevitable. The incident which I am about to mention exhibits the result of an immense induction of particulars in this noble science, and bears no faint analogy to the magnificent astronomical

calculation, or prediction, whichever one may call it, presently to be laid before you.

Let it be premised that Cuvier, the late illustrious French physiologist and comparative anatomist, had said, that in order to deduce from a single fragment of its structure, the entire animal, it was necessary to have a *tooth*, or an entire articulated *extremity*. In his time, the comparison was limited to the external configuration of bone. The study of the *internal* structure had not proceeded so far.

In the year 1839, Professor Owen was sitting alone in his study, when a shabbily-dressed man made his appearance, announcing that he had got a great curiosity which he had brought from New Zealand, and wished to dispose of it to him. Any one in London can now see the article in question, for it is deposited in the Museum of the College of Surgeons in Lincoln's Inn Fields. It has the appearance of an old marrow-bone, about six inches in length, and rather more than two inches in thickness, *with both extremities broken off*; and Professor Owen considered, that to whatever animal it might have belonged, the fragment must have lain in the earth for centuries. At first he considered this same marrow-bone to have belonged to an ox—at all events to a quadruped; for the wall or rim of the bone was six times as thick as the bone of any bird, even the ostrich. He compared it with the bones in the skeleton of an ox, a horse, a camel, a tapir—and every quadruped apparently possessing a bone of that size and configuration; but it corresponded with none. On this he very narrowly examined the surface of the bony rim, and at length became satisfied that this monstrous fragment must have belonged to a *bird*!—to one at least as large as an ostrich, but of a totally different species; and consequently one never before heard of, as an ostrich was by far the biggest bird known. From the difference in the *strength* of the bone, the ostrich being *unable* to fly, so must have been *unable* this unknown bird: and so our anatomist came to

* *Paradise Lost*, book iii.

the conclusion that this old shapeless bone indicated the former existence, in New Zealand, of some huge bird, at least as great as an ostrich, but of a far heavier and more sluggish kind. Professor Owen was confident* of the validity of his conclusions, but could communicate that confidence to no one else, and notwithstanding attempts to dissuade him from committing his views to the public, he printed his deductions in the Transactions of the Zoological Society for the year 1839, where fortunately they remain on record as conclusive evidence of the fact of his having then made this guess, so to speak, in the dark. He caused the bone, however, to be engraved; and having sent a hundred copies of the engraving to New Zealand, in the hopes of their being distributed and leading to interesting results, he patiently waited for three years—viz., till the year 1842—when he received intelligence from Dr Buckland, at Oxford, that a great box, just arrived from New Zealand, consigned to himself, was on its way, unopened, to Professor Owen; who found it filled with bones, palpably of a bird, one of which was three feet in length, and much more than double the size of any bone in the ostrich! And out of the contents of this box the Professor was positively enabled to articulate almost the entire skeleton of a huge wingless bird, between TEN AND ELEVEN FEET in height, its bony structure in strict conformity with the fragment in question; and that skeleton may be at any time seen at the Museum of the College of Surgeons, towering over, and nearly twice the height of the skeleton of an ostrich; and at its feet is lying the old bone from which alone consummate anatomical science had deduced such an astounding reality—the existence of an enormous extinct creature of the bird kind, in an island where previously no bird had been known to exist larger than a pheasant or a common fowl!

* The paper on which he even sketched the outline of the unknown bird, is now in the hands of an accomplished naturalist in London—Mr Broderip.

In the vast and deeply interesting department of human knowledge, however, of which I am speaking, the eager inquirer is sternly stopped, as by a voice saying, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further;" and he is fain to obey. As the metaphysician is unable to tell us what constitutes the mind, so it is with the physiologist, with reference to LIFE. His most rigorous analyses have totally failed to detect what is the precise nature of that mysterious force, if one may use the word, which we designate by the word "Life!" He sees its infinitely varied modes of existence and action; but *what it is* that so exists and acts, is now as completely hidden from the highly-trained eye of the modern physiologist, as it was from the keen and eager eye of Aristotle. We cannot even conjecture its nature; except, perhaps, by vaguely suggesting electricity, magnetism, galvanism, or some such modification of ethereal force; while the high philosophy of this age regards all these as being only agents used as subtler *media* for manifesting the phenomena of life than flesh and bone, but not a whit more *life* than they. Language has been exhausted in attempting to express the various notions of it which have occurred to the profoundest of mankind. Thus Newton knew nothing of what constituted gravitation, but could tell only the laws which regulated its action. Nor, to recur for a moment to a topic already touched, do we know, nor are we able to conjecture, how the soul of man exists in conjunction with his body. That it has, however, a separate, independent, immaterial existence, being as distinct from the body as is the house from its inhabitant, and is not the mere result of physical functions or forces, but endowed with the precious and glorious gift of immortality, I suppose no one doubts, who wishes to be considered a believer in the Christian religion, or to rank as a Christian philosopher. The doctrine of materialism is not now that of the philosophical world; and I think that the number of votaries of that doctrine, never great, is fast

declining. The philosophy of the present age does not pretend to see anything impossible, or unreasonable, in the soul's absolute independence of the body, with which it is so incomprehensibly united, and from which it so mysteriously takes its departure. I again repeat, that at present I am dealing with the matter as one of only human speculation. And as man has hitherto been baffled in all his attempts to discover the nature of life, so has it been with him in respect of death. The awful question of the Almighty himself to Job remains unanswered—*Have the gates of death been opened unto thee? or hast thou seen the doors of the shadow of death?*

Is it, however, permissible to imagine some future Newton of physiology or chemistry, or both united, consciously on the verge of solving the tremendous problem, what constitutes LIFE?—agitated as Newton was when approaching the discovery of gravitation, but persevering, till at length the awful mystery lies exposed to his trembling eye!—The vitality of all human, animal, and vegetable existence, in all its modes and conditions, as absolutely demonstrable as any physical fact at present cognisable by the sense and understanding of man! One's mind falters at the contemplation. And what might be the effect, on the being of mankind, of so stupendous a discovery? With what powers would they become thenceforth invested? And is the other great question—the mind, its real nature and relations to the body—also to be in like manner settled?—and man's relations to the dread future in some measure perceptible even while in this life? It is easy to ask; but what mortal shall answer? even centuries upon centuries hence, if so long last the state of things with which man is contented! Let us, then, humbly return the point from which we started.

And we may hear the profound comparative anatomist of this our enlightened day, in surveying constantly accumulating proofs—each indicating, in every direction, the endlessness of omnipotent resources, and of the wisdom

and goodness of the ever-blessed Creator—exclaim, in the sublime language of Scripture, placed on record more than four thousand years ago: *Ask now the BEASTS, and they shall teach thee; and the FOWLS of the air, and they shall tell thee. Or speak to the EARTH, and it shall teach thee; and the FISHES of the sea shall declare unto thee: Who knoweth not in all these, that the hand of the Lord hath wrought this, in whose hand is the soul of every living thing, and the breath of all mankind.**

The generation and use of mechanical power will ever distinguish the age in which we live, not only when tested by its astonishing practical and daily-developing results, but when referred to the mental energy which has led the way to them. "Almost all the great combinations of modern mechanism," says Sir John Herschel, "and many of its refinements and nicer improvements, are creations of pure intellect, grounding its exertions upon a moderate number of very elementary propositions in theoretical mechanics and geometry." "On this head," he justly adds, "not volumes merely, but libraries, are requisite to enumerate and describe the prodigies of ingenuity which have been lavished on everything connected with machinery and engineering."† Which of us that saw that true wonder of our time, that visible and profoundly suggestive epitome and sam^e of man's doings since he was placed on this planet, the Great Exhibition of 1851—a spectacle, however, apparently passing out of the public mind without having had its true significance adequately appreciated—would not recognise as one, but still only one, and a minor, yet resplendent feature, its rich array of evidences of the truth of these remarks? There, mechanical power was seen in every known form of manifestation and application, as it is in action at this moment, "diffusing over the whole earth," to quote again this distinguished philosopher, "the productions of any part of it; to

* Job, x 7-10. • • •

† *Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy*, vol. i. p. 64.

fill every corner of it with miracles of art and labour, in exchange for its peculiar commodities; and to concentrate around us, in our dwellings, apparel, and utensils, the skill of all who in the present and past generations have contributed their improvements to the processes of our manufacture.*

Who is not, so to speak, dumb with wonder when he contemplates the agency of *STEAM* and *ELECTRICITY*? which may really be said to have altered, within a very few years, and to be every hour altering, the relations of man to his fellow-creatures and towards external nature—giving him a power over the elements, such as no human intellect in any age, in its boldest flights of speculation, ever even dreamed of his being able to acquire? Whatever may be the nature of that subtle, inscrutable, all-pervading force, which presents many of its effects to us under the various names of *Electricity*, *Magnetism*, *Galvanism*—*Electro-magnetism*, and *Magneto-electricity*; and whatever its hidden, or at all events indeterminate relations to light, heat, motion, and chemical affinity—or whether these, or any of them, are distinct affections of matter, correlative, and having a reciprocal dependence†—it is certain that our great chemists, both at home and abroad, with Faraday at their head, are patiently prosecuting profound researches, which have already been attended with splendid results, and justify us in believing that we are almost on the threshold of some immense discovery, affecting not only our whole system of physical science, but the social interests of mankind. "The agents of nature," said Sir John Herschel, some twenty years ago, "elude direct observation, and become known to us only by their effects. It is in vain, therefore, that we desire to become witnesses to the processes carried on with such means, and to be admitted into the secret recesses and

laboratories where they are effected"‡ How far God may permit the keen eye of man now to penetrate into these *arcana* of creation, who shall say?

Look at the beautiful and practical uses to which we are already able to put these mystic forces or elements—*Light* and *Electricity*. By the assistance of the latter, we may be said to have vastly altered our relation to both *Time* and *Space*. Let us look for a moment to the past, and then to the future. To the past, when mankind could communicate together orally only, and no further than voices could carry; then, as far and as fast as writing and mechanical means of transit could convey; but now, how is it? Our converse with each other is literally with lightning swiftness; under ocean,§ through the air; from one person unseen to another unseen; in different latitudes and longitudes; and, ere long, in different hemispheres! The land is rapidly being covered with a network of electric apparatus for the transmission of thought. We already communicate with ease, under the sea, with Ireland and France! The whole Continent is now nearly connected thus together. I myself, in September last, saw the electric telegraph in process of traversing the Alpine altitudes and solitudes, and could not help often pausing to think how soon those filmy conductors might be transmitting words pregnant with the fate of nations! Then I thought of one of the earliest uses to which the electric telegraph was put in this country; when the murderer's flight from the still-quivering victim of his "endish passion, was long anticipated by the dread conductors along the line by which he was swiftly travelling in fancied impunity, but only to drop,

† *Disc. Nat. Phil.*, p. 191.

* *Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy*, p. 64.

† GROVE *On the Correlation of Physical Forces*, *Classim*; and ANSTED'S *Elementary Course of Geology*.

§ Messages can now be interchanged by the submarine telegraph, between London and Paris, in thirty or forty minutes: why need it require a fourth of the time? I am told, on high authority, that it is hoped shortly to have the observatories of Paris and Greenwich in *absolutely simultaneous* action! Arago has recently stated that the only hindrances at present existing are of a temporary and local nature, in this country.

affrighted, into the arms of sternly expectant justice.*

What, again, may not by-and-by be the fruits of our present extensive and unremitting researches on the grand subject of terrestrial magnetism,† and its connection with the influence of the sun? Is it impossible, is it unreasonable, is it in any way unphilosophical, to conceive that in time there may be established new relations, of an amazing character, between our own planet and the starry system around it? I asked this question, the other day, of a distinguished philosopher, and he answered that

* The murderer Tawell

† It was, I believe, our countryman, Roger Bacon, who nearly six centuries ago first discovered the properties of the magnet in pointing to the North Pole. Mr. Faraday, our illustrious and countryman, has recently made a discovery in magnetism which has been pronounced "beyond doubt the most important contribution physical science has received since the discoveries of Newton concerning the law of force in gravitation, and the universal action of that force." It is, that those substances which the magnet cannot attract, it *repels*, and whilst those which it *does* attract arrange themselves parallel to the magnetic axis, those which it repels, arrange themselves *exactly across it*—that is, at right angles—in an equatorial direction. This is the great governing law above referred to by Mr. Ansted, and in terms by no means exaggerated. Since this paper was read, Mr. Faraday announced, in his deeply interesting Lecture at the Royal Institution, on the 21st of January 1853 the results of a long series of experiments on the action of the magnetic force, cannot be true. These results prove, in only apparent inconsistency with those obtained by the eminent German philosopher, Pöcker—that, of two or more different bodies, the most diamagnetic is more so, in relation to the others, at increasing distances from the magnet. The observations of both Faraday and Pöcker disprove the law of magnetic action being *always* inversely as the square of the distance; for there are *perhaps* cases in which that law will apply. That there is a magnetic relation between the Earth and the Sun, Mr. Faraday illustrated by the remarkable fact, that there is an *exact coincidence* between the variation of the Sun's spots, and that of the Earth's magnetism—a *decennial* change, the existence of which had been established by our distinguished countryman, Colonel Sabine, in conformity with the results of careful observation made by M.M. Schwabe and Lamont, on the corresponding variations of the Sun's spots and the magnetic needle.

such speculations were by no means visionary.

Let us pause for a moment only, to contemplate man with his two wondrous instruments—the microscope and the telescope—of which he has been in possession but two centuries, yet what has he not discovered by them? By their aid he stands trembling, astounded, between two infinitudes!—beholding, in the language of a gifted Frenchwoman, a world in every atom, a system in every star! His soul is dissolved in awe, as though he had been admitted for a moment near the presence of the Almighty Maker of the universe. His faculties are confounded, alike by contemplating the vast and the minute. Distributed everywhere throughout the world, in every element, in the internal moisture of living plants and animal bodies, carried about in the vapour and dust of the whole atmosphere of the earth, exists a mysterious and infinite kingdom of living creatures, of whose existence man had never dreamed till within the last two centuries, when his senses were so prodigiously assisted by the microscope! He now beholds, as I and many of us have beheld, a single drop of water instinct with visible, moving, active—ay, and evidently happy life, myriad-formed—every individual consummately organised by our own omniscient Maker! Within the space of a single grain of mustard-seed may be witnessed eight millions of living beings, each richly endowed with the organs and faculties of animal life! Many of them, moreover, are beautiful exceedingly, and of perfect symmetry and proportion. "Who can behold," says an eminent living microscopist, (Mr. Prichard), "these hollow living globes, revolving and disporting themselves in their native elements with as much liberty and pleasure as the mightiest monster in the deep—nay, a series of such globes, one within the other, alike inhabited,

1 Madame de Staël "Chaque monde peut-être n'est qu'une amorce et chaque atome est un monde." See also HERZIGEL'S *Desc. of Nat. Phil.* 115.

§ PRICHARD on *Infusoria*, pp. 1, 2; edit. 1852.

and their inhabitants alike participating in the same enjoyment—and not exclaim with the Psalmist: 'How wonderful are thy works, O Lord! *sought out* by all them that have pleasure therein!' * When we attempt to fix our faculties on such objects as these, we are apt to lose the control over them, and to become powerless amidst conflicting conditions of wonder and perplexity. What are the *purposes* of all these stupendous acts of creation, preservation, and incessant reproduction? And why is man permitted, and thus late in his history, these tremulous glances into infinity? The more he sees, the more assured he becomes, that what he sees must be absolutely as *nothing* to what he might see, were his faculties only a very little increased in strength. "Every secret which is disclosed, every discovery which is made, every new effect which is brought to view, serves to convince us of numberless more which remain concealed, and which we had before no suspicion of." † What has now become of our former notions of the *minute*? I cannot answer for others; but the states of mind into which the contemplation of these subjects has often thrown me, is beyond the power of description. "In wonder," finely observes Mr Coleridge, "all philosophy began, in wonder it ends; and admiration fills up the interspace. But the first wonder is the offspring of ignorance; the last is the parent of adoration. The first is the birth-throe of old knowledge; the last is its euthanasia ‡ and *apothrosis*." §

* PRICHARD ON *Inferiority*, p. 2

† Bishop HUTLER, *Sermon* xv — Upon the Ignorance of Man

‡ *Euthanasia*—*eu*, *Sanatos*—a good, an easy death—I cannot refrain from quoting a passage from good old Bishop Hall, in which this word is used very beautifully:—

"But let me prescribe and commend to thee, my son, this true spiritual means of thine happy *euthanasia*, which can be no other than this faithful disposition of the labouring soul, that can truly say, 'I know whom I have believed.'—*Balm of Gilead*."

§ *Aids to Reflection, Aphorism* ix. p. 178, edit. 1843. The aphorism is followed by a brief series of profound and instructive reflections, headed *Sequelæ*, or *Thoughts suggested by the preceding Aphorism*.

But what language is brilliant or strong enough to afford the faintest conception of man's discoveries in the heavens by means of his telescope, and the transcendent exertions of his intellect which it has called forth? Let us see if we can indicate a few results, and a very very few only, in these radiant regions.

To our naked eye are displayed, I believe, about three thousand stars, down to the sixth magnitude, and of these, only twenty are of the first, and seventy of the second magnitude. Thus far, the Heavens were the same to the ancients as they are to ourselves. But within the last two centuries our telescopes have revealed to us countless millions of stars, more and more astonishingly numerous, the farther we are enabled to penetrate into space! Every increase, says Sir John Herschel, in the dimensions and power of instruments, which successive improvements in optical science have attained, has brought into view multitudes innumerable of objects invisible before: so that, for anything experience has hitherto taught us, the number of the stars may be really infinite, in the only sense in which we can assign a meaning to the word. Those most recently rendered visible, for instance, by the great powers of Lord Rosse's telescope, are at such an inconceivable distance, that their light, travelling at the rate of 200,000 miles a *second*, cannot arrive at our little planet in less time than *fourteen thousand years*! Of this I am assured by one of our greatest living astronomers. Fourteen thousand years of the history of the inhabitants of these systems, if inhabitants there be, had passed away, during the time that a ray of their light was travelling to this tiny residence of curious little man! Consider for a moment, that that ray of light must have quitted its *dawning* source *eight thousand years* before the creation of Adam! We have no facilities to appreciate such ideas; yet are these realities, or there are none, and our fancied knowledge is illusory.

Let us here pause for one moment in our breathless flight through the

starry infinitude, and ask our souls to reflect on the Almighty Maker of all! Let us fall prostrate before Him, and ask with trembling awe, What real idea have we of His OMNIPRESENCE? He is present everywhere, for everywhere he unceasingly acts; but how this is, we feel to be inconceivably far beyond our limited faculties. *Such knowledge is, indeed, too high for us—we cannot attain to it;* but He has vouchsafed to tell us that *His throne is in heaven.* Let us learn the impious absurdity of attempting to judge of the Deity by our own notions of great or small, or possible or impossible. What were the thoughts and feelings that led La Place to atheism, we do not know; but how different was the effect of these visions of glory upon the mind of our own immortal Newton! How they expanded and elevated his conception of Almighty power and wisdom! Let his own sublime words speak for themselves: "God is eternal and infinite, omnipotent, and omniscient; that is, He endures from everlasting to everlasting, and is present from infinity to infinity. He is not eternity or infinity, but eternal and infinite, he is not duration or space, but He endures, and is present. He endures always, and is present everywhere, and by existing always, and everywhere, constitutes duration and space" *.

Returning, for a moment, to the subject which we have quitted, let us ask, with Sir John Herschel—*For what purposes* are we to suppose such magnificent bodies scattered through the abyss of space?

Again, we can now detect binary, physically binary, stars, that is to say, a primary, with a companion actually revolving round it. "Thus," says Captain Smyth,† "is the wonderful truth opened to view, that two stars, each self-luminous, and probably with an attendant train of planets, are gyrating round their common

centre of gravity under the same dynamical laws which govern the solar system; that is, not precisely like our planets round one great luminary, but where each constituent, with its accompanying orbs, revolves round an intermediate point or fixed centre! This is a great fact, and one which, in all probability, Newton himself never contemplated."

What, again, are we to say to the splendid spectacle, and what can be the conceivable condition of existence which it indicates, of richly varicoloured double stars—of ruddy purple, yellow, white, orange, red, and blue! The larger star is usually of a ruddy or orange hue—the smaller, blue or green! "What illumination," says Sir John Herschel, "*two suns*—a red and a green, or a yellow and a blue one—must afford a planet, circulating about either! And what charming contrasts and grateful vicissitudes—a red and a green day, for instance, alternating with a white one, and with darkness—might arise from the presence or absence of one or both above the horizon!"‡ What gorgeous scenes are these for the imagination of man to revel in!

Again, we have at length accomplished the feat, deemed by the greatest astronomers, till within even the last few years, absolutely impossible, of measuring the distance of a fixed star. We have accomplished this in two instances.—The nearest, one of the brightest stars in the Southern Hemisphere, is at *twenty-one millions of millions* of miles' distance; that is, its light would require three years and a quarter to reach us. The second is not nearer to us than *sixty-three billions* of miles off, and its light requires upwards of ten years to reach us. These inconceivable distances have been measured to the utmost nicety, and, as the Astronomer-Royal recently explained to a popular audience, really by means of a common yard-measure! But what proportion is there between even these enormous distances, and those of the newly-discovered stars

* From the *Scholium*, annexed to the *PRINCIPIA*.

† P. 285. * Printed for private circulation only, but presented by the eminent author, to the writer, for the purposes of this paper.

‡ HERSCHEL'S *Astronomy*, p. 395.
§ *u. Centauri* . . . || *61, Cygni*.

above spoken of, whose light requires fourteen thousand years, travelling at the rate of two hundred thousand miles a second, to reach us? It is absurd to suppose that either figures, or, indeed, any other mode of communicating ideas to the mind of man, can enable him to appreciate such distances.

Again, man, little man, can positively ascertain the weight of the Sun and his planets, including even the remotest—Neptune—of which I have more to say presently; and, as a matter of detail, can express that weight in pounds avoirdupois, and down even to grains! Think of man weighing the masses of these wondrous, enormous, and immensely distant orbs!

Again, are we really aware of the rate at which we, on our little planet, are at this moment travelling in space, in our orbit round the sun? I have, within the last few days, put one of our best practical astronomers to the trouble, which he most courteously undertook, of computing our rate of transit through space in our journey round our central luminary; and here I give you his results. While I was journeying yesterday from London to Hull—some 200 miles—the planet, on which we were creeping by steam-power, had travelled some 410,000 miles through space! So that we are, while I am speaking, “whirling along, without being in the least physically sensible of it, at the rate of upwards of 68,000 miles an hour*—more than a thousand miles a minute—and ninety miles between two beats of a pendulum, or in a second of time. I ask again—*Do we ever attempt to realise such bewildering facts?*

Nor is this all.—I may surprise some present by assuring them that the earth is believed, by all our great astronomers, to have at this moment, not two motions only, but *three*!—

* While the earth moves 68,805 miles an hour, Mercury moves more than 100,000 miles; whence chemists use his symbol to denote quick-silver. While we are disposed to regard this as a rapid motion round the sun, what must the inhabitants of Neptune, who travel only three and a half miles a second, think of us, who are whirling round the sun six times the speed of Neptune?

one round its axis, which we can make evident to the very eye, † another round the sun; but what of the *third*? A most remarkable, and equally mysterious fact, that the sun and all his planets are moving with prodigious velocity, through space, at the rate of a hundred and fifty millions of miles a-year, towards a particular point in the heavens, a star [λ] in the constellation Hercules! “Every astronomer who has examined the matter carefully,” says the present Astronomer-Royal, “has come to the conclusion of Sir William Herschel, that the whole solar system is moving bodily towards a point in the constellation Hercules!” ‡

What means this? and how can we sufficiently estimate the critical and refined observations and calculations by which the fact is established? If we be thus sweeping through the heavens, the constellations must be altogether altered to the eyes of our remote posterity, who may thereby be disabled from appreciating the language in which we spoke of them, or the imaginable resemblances which we assigned to them. And dare one dream for a moment of our little globe being ordained to encounter obstruction in its pathway, and being suddenly split into fragments by some huge orb, or inflicting a similar fate on one as small as, or smaller than, itself? Splendid stars have suddenly appeared, and as suddenly disappeared from the heavens, leaving us no means whatever of conjecturing the cause of these phenomena?

Again, the sun, §—which we feel,

† By the experiment of M Foucault with the pendulum.

‡ Lectures on Astronomy, 2d edit. 1849.

§ On the evening of the 11th November 1572, Tycho Brahe, the great Danish astronomer, on returning from his laboratory to his dwelling-house, was surprised to find a group of country folk staring at a star, which he was certain had not existed half an hour before. It was so bright as to cast a perceptible shadow. It surpassed Jupiter at his brightest, and was visible at mid-day. In March 1574, it disappeared totally and for ever. Is there not here an infinite field for conjecture? And this is by no means the only similar instance of the kind.

¶ I am informed by an astronomical friend, that the most recent observations confirm

which we see, and observe; which dazzles us every day; which rises and sets, as we say, magnificently every morning and evening—remains a profound mystery with reference to its nature, and how its supply of light and heat is maintained. “How so enormous a conflagration,” says Sir J. Herschel, “is kept up, is a great mystery, which every discovery in either chemistry or optics, so far from elucidating, seems only to render more profound, and to remove farther the prospect of probable explanation.”*

Yet once more. We are making lately, almost monthly, discoveries in the heavens, of a most remarkable character, with reference to certain small bodies known by the name of Ultra-Zodiacal planets. I have paid close attention to them, and received constant information on the subject from that able and vigilant astronomer, Mr Hind† Listen, now, to a true tale of wonder—Between the orbit of Mars and Jupiter, there is, according to an undoubted and remarkable law of progress of planetary distance in our system, a space of three hundred and fifty millions of miles. and this immense interval had no known tenants up to the commencement of the present century. But so great an *unoccupied* space was long ago found to be an interruption of this order of planetary progression of the magnitudes of the planetary orbits. a curious discovery of the Prussian astronomer Bode. After

the supposition that the sun is a black opaque body, with a luminous and incandescent atmosphere, through which the solar body is often seen in black spots, frequently of enormous dimensions. A single spot seen with the naked eye, in the year 1843, was 77,000 miles in diameter. Sir John Herschel, in 1837, witnessed a cluster of spots, including an area of 3,780,000 miles! The connection between these spots and the earth's magnetism, has been already alluded to *Ante*, p. 25, Note II.

Herschel's *Disc. on Nat. Phil.* p. 313. *Astron.* 212.

† This gentleman's recent publication, entitled *The Solar System; a Descriptive Treatise upon the Sun, Moon, and Planets, including all the Recent Discoveries*, (Orr & Co., London), 1852, is by far the best extant, for its accurate and comprehensive treatment of the subject in its most recent aspect. The price is almost nominal.

long and deep revolving of the subject, he conjectured that a planet, now wanting, must have existed in this vast interval of space, and that one night, in time, be discovered there. Imagine, therefore, the astonishment with which, during the first seven years of the present century, four little planets—Ceres, Juno, Pallas, and Vesta—were discovered, *within this very interval*, revolving in most eccentric orbits! “It has been conjectured,” said Sir John Herschel, writing about twenty years ago, “that these planets are fragments of some greater planet, formerly circulating in that interval, but which has been blown to atoms by an explosion; and that more such fragments exist, and may be hereafter discovered. These may serve as a specimen of the dreams in which astronomers, like other speculators, occasionally and harmlessly indulge.”‡ A dream? Will it be believed, that within this last seven years, no fewer than TWENTY more of these mysterious tenants of that identical interval of space have been discovered!—NINE of them within this very year, 1852—the last of them by Mr Hind, on the 18th of this present month of December! Are not these, as it were, the elements of an astronomical romance?—The orbits and motions of these little planets are all of the same character, and may be truly said to exhibit excessively complicated vagaries, such as are very likely to bring them into collision with each other! And in the opinion of astronomers, the most reasonable explanation of these astonishing phenomena is, that this zone of planets really consists of the fragments of some great one shattered by an internal convulsion! §

To what reflections does not such a possibility (and no one is entitled, as

now dispute) give rise! If the sup-

‡ *Astron.* p. 277.

§ There are now [October 1854] thirty-one of these asteroids!

“It may yet be found,” observes Mr Hind, “that these small bodies, so far from being portions of the wreck of a great planet, were created in their present state; for some wise purpose which the progress of astronomy, in future ages, may eventually unfold.”

position be true that these bodies are planetary fragments, was the globe of which they once formed part destroyed by an internal explosion, or by external collision, or in any other way, under the fiat of the Deity? Was it inhabited at the time, and by beings like ourselves? And was it their destruction? And as we cannot entertain the impious supposition that this possible result was occasioned by accident or negligence, dare we indulge in speculation as to the hidden economy of the heavens, administered by the Omniscent?

But let us now descend for a moment to our own tiny planet, to ask one or two questions concerning it. Its polar and equatorial diameters differ by only twenty-six and a half miles; and the greater of the two—the equatorial—is 7925 miles. When we talk of “descending into the bowels of the earth,” therefore, we had better use less ambitious phraseology, and consider our excavations as being, in Sir John Herschel’s language, mere scratches of the exterior only; for our deepest mines have never penetrated lower than to the ten-thousandth part of the distance between the earth’s surface and its centre.* As far as scientific researches enable us to conjecture, we shall conclude that when our earth was first set in motion,† it must have been somewhat soft, in order to have produced its present undoubted spheroidal

form.‡ But what is the real nature of the earth’s interior? Transcendental mathematics fully recognise the principle of internal fluidity or fusion; while all our actual observations point to the existence of heat in a greater degree the lower we go. M. Humboldt, indeed, tells us that, at only thirty-five miles’ distance from the earth’s surface, “the central heat is everywhere so great, that *granite itself is held in fusion!*”§ Our internal fires seem to find a vent by means of earthquakes and volcanoes.

Is this planet of ours destined, then, to share the conjectured fate of that whose fragments are still circulating in space around us, and being in such rapid succession discovered by our vigilant watchers of the heavens?

Once more, however, let us ascend into the resplendent regions which we have so suddenly quitted, in order to alight upon, and scrutinise a mere speck among them—to advert to an astronomical discovery that will for ever signalise our age, as the result of a vast stretch of human intellect, one that would have gladdened the heart of Newton himself. I allude to the discovery, six years ago, of the planet Neptune.

In the year 1781, Sir William Herschel at once almost doubled the boundaries of the solar system, by his brilliant discovery of the planet Uranus,|| at the distance of eighteen hundred

* HERSCHEL’S *Discourse*, 288.

† In one of Sir Isaac Newton’s *Four Letters to Dr Bentley*, and which are worth their weight in gold to every inquiring mind, occurs the following memorable passage. To the second question of Dr Bentley, Sir Isaac replied that the present planetary motions could not have sprung from any natural cause alone, but were impressed by an intelligent agent. “To make such a system, with all its motions, required a Cause which understood and compared together the quantities of matter in the several bodies of the Sun and planets, and the gravitating powers resulting thence; the several distances of the primary planets from the Sun, and of the secondary ones from Saturn, Jupiter, and the Earth, and the velocities with which these planets could revolve about those quantities of matter in the central bodies; and to compare and adjust all these things together, in so great a variety of bodies, argues that Cause to be not blind and fortuitous, but very well skilled in mechanics and geometry.”

In his *Optics* (Query 26) this great man asks—“How came the bodies of animals to be contrived with so much art, and for what ends were their several parts? Was the eye contrived without skill in optics, and the ear without knowledge of sounds?” Doubtless his mind had present to it the sublime question of the Psalmist: *He that plucked the ear, shall he not hear? He that formed the eye, shall he not see?*—Psalm xciv. 9.

‡ And the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.—Gen. i. 2.

§ *Kôsmos*, vol. i. p. 273.

|| Uranus was the father of Saturn; and the Prussian astronomer Bode, suggested, that as the new planet was next to Saturn, it should be called by the name of Uranus. M. La Place, however, generously insisted on its bearing the name of its English discoverer. It passed, however, by the name of the *Georgium Sidus*, in compliment to George III., the munificent patron of astro-

and twenty-two millions of miles from the sun, and travelling in his orbit in thirty thousand six hundred and eighty-six days, or fifteen thousand five hundred miles an hour. This dignified visitant has a diameter of thirty-six thousand miles, and is attended by six satellites during his eighty-four years' tour round his and our central luminary. Thus much for *Uranus*.

Many years afterwards, certain differences were observed by French and English astronomers between this planet's true places, and those indicated by theoretic calculation; and at length it was suggested that the cause might be attributed to the perturbing influence of some *unseen planet*. They thought, however, that if this were really the solution of these differences between calculation and observation, it would be almost an impossibility to establish the fact, and ascertain the unseen planet's place in the heavens. This was the deliberate opinion of M. Eugene Bouvard, one of the greatest French geometers of the day. Nevertheless, Mr. Adams, an English, and M. Le Verrier, a French astronomer, unknown to, and entirely independently of each other, commenced a series of elaborate and profound mathematical calculations, proceeding on different methods, to solve the great problem, which was thus stated by M. Le Verrier:—"Is it possible that the inequalities of *Uranus* are due to the action of a planet situated in the ecliptic, at a mean distance double that of *Uranus*? If so, *where is the planet actually situated, what is its mass, and what are the elements of its orbit?*" Our distinguished countryman, Mr. Adams, a Fellow of St John's College, Cambridge, and whom I saw receive the gold medal of the Royal Society, as some token entertained of his transcendent merits as a mathematician, had directed his attention to this matter in the year 1843—his ob-

ject being to "ascertain the probable effect of a more distant planet;" and he succeeded in obtaining an approximate solution of the *inverse problem of perturbations*; that is to say, given—certain observed disturbances, to find the positions and paths of the body producing them. In other words, the great planet *Uranus* was occasionally disturbed in his course by the attraction of an *unknown body*; and the object was to determine the fact without waiting for the visible existence of that body.

It would be vain to attempt to make the nature of these grand calculations* popularly intelligible; nor am I a mathematician enough to presume to make the attempt. These twin sons of science were supremely successful. On the 23d September 1846, the splendid stranger became visible, in diameter about forty-two thousand miles†—that is, upwards of five times that of our earth, and attended by at least one visible satellite. Neptune performs his stately journey round the sun, from which he is distant two thousand eight hundred and fifty millions of miles, in one hundred and sixty-six years, or sixty thousand six hundred and twenty-four days!

Thus not only did these two astronomers point out where this huge distant orb would be found in such immensely distant space, but weighed its mass, numbered the years of its revolution, and told the dimensions of its orbit!

Would that France and England might never again be seen in any but such glorious rivalry as they thus exhibited, in the persons of these their highly-gifted sons;—who, by the way, must be acknowledged by the unknown philosopher of whom I spoke some time ago, to have been certainly a very superb pair of electrical calculating machines!

What, however, is the above, or what

nomical science, until the year 1851, when, in the Nautical Almanac of that year, it was called by the name of *Uranus*—a change made with the disinterested concurrence of the present Sir J. Herschel, the modest son of the great discoverer. See Mr HIND'S *Solar System*, p. 119.

* Till within the last thirty years, it was considered that our English mathematicians were inferior to their continental brethren in the higher departments of mathematics; but believe it is generally admitted that the former are now equal to any in the world.

† Mr Hind says about thirty-one thousand.

are any other discoveries, when placed by the side of that of Gravitation by the immortal Newton? This, it were hardly extravagant to regard as an exercise of celestial genius, by which it seemed to have gained the true key to the motions of the whole universe. The whole material universe, says Sir David Brewster, was spread before the discoverer of this law—the Sun with all his attendant planets—the planets with all their satellites, the comets whirling about in every direction in their eccentric orbits; and the system of the Fixed Stars stretching to the remotest limits of space!*

The minds of even ordinary men expand, but at the same time droop, while contemplating such amazing and unapproachable intellectual power: as this. Dr Thomas Brown, one of the most distinguished modern Scottish teachers of mental and moral philosophy, thus speaks of Newton: "The powers and attainments of this almost superhuman genius, at once make us proud of our common nature, and humble us with a sense of our disparity. If," he continues, "the minds of all men, from the creation of the world, had been similar to the mind of Newton, is it possible to conceive that the state of any science would have been at this moment what it now is, or in any respect similar, though the laws which regulate the physical changes in the material universe had continued unaltered, and no change occurred, but in the simple original susceptibilities of the mind itself?" What a question for a speculative mind!

But it is time to ask, why are we thus wandering amid the splendid solitudes of heaven? Why, to echo a question already hinted at, has man been permitted, thus late too in his history, to make himself so far, if one may so speak, familiar with infinity? He sinks from these dazzling regions bewildered and overwhelmed;

* *Life of Newton*, p. 153. When Newton began to find his calculations verifying the sublime discovery of the law of gravitation, he became too agitated to pursue them, and postponed the completion of the details to a later day. "Who, before has any other human mind vibrated with anxieties such as these?"

as though the Finite had been paralysed by momentary contact with the Infinite, and is relieved to find himself once again upon his little native earth—his appointed home, and scene of pilgrimage and probation. Here again, however, he finds everything unexhausted, inexhaustible, accumulating upon, and overwhelming him, whichever way he turns. Yet a new light gleams upon him, while he directs his wandering eyes towards the inner portions of the crust of that earth which he had trod for so many ages, without dreaming of what was lying beneath, and destined one day to be exposed to his wondering eyes. What would have been the effect on Aristotle's mind, of our geological discoveries? Man now perceives indubitable traces of past scenes of existence, of which all his recorded history has said nothing, traces apparently reserved, in the Providence of God, to be examined and pondered in only these our own times, after so many ages of concealment. Far beneath the surface of the earth, we discover the fossilised remains of its ancient tenants, who seem to have occupied the globe at different periods—probably, too, at vast intervals, and under widely different, but perfectly appropriate, circumstances and conditions. They appear to have placed upon it at a given period, for a specified purpose, in a determined order; and having unconsciously accomplished that purpose, they mysteriously disappear, but in a wonderful order, and leave behind them the still visible and incontestable proofs of their past existence. O, how eloquent, how deeply suggestive, are these mute vouchers of past economies! instituted and sustained by one and the same Almighty Being, who, by the word of His power, upholds present existence! Many of these remains appear to us huge and monstrous; and huge and fearful they undoubtedly seem to have been, beyond any creatures inhabiting the earth within our time.—*Our time?* What do I mean? Who are we? MAN, concerning whom all geology is with

an awful significance, absolutely *si lent*, through all its centuries and ages, how continuous and remote soever they may be, since it owns that it has to deal only with times anterior to the appearance of Man upon the appointed scene of his lordship—a scene which geology shows to have been carefully prepared for him. No, not the faintest trace of his presence, his footsteps, or his handiwork, can be detected in any of the pages of this stony volume, wherever it has hitherto been opened, though examined never so minutely;—he is as absolute a stranger as though he were not at this moment, and never had been, a denizen of the planet! This negative eloquence of geology has always appeared to me profoundly suggestive. None of its researches in any part of the globe has hitherto succeeded in bringing to light one single fragment of the fossilised frame of man, in any undisturbed geological formation, by which is meant those portions of the earth's crust to which, though the most recent formations in geology, geologists assign a much higher antiquity than any reached by history. It is true that some petrified human skeletons have been found, as, for instance, in that part of the shores of the island of Guadalupe where the percolation of calcareous springs speedily petrifies everything subjected to their influence. There is a solitary specimen of a petrified skeleton, found at that island under such circumstances, now to be seen in the British Museum; and which a celebrated anatomical friend of mine regards, on account of certain peculiarities in the pelvis, as having been the skeleton of a negro. If this be so, its date must be, of course, subsequent to the discovery of Guadalupe by Europeans.* It is not, in other words, the skeleton of one of the Caribs, the original inhabitants; and cannot be more than between two and three hundred years old. One or two other human skeletons have been found, which may be similarly accounted for.

Thus, then, the new and brilliant

* A.D. 1493.

science of geology attests that man was the last of created beings in this planet. If her *data* be consistent and true, and worthy of scientific consideration, she affords conclusive evidence that, as we are told in Scripture, he cannot have occupied the earth longer than *six thousand years*.†

Sir Isaac Newton's sagacious intellect had arrived at a similar conclusion from different premises, and long before the geologist had made his researches and discoveries. "He appeared," said one who conversed with him not long before his death, and has carefully recorded what he justly styles "a remarkable and curious conversation," "to be very clearly of opinion, that the inhabitants of this world were of a short date, and alleged as one reason for that opinion, that all arts—as letters, ships, printing, the needle, &c.—were discovered within the memory of history, which could not have happened if the world had been eternal; and that there were visible marks of ruin upon it, which could not have been effected by a flood only."‡

Man cannot shut his eyes upon the actual revelations of geology, any more than he can upon the written revelations contained in the Scriptures. It were foolish, nay dangerous, and even impious to do so. We may depend upon it that God designed us, and permitted us, for wise purposes, to make these astonishing discoveries, or He would have kept them for ever hidden from our sight; and, forsooth, shall we then turn round upon our Omniscient Maker, and venture to tell Him that He is contradicting His written word? What a spectacle for men and angels! The Creature and its Creator, the Finite and the Infinite, at issue! For indeed it would, and must needs be so. Infinite Goodness and Wisdom have presented to us the Scriptures as being the eternal truth of God, who has so accredited it to the faculties which He himself has given us for discovering truth, that we have reverently received it as such; countless millions of His creatures have

† HITCHCOCK, *Religion of Geology*, p. 157.

‡ BIRCHGGER'S *Life of Newton*, p. 365.

lived and died in that belief, and among them the mightiest intellects—the best and greatest of our species; and yet it is to be imagined that they have all had only a *strong delusion* sent them that *they should believe a lie*, and in that lie should live and die! Nay, but let us not thus judge the Deity, who does not deceive his creatures. Yea, *let God be true, but every man a liar*.

If, then, the written word of God be true, His works cannot contradict it, however our folly and presumption may make it for a time so appear; and, on the opposite assumption, we are to suppose that the Author of Nature has expressly revealed to us, in this latter day, some of the former conditions of the earth, only in order to contradict His own written Word previously given to us for our guidance in this transitory scene of being! And is this, then, to be the sum and substance of the good which geology has done mankind? It is not so—it cannot be so; nothing but weakness or wickedness can thus wrest geology from its true tendency and purpose, and convert it from a witness to the truth, into a proof of falsehood.

One who may perhaps be regarded as exhibiting the highest condition of the intellect of this age, and thoroughly imbued with the spirit of philosophy—of which he is its leading exponent and representative—has placed on record his deliberate conviction that “the study of natural philosophy, so far from leading man to doubt the immortality of the soul, and to scoff at revealed religion, has, on every well-constituted mind, a natural effect directly the contrary. The testimony of natural reason,” continues Sir John Herschel—for it is he of whom I speak—“on whatever exercised, must of necessity stop short of those truths which it is the object of revelation to make known; but while it places the existence and principal attributes of a Deity on such grounds as to render doubt absurd, and atheism ridiculous, it unquestionably opposes no natural or necessary obstacle to further progress. . . . The character of

the true philosopher is to hope all things not impossible, and to believe all things not unreasonable.” He proceeds, in an admirable spirit, to say, that we must take care that the testimony afforded by science to religion, be its extent or value what it may, shall be at least independent, unbiassed, and spontaneous, and he reprobates not only such vain attempts as would make all nature bend to narrow interpretations of obscure and difficult passages in the sacred writings, but the morbid sensibility of those who exult and applaud when any facts start up explanatory, as they suppose, of some Scriptural allusions, and feel pained and disappointed when the general course of discovery in any department of science runs wide of the notions with which particular passages in the Bible may have impressed such persons themselves. By such it should be remembered that, on the one hand, truth can never be opposed to truth—and, on the other, that error is to be effectually confounded only by searching deep and tracing it to its source.*

Thus far Philosophy, in a true and noble spirit; and it is specially applicable to the subject of Geology.

Geology is to be regarded as a science in gigantic infancy, promising a truly marvellous manhood. It is one so essentially adapted to excite the imagination, that professors of the science are required to exercise a severe restraint upon that faculty; and, discarding all tendency to theorising, approach the sufficiently astounding facts with which they have to deal, in a cold and rigorous spirit of philosophical investigation. It is hard to many to approach it without disturbing prepossessions; and those who cannot get rid of them may, if diligent observers, accumulate facts, but must be content to leave greater intellects to deal with them. This important science has had to contend with great disadvantages—some of them peculiar; but it is overcoming them, and will continue to do so. I shall not indicate what I conceive these peculiar disadvantages

* HERSCHEL, *Disc. on Nat. Phil.* pp. 7-10.

to be, because they will occur to any one who has even only moderately directed his attention to this splendid subject. As long as the facts of geology are carefully ascertained, and dealt with simply as facts, as those of all other sciences, and it be not attempted to put them together prematurely, and announce confidently the particular tendency which they may really only *seem* to indicate, while their true bearing is in quite an opposite direction—so long, but so long only, geologists may depend upon it that they are contributing to the formation of a science destined, perhaps, to eclipse all others except astronomy, and even rival it. Geology depends on the continual accumulation of observations carried on for ages. If the geologists of the present day should forget this fact, and breathlessly begin to construct theories and systems on the strength of a few coincident facts, they may hereafter be regarded as mere children, and not as philosophers conscious of the grandeur of the inquiries in which they are privileged to take part. The hope, however, of geology is, the sobriety and system with which great numbers of qualified observers are simultaneously prosecuting their inquiries and experiments in so many quarters of the earth. Its structure affords already conclusive evidence not only of formations singularly in unison with each other, though at immense distances, but also of the operation of vast forces, in past ages, of only a conjectural character and mode of operation. Let any one go through the Alps, as I did lately, and the most hasty glance at the confused position of the *strata* will satisfy him that geology has to deal with facts dislocating all suggested hypotheses.

It is, however, the organic remains, animal and vegetable, which are found in these various *strata*, where they have lain hidden for a long series of ages, that present geology in its most attractive aspect, and give the reins to the imagination. What are we to say, for instance, to the visible remnants of a monster, partaking of the nature of a fish and a crocodile, the eyes of

which are of such magnitude that each requires a string five feet long to surround it—the diameter of the orbit being eighteen inches? How hideous must such an object have appeared! * There are few of our leading museums that are not enriched with fossil remains of these strange stupendous animals, pointing indubitably to a long succession of ages, when creatures of this kind, with their appropriate animal and vegetable aliment, seem to have had this earth of ours entirely to themselves. This is a state of facts for which our minds were quite unprepared, and with which we may not even yet be competent to deal soberly. I shall, however, quit this deeply interesting subject, with the remark, that as astronomy expands our conceptions of splendour and space, so geology enlarges our ideas of duration and time; while both these magnificent sciences, the farther they are prosecuted, supply the more conclusive and awe-inspiring evidence of the unity of the Creator. And finally, we may safely concur in the observation of an eloquent American writer on these subjects,† that the merest child in a Christian land, in the nineteenth century, has a far wider and nobler conception of the perfections of Jehovah, than the wisest philosopher who lived before astronomy had gone forth on her circumnavigation of the universe. He might have added, and before geology had disclosed His mysterious handiwork in our own inner earth.

Let me, however, now point out a recent fact, which appears to me to have a marvellous significance, and perhaps a designed coincidence. While men were, and continue to be, busily exploring the earth in search of traces of long past existence, endeavouring to establish its vast antiquity, and the changes which it has undergone, we may suddenly behold, reverently be it said! the dread finger of the Deity silently pointing to that same earth, as containing unerring evidence of the

* These dimensions exist in the fossil remains of an *Ichthyosaurus* to be seen in the Geological Museum, in King's College, London.

† Dr FITCHCOCK, *Religion of Geology*, p. 416.

truth of HIS WRITTEN WORD. Let us wend our wondering way to Nineveh, and gaze at its extraordinary excavations. There are indeed seen those traces of man which geology has never found, man as he existed near four thousand years ago; man as he acted and suffered, man as he became the subject of God's judgments; man, whose fate had been foretold by the messengers of God! Here behold an ancient and mighty capital, and its cruel and idolatrous people, as it were reproduced before our eyes, and disinterred from the dust and gloom of ages!

O ye men of Nineveh! are you indeed already rising up before us, to condemn us? *

To my mind these contemplations are pregnant with instruction, and invested with awe. I cannot go to our national museum, and behold there the recently-disinterred monuments of past Assyrian existence, without regarding them by the light of the Scriptures; nor afterwards read the Scriptures, without additional light reflected upon them from these wondrous discoveries. May I, for instance, be really looking upon the idol Nisroch,† of whom I read in Holy Writ, and of the royal parricides of whom it speaks? So Sennacherib King of Assyria departed, and went and returned, and dwelt at Nineveh. And it came to pass, as he was worshipping in the house of Nisroch his god, that Adrammelech and Shazzer his sons smote him with the sword! ‡

Surely, surely, we live in an age of wonderful discoveries and coincidences; and it must be our fault if we do not profit by them, as it is our duty to make the attempt.

It seems to me that no rightly-constituted mind can ponder these subjects

* The men of Nineveh shall rise up in the judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it: for they repented at the preaching of Jonas; and, behold, a greater than Jonas is here.—Luke, xi. 32.

† See Mr. Layard's admirable and deeply interesting *Nineveh and its Remains*, of which the second world edition, with numerous woodcuts by himself in 1851, entitled *Account of Discoveries at*

without being deeply and beneficially affected. It is in vain, however, to reason with one whose mind is insolently made up to treat them with contempt, and to disregard accumulating evidence a hundredfold stronger than induces it to act confidently in the most important concerns of life. A disposition of this kind may in time be visited by a judicial blindness. Let those, on the contrary, of a nobler character, but who have been agitated by doubts from which perhaps few are free, reflect on the benignant dispensation which enables us, by new discoveries in science, to comprehend much that was previously dark in God's revelation through the Scriptures. The book of nature having been thus opened to us for so grand a purpose, may we not humbly hope that that book will not be closed again, before everything that forms still a stumbling-block to belief be removed? There may have been scoffers in former days, whom the discovery to which I am alluding would have startled, and silenced. Had Lord Shaftesbury, and those who thought with him, lived in this our time, let us express a hope that they would be now proclaiming what they once denied; and we cannot be sufficiently thankful to the Supreme Disposer of Events, that it has pleased Him to reserve ourselves, on whom it may be that the ends of the world are come, for a season of greater light!

Let, then, the geologist go on with his researches, and double his discoveries; nay, indefinitely increase their number and significance. Let him, if he please, and think himself entitled to do so—and it has been sarcastically said that time is a cheap commodity with geologists—talk of his millions and millions upon millions of ages, if he think his eye really capable of piercing so far back into eternity. If he be right, he shall never satisfy me that my God is wrong; for I know in whom I have believed:—

He is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain!

And now the current of our inquiries is bringing us in view of objects and

ends demanding our most serious attention.

We have been hitherto inquiring into the INTELLECTUAL development of the age in which we live; and for that purpose have had to pass in rapid review the state of knowledge, and of consequent power, to which the exertions of the human intellect have brought us. We have endeavoured to show that we have no sufficient reason for believing that the intellect of man has either increased or diminished in absolute strength or capacity, as far as we have any means of judging of its action, when fitting occasions arose to develop its energies; that all our researches into the nature of intellectual existence and action have failed of bringing us satisfactory results; that we know that we live, though not how we live; we think, but *know* not how we think; and that it may perhaps have been so ordained by Infinite Wisdom, that impassable bounds should be placed to the anxious and insatiable curiosity of man. I am speaking I repeat again, solely at present of human means and sources of knowledge. One observation, faintly alluded to at the commencement of this paper, surely must, by this time, have forced itself upon us: that while the retrospect of six thousand years—from which I exclude our first parent, whose intellect originally, and before he had darkened the glorious image and likeness in which he was made, may have been endowed with powers transcending all conception by his descendants though still gifted successors—shows mental philosophy to have been, comparatively speaking, stationary, physical discovery has made, and that latterly, advances so prodigious. Let us attempt in imagination to realise the space gone over, by supposing that the greatest among the ancient philosophers, Aristotle, placed in possession of our microscope; our telescope, and other astronomical instruments; our chemical and mechanical instruments, and of their amazing results; and the present state of anatomical, physiological, and geological knowledge. How

would he *now* look at the earth! and at the heavens! at the elements! and at MAN? And when the astounded philosopher began at length to look for corresponding advances in metaphysical or psychological knowledge, what should we say? What would he think?

Again, let us suppose ourselves to wake up to-morrow morning in his day!—without steam, without magnetism, without electricity, and all the amazing results which they have effected!—without the telescope! without the microscope, and all their mighty revelations! Nay, even to descend for a moment to particulars, without our gas, without our newspapers, without, in other words, our present physical and intellectual light!—without the steamboat, the railroad, the electric telegraph! What a sudden and dreary eclipse! How confounding and intolerable to those recollecting so different a state of social existence! How we should creep and grope our way about, as in a state of childhood! And shall we continue our course backwards, as far beyond Aristotle's day as his beyond ours? Let us suddenly return to our present day, passing in our flight those two great lights, at intervals of centuries, the two Bacons, Roger and Francis, and Newton; and let us venture to anticipate the distant future, our physical knowledge and position twenty-two centuries hence, if our species shall then, in God's good pleasure, continue upon the earth, the *fiat* not having then gone forth, that *Time shall be no longer!*

Where may then be the seats of mankind?—their language?—their modes of communication?—of government?—their knowledge and use of nature, and its powers?—of the Heavens, and the Earth's relations to them? Will the land and the water have again changed places? May we imagine our posterity, some two or three thousand years hence, exhuming the fossilised remains of their ancestry in every quarter of the globe accessible to the search? Will they be speculating upon our size—so much

greater, or less than, or the same as their own? — upon our tastes, and habits, and doings? "Will our history have perished? — or, if it survive, will it tell of us truly, or falsely? Will the period of our existence be assigned to a date a million of ages anterior to its actual one? Will our ignorance of the laws of nature, as then understood, of the constitution of the human mind, be spoken of with pity and wonder?"

Thus, indeed, may we dream and speculate, if we please, as to the possible future, and its conditions with reference to the present and the past. It is with the *present* that man is practically concerned, but of that present, though it may seem paradoxical to say it, both the past and the future are inevitable and essential elements and conditions. Our Now reflects the lights and shadows of what has gone before and is following, and has necessary relations to man's special and limited intellectual faculties. How different are the *Now* of man, and the *now* of his Maker! The difference involves the distinction between Time and Eternity, between the Creator and the Creature, the Finite and the Infinite; and may, if pondered, afford a few trembling gleams of light upon some of the possible conditions of Omiscience. "The whole evolution of time and ages," said More, "from everlasting to everlasting, is collectively and presontifickly represented to God at once; as if all things and actions were, at this very instant, really present and distinct before him."* How can mortal man address his faculties to such a subject? They are as unfit to deal with it, as the eye to hear, or the ear to see; and it is *something* even to persuade ourselves of that fact and certainty. It may serve to save the soul of man from endless trouble and perplexity, and to reduce it to that condition which alone it is fitted to enjoy. But we do not sufficiently exercise ourselves in this matter. We soothe ourselves with sounds; "talking as freely and unconcernedly about — omiscience, omnipotence, and omnipresence, as though they really represented to our understandings the comprehensible attributes of the incomprehensible Deity; as if "by searching" we had "found out the Almighty unto perfection!" I am speaking here of the mere unassisted exercise of human reason, which appears to me incompetent to deal fully with our "Now" — and the more that we endeavour to realise this fact, the better shall we find it, for both speculation and practice, in the state of things in which we are conscious that we have been placed by our Maker, and to which our faculties have been adjusted; and in which we are ordained to see through a glass darkly, and to know in part. So it is; and the restless, and too often insolent, spirit of man must accommodate itself to that fact: and if he do not, he will assuredly make mental and moral shipwreck. The best thinkers of the present age are those who rigorously act upon this principle, and are most on their guard against urging speculation into regions virtually forbidden to the prying of human faculties; because they are, as I have said, absolutely *unfitted* for them: as is grievously evidenced by the inconsistent and contradictory character of such speculations as we have several times alluded to, the absurdities to which they lead legitimately, and their practical uselessness, and danger.

These observations may serve to connect our present topics with those touched upon before we started on our multifarious inquiries.

They remind us that our inquiry is not limited to the intellectual, but extends to the MORAL development of our species in the present age; and that again remits us to an early observation, that there are profound *relations between intellect and morality*, involving everything that concerns the highest interests of humanity.† The truth is, that intellect stands to morality in the relation of means to an end: that the culture and exercise of the intellect are not, and cannot be, of themselves, final objects or ends, but

* *Defence of the Philosophic Cabala*, c. 2.

† *Ante*, p. 8.

necessarily presuppose and lead ends. This is a doctrine as old as the great Stagyræ; who, to adopt the eloquent language of the present occupant of the pulpit of Hooker,* "the foundation of his ethical system a recognition of the great truth, *the end of man is not knowledge, but practice.*"†

"A wiser than the Stagyræ has told us that *the whole of man*—his duty, his happiness, his immortality is comprised in this—*to fear God, and to keep his commandments.*"‡

"But an infinitely greater than Solomon has also authoritatively told us that the entire subjection of the soul to the obedience of FAITH, is not only itself demanded of us, but is also at the same time constituted the only avenue to further knowledge. *If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God.*"

Thus, as it were, with one stride, we have reached the goal—the final end of man—of his existence and doings; to which they all inevitably tend, and the attaining of which contributes the true and only business of life! His intellect is given him to aid in discerning that end, and to enable him to regulate his conduct in this life, so as to attain that which is beyond it—the glorious fruition of a happy Hereafter. But where are we standing? On the shore of a vast deep sea of ethical or moral philosophy; by which I mean simply, that system or theory of principles regulating man as a moral and responsible agent, especially in respect of its motives and sanctions.

This great subject I have approached

* Archdeacon Robinson, the Master of the Temple.

† *Τὸ δὲ τέλος οὐ γνώσις, ἀλλὰ πράξις.* (Eth. i.)—The *τελευτή* and *χρησιμότης* of Aristotle both of them *non-finality*; and all "goods" coming under either designation, are only subordinate goods, implying the existence of something higher and better. With Aristotle, that something was—happiness; with us, it should be the happiness—the only true and ultimate one—secured by salvation.

‡ Eccles. xii. 13.

§ The Greek has a signal significance of expression—*ὡς τὴν ὁρατὴν τὴν βίαν αὐτοῦ ποιεῖν.*

suddenly, and, right or wrong, in the decisive spirit of one whose mind, after revolving it all his life as a matter of personal concernment, is thoroughly made up upon it. With such a subject, and with such a feeling, it were idle, and even criminal, for a moment, especially on such an occasion as this, to dally or to palter; and I shall speak humbly, and without reserve, my, sincere convictions. —In an early part of this paper, it is said that everything depends, in these inquiries, on taking a right point of view; for that there is one, from which all presents to the contemplative mind a lovely but awful order; and another, from which everything appears inextricable and hopeless confusion and contradiction, involving man himself, and all within and without him.

Nearly two centuries ago, Sir Isaac Newton concluded his Optical Queries, by a memorable prediction, as it was justly termed by Dugald Stewart, "that if Natural Philosophy, in all its parts, by pursuing the inductive method, shall at length be perfected, *the bounds of Moral Philosophy will be enlarged also.*" We have not, during the splendid times which have succeeded his own, perfected natural philosophy, but have rigorously pursued the inductive method, and thereby immensely enlarged the bounds of natural philosophy. Have we also enlarged those of moral philosophy?

In one respect we have—by incessantly accumulating proofs, each new one on a sublimer scale, of our Almighty Maker's wisdom, power, benevolence, and unity of action, and of his title to the love, adoration, and obedience of His creatures. A living successor of Sir Isaac Newton, Sir John Herschel, tells us that the steady application of the inductive system to physics, necessarily tends to impress something of the well-weighed and progressive character of science on the more complicated conduct of our social and moral relations; that it is thus that legislation and politics come gradually to be regarded as experimental sciences, founded in the moral and physical nature of man, and to be

constantly accumulating towards the solution of the grand problem—how the advantages of government are to be secured with the least possible inconvenience to the governed.* Perhaps it may be truly said, in passing, that while the steadfast progress of experimental philosophy is one of the grandest features of the age, it is not unaccompanied with danger, in so far as the spirit which it generates may be disposed to address itself, flushed with triumph, to matters which are not the subject of experimental treatment.

I have my own opinions concerning the science of political economy, which I need not obtrude upon you; but that legislation and politics depend on fixed principles, however difficult formally to define and agree upon them; and that those principles have relation to the moral and physical nature of man, can no more be doubted, than one can deny the existence, as a distinguishing characteristic of the present age, of a sincere desire to discern and act upon those principles. Into those questions, so unhappily intermingled with violent passions and personal interests, I shall not enter for one moment, because I am satisfied with another—and a vast one it is—what is the moral nature of man? for the determining that, and the rules of conduct conformable to it, constitute what is called Moral Philosophy. Before proceeding further, let me say, that if you wish really to ascertain the facts on which to reason with reference to man's moral nature, do not go to the speculative moralist, sitting in his library, spinning scheme after scheme of so-called morality, often only fantastic variations of those of long-forgotten predecessors; but go to the lawyer, the physician, the divine, who see human nature from day to day in its practical aspects,—those which are hidden from the eyes of mere talkers and writers, however eloquent and ingenious. The former can tell you of the actual physical and moral condition of our species, in every class of life from the lowest to the highest

—even in the highest conditions of modern civilisation. Ask, again, those noble messengers of mercy, who, with only the eye of their heavenly Father upon them, shedding around them a radiance unseen of man, go about *doing good*—visiting those hidden scenes of suffering—

Where hopeless anguish pours her moan,
And lonely want retires to die!

Ask them, I say, ask all these classes, to whom human nature in every station, every degree of development and form of manifestation, is exposed—what they think of human nature—of man's moral nature—and what are the conclusions which *their* "experience" has forced upon them. They will tell you of a terrible amount of physical and moral Evil in existence, *and which must be dealt with.*

Here, perhaps, steps in some philosophical moralist—first asking, how do you account for the existence of it?—and by-and-by another, complacently affirming, by a process of his own, that that supposed evil does not exist. Here we are deluged by a tide of disputation, which too often carries off and drowns those whom it overtakes. But there is also a kindred question attended with similar results: the human Will—or liberty of action. Is there, asks another philosopher, such a thing as the Will? Can it act freely? Or is its action absolutely mechanical and necessary? What, then, are *motives*? And are men, in fact, mere machines? And if so, what becomes of responsibility? On these questions—the two mighty problems of moral science—has mere physical science cast a single ray of light? In spite of some dreams of the day, it may be answered, peremptorily, No. And is it to be told to those who come after us, that in England in our supposed noontide splendour of intellect, in this nineteenth century, there are some who, to solve these questions, have at length nestled themselves in the absurd and impious old notion of PANTHEISM, and affect to believe that the universe itself constitutes God? That that awful word represents only the aggre-

* *Discourse*, p. 73.

gato of everything that exists—that whatever is, is God, a substance for ever the same, and everything in existence only a necessary succession of its modes of being! Some of you will be surprised, perhaps, to hear that there are certain so-called philosophers of the present day, who seriously avow these notions; and in doing so, unavoidably remind us of some who, *professing themselves to be wise, became fools*.

It would be a vain, disheartening, humiliating attempt to exhibit the vagaries of the human intellect, in both ancient and modern times, when essaying to deal with these matters. I shall, for my present purpose, divide all existing schools of moral philosophy into two only: that which implicitly or professedly rejects Revelation, and that whose doctrines are implicitly based upon it, and may be designated as constituting Christian morality. The former offers a scheme of conduct, and of motives and sanctions producing it, independently of, and in contradistinction to, those disclosed by the Holy Scriptures; the other, a system based upon them exclusively. The one discards Revelation; the other necessarily discards that which discards Revelation.*

Before proceeding further, in order to do justice between the rival systems, let one give up to the other *all that it has derived from that other*. Let the Bible be supposed banished from among mankind, and be as though it had never existed, but with it must also disappear every ray of light which it has ever emitted, and which has glistened never so faintly through the mist of mythology—not merely all that is *thought* to have been derived, but all that has *in fact* been derived from that radiant source. This must

be insisted upon rigorously, as the condition of the argument. But then where are we? To me it seems as though a sun had suddenly fallen from the moral firmament; and all is darkness indeed—all relating to the present, the past, and the future; and in that darkness we grope about hopelessly. We know not how, or why, we were created, nor by whom; we can account for nothing satisfactorily—only blindly guessing; and as for the future, it is a hideous blank to us. We may have vague and perhaps torturing fears from it, but no hopes; we can look only at a puzzling present, in which no man has a right to dictate to another; but might is right, and right and wrong are notions of eternal fluctuation with circumstances. We seem to be unable to act otherwise than as we do; we cannot help ourselves; we have passions and appetites to gratify, and will do so whenever we can; our only motives are derived from the intensity of those passions and appetites, and we have no time to lose, as life is short: so, *let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die*—all dying alike, young, old, rich, poor, good, bad; if, however, we annex any ideas to such distinctions—What right, let me ask, have we to slaughter the animals, apparently equally adapted with ourselves to their respective elements, and with equal means of enjoyment? And what conception could often form, under these circumstances, of an Almighty Maker?

In this benighted and bewildered state, let the Bible reappear, with all its teachings and revelations, and a flood of holy light flows from it on man and everything about him. It is absolutely alone in its pretensions to AUTHORITY—as having come from the First Cause of all things,† and con-

* A revelation there must be two parties—*who makes it, and he to whom it is made*. If there be a revelation, the discarding it is surely a fearful matter. We have inspired authority for holding that those whom Revelation has not reached, have the law of human action written in their hearts—their conscience also bearing witness, and their thoughts the meanwhile accusing or else excusing one another.

† “There is one primary and capital mark of distinction,” says Bishop Warburton, “distinguishing Judaism from all other forms of religion; it professes to come from the First Cause of all things, and it condemns every other religion for an imposture. There is nothing more surprising in all Pagan antiquity, than that, amidst their endless [alleged] revelations not one of them ever made such pretensions as these; yet there is nothing

denning every other relation as an imposture. It opens at once to our view our past and our future—our origin and our destiny; that we consist of an immortal soul joined to a mortal body: tells us what are our present condition and relations, not only towards each other, but towards God; what are the rules of our conduct to be observed on earth, as conditions of an after-existence; how evil came into the world, and how its consequences are to be dealt with and obviated; that the intellect and heart of man are not as originally created, but the former is clouded; and the latter corrupted; but that God *has not left himself without witness*, and has implanted in every man a sense of right and wrong—a conscience, however its functions may be disturbed and vitiated by evil habits; that He himself once, in fulfilment of prediction and promise, appeared upon earth for a while, *abolishing death, and bringing life and immortality to light*; that, after death, man shall rise, and receive judgment for the deeds done in the body—a judgment finally determining an eternal condition; that our Maker benignantly regards us as a father his children, with whom he deals tenderly, but equitably; that he desires the love of our whole heart and soul—that we should strive to be pure and holy, as He is; and, finally, sums up our duty in words which none but a debased heart can disregard—*He hath showed thee, O man! what is good; and what doth He require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?*

This is essentially, but in brief, the sublime code of Christian Ethics—adapted to the nature of universal man, addressing itself authoritatively to his moral nature, prescribing no rules for his conduct the propriety of which that nature does not recognise; but, I repeat it again, speaking all this as a voice of paramount awful Autho-

which modern writers are more apt to pass over without reflection. The ancient fathers, however, more nearly acquainted with the state of paganism, regarded it with the attention due to so extraordinary a circumstance."

—*Divine Legislation of Moses*, book iv. § 1.

rity—yet one which man is at liberty to disobey, at his peril. Now, with this code I, for one, as a poor unworthy worm of the earth, am entirely satisfied. I feel that, in proportion as I attempt and seriously strive to come up to its requirements, my moral and intellectual nature becomes dignified and happy; and that I exhibit the highest qualities of that restored nature, exactly at the point where, unable by searching to find Him out, I trust in Him, I believe Him, implicitly.

Stepping, for a moment, out of the sunlight of this sublime system, I feel myself lowered, perplexed, disheartened, and in despair. The sum of all its teaching is, at one time, that I am a mere machine; at another, that I am impelled by no motives except those petty ones supplied by the apparent expediencies of this transient life only, and complicated calculations as to the tendency of my actions to secure a moment's pleasure or happiness, or contribute apparently to such in others. I am wholly dis severed from a future state; the grave sees the last of me; my inward sense of right and wrong is extinguished; conscience, in its character of witness, accuser, judge, is expelled from its seat, and its very existence alleged to be a dream and a figment. To see, moreover, who would thus debase me of my moral dignity, and annihilate those noble motives by which I would fain regulate my conduct, treat the source from which I derive them as a mere tissue of fictitious and delusions, unworthy of being for a moment entertained by an enlightened intellect, in an enlightened age.

A French gentleman, M. Froudhon, who aspires to the character of a philosopher, has recently given out, with what one cannot but regard as an impious complacency, that the age has altogether outgrown Christianity, which, it seems, has "culminated," "hastes to her setting," and will soon "vanish away." * Is, then, the intellectual and moral progress of mankind to achieve, "as one of its earliest tro-

* See *Reason and Faith*—an admirable little discourse, by Henry Rogers.

phies, the extinction of Christianity?—of that religion which is now supreme in its hold of the intellect of all the most highly civilised nations of the earth? Where are to be found the proofs of this assertion of a presumptuous infidelity? Is not the Christian religion being at this moment rapidly propagated over the whole earth? And well it may. If its divine pretensions are to be judged of by tendencies and results, must not the bitterest enemy of Christianity admit that, were its pure and holy doctrines universally recognised and acted upon, the earth would have become a moral paradise? Envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, with every ill they induce—all fraud, hypocrisy, falsehood, violence, and lust—would they not be extinguished? Where would be cruelty, oppression, murder, war? If we are to *know the tree by its fruits*, have we not here, indeed, as it were, the tree of moral life, and regeneration of our species? Remove this tree, and what have we in its place? Are we to be left to the fluctuations and contradictory theories and systems of so-called moral philosophers, based on the imaginary fitness of things, and the exclusive adjustment of man to his present state of existence? Whatever I have read of these theories, compels me to compare all *anti or non-Christian* schemes of morality, to mere charnel houses of decayed and decaying opinions, exhibiting, at long intervals, new forms of putrescent vitality. As they repudiate conscience, so they disregard the heart, with all its excellences, virtues, and susceptibilities; and yet it is with the *heart man believeth unto righteousness!* It is this act of belief, however, potent and glorious as it is, that some schools of modern philosophy would treat with contempt, and restrain every tendency towards it.

A writer of the present day, and an active upholder of what is called the philosophy of *Utility*—which, as I understand it, seems a dreary doctrine truly, and palsyng the noblest sentiments of our nature—in recently advocating its pretensions as the only

true system of ethics, spoke sarcastically of all clerical academical teachers of morals, as having an interest in propping up doctrines to which they are pledged, and fitting their philosophy to them, for that unworthy purpose. He proceeds to say, that “the doctrines of the Established Church are prodigiously in arrear of the general progress of thought, and that the philosophy resulting, will have a tendency not to promote, but to arrest progress.” This is a confident assertion, levelled virtually at all systems of Christian ethics, if based, as are those of the Church of England, on the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. Long may those doctrines, the doctrines of all Christians, *continue* “prodigiously in arrear of the general progress of thought,” if that progress be in the direction of materialism, fatalism, pantheism, or atheism, [I am far, however, from imputing such tendencies to the writer in question, whoever he may be,] in whatever guise it may present itself. Were such to be, indeed, the tendencies of the age, it would be in its dotage, its second childhood. Of this, however, there is no fear; for I do believe the enlightened convictions of the age to be Christian; and that, if there were now among us the giant spirits of a former day—as there assuredly are their giant disciples—a Bacon, a Newton, a Butler—they would be, as those were, reverent believers in Christianity. I can conceive of no degree of intellectual advancement going beyond Christianity. The very idea contradicts all my views of its essential, its divine character and original; and I, for one, never can help denouncing any attempt to insinuate notions to the contrary, by constructing systems of morality silently superseding the doctrines of that Christianity. I would have the test always to be, Does your system recognise, or repudiate, Christianity? and if the latter, unhesitatingly discard the system.

No one pretends that revelation does not present speculative difficulties to one disposed to look for them, especially in a spirit of supercilious inqui-

sitiveness, and a haughty reliance upon supposed intellectual strength; but they do not disturb him who reflects, with Butler, that those difficulties may have been ordained, and who possesses that universal solvent of doubt and difficulty, a submission and resignation to the Divine will—a faith in revelation, and the Omnipotence from which it emanated. The FAITH of the Christian is a potent reality; as much so in the spiritual, as attraction in the natural world. If the two things may be in any respect compared, faith may be said to be the force which attracts the soul of man to the Deity, as to its proper centre. One who possesses it says, that revelation, whatever be its alleged difficulties—and it professes to contain things passing man's understanding—comes to him accredited by such an accumulation of evidence as overpowers all rational doubts, far transcending any amount of evidence on which he would unhesitatingly act in the most important affairs of life. All evidence seems to me nugatory, if that which supports revelation has served only to deceive honestly exercised faculties, having been permitted—impious supposition!—by a wise and gracious Providence to be arrayed in support of falsehood! But if one cannot entertain the hideous supposition, what is one to do? Yield assent, and evidence it in his life. We have this revelation—a fact inconceivably momentous. What amount of intellect will suffice to get rid of that fact? We must look for an absolute demonstration of the falsehood of its pretensions satisfying the reason of all mankind, and compelling them to surrender their faith in a cunningly-devised fable; whereas the discoveries constantly announced, serve only to corroborate the validity of its external essentials, while the heart continues in all times and places to acknowledge the strength of those which are internal. The Old Testament and the Jews are both existing among us to this day, as a sun with its satellites, the one irradiated by the other, and indicating the existence of each character of that other. That

precious Book of books they are still guarding with sleepless vigilance; while "Christianity has diffused"—to quote a distinguished living scholar and philosopher—"over the world, the idea of the unity of the human race, once the solitary belief of the Jews, and obscured by their national exclusiveness. The historic philosopher, starting from this idea, has been enabled to view the development of mankind in this light of Christianity: the noblest minds of all Christian nations have recognised a visible and traceable progress of the human race towards truth, justice, and intelligence."* Such is Christianity in its glorious mission of evangelisation—of civilising all the nations of the earth. Without it, there is no civilisation: or that only which is, to quote from the same learned person, "an empty word, and may be, as China and Byzantium show, a *caput mortuum* of real life, a mummy dressed up into a semblance of living reality."† It is to Christianity alone that the world was first indebted for those noble monuments of charity and mercy which are to be found in our hospitals, infirmaries, and other similar institutions. Not a trace of them is to be found among the refined and highly cultivated Greeks and Romans. The Christian agencies, now at work to civilise mankind, are fed direct from the twin fountains of inspiration and morality. They are gradually chasing away the shadows of ignorance and sensuality, and melting the manacles and fetters in which cruelty and vice have bound mankind for ages. "The whole world will be Japhetised—which, in religious matters, means, now pre-eminently, that it must be Christianised by the agency of the Teutonic element. Japhet holds the torch of light, to kindle the heavenly fire in all the other families of the one undivided and indivisible human race.‡ Christianity enlightens, and

* *Hippolytus and his Age*, by Chev. Bunsen. Vol. II. p. 4. (1852).

† *Ibid.* p. 9.

‡ "We think," says a masterly writer in the *Quarterly Review*, "there are sufficient grounds, without reference to the sacred

only a small portion of the globe; but it cannot be stationary—and it will advance, and is already advancing, triumphantly over the whole earth, in the name of Christ, and in the light of the Spirit.* That Christianity has a vital influence over individuals, and the nations which they compose. The presence and the absence of it are equally recognised, seen, and felt.

What will the most delicately-adjusted scheme of human ethics do for a man when the *iron is entering his soul*; when he sees long-cherished hopes blighted; when he is writhing under a sense of insult, wrong, and injustice; when some dreadful incurable disease has settled upon him; when he is bidden to *turn his pale face to the wall*? Will it enable him to say, *Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him*? Will it sustain the sinking soul of him on whose eyelids is settling the shadow of death? When we stand with bleeding heart around the grave, and hear the earth falling on the coffin of the dear being who cannot hear it, nor the dread words which accompany it—earth to earth, ashes

writings, for arriving at the conclusion, that all races and diversities of mankind are really derived from a single pair; placed on the earth for the purpose of peopling its surface, in both the times before us, and during the ages which it may please the Creator yet to assign to the present order of existence here"—*Quarterly Review*, vol lxxxvi pp 6-7, art "Natural History of Man." There are also the strongest philological reasons for believing that all languages are derivable from one.

* BUNSEN, *Hippolytus*, ii. 116-17

to ashes, dust to dust—whence comes the sublime sound, *I am the Resurrection and the Life*,—while immortality is glowing around us, and a voice whispers, in accents of tender majesty, *It is I, be not afraid!*

Why am I so importunate on this point? Because the Holy Volume, with the morality and religion which spring from it, is everything or nothing to each and every one of us: take it away, and high as may be the intellectual and moral development of the present age, neither philosopher nor peasant has anything to supply the place of that Volume! Man has lost the only link that bound him to his Maker. he begins wildly to doubt His very existence, and the rectitude of His government: he has no clue through the labyrinth of life, and sees no adequate purpose of his existence, nor for his being endowed with such powers, and capable of such aspirations as are his; he is drifting about on the vast ocean of being, without a rudder and without a chart. But give him back that volume—let him hold fast by his Bible as the only fixed point when all else is fluctuating—and all is lovely light and order. In that light let me walk, till I in my appointed time am called away.

Here we touch the culminating point of all our inquiries.

Wherefore, friends, farewell! The light of a new year is already beaming on our brows. May we all enter, may we all leave it, in a happy and a high spirit!

